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SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE TREATMENT OF ANARCHY.

FIFTEEN years ago it was fondly believed that anarchism in this country had received its deathblow by the execution of the "Chicago Anarchists." Instead of that it has become aggressive. The Chicago Anarchists — I speak from knowledge — urged the use of force to repel force, but not the offensive use of it. I suspect that every one of them, save possibly Lingg, would have reprobated the wanton murder of last September; the widow of one — herself as ardent and violent as any in the old days — said, "No one who has the true principles of anarchy in his heart would do such a thing." The anarchist of to-day, however, strikes without waiting to be struck; he assassinates. Abroad a King or an Emperor is his victim; here it is a President; and those who do not commit the deed say, "All honor to the Anarchist assassin!" Instead of dying out, anarchism is reaching an acute stage.

Shocking and repellent as the subject is, instinctive as it is simply to react violently and ask no questions, is it not wiser — particularly after the interval which has elapsed since September — to try to understand the phenomenon, and even to exercise a little patience in the effort to do so?

Unless I am quite mistaken, we have to dismiss from our minds at the outset the popular notion that those who perpetrate these acts are merely common criminals, cut-throats, who, if they were not at this, would be at some

other wild deed of crime; that they are men "whose perverted instincts," as a leading writer puts it, "lead them to prefer confusion and chaos to social order and beneficent institutions." This is too easy and superficial a view. The truth is that they are most uncommon criminals. Though there may be exceptions, they are not usually persons who would be likely to do any private individual a wrong. In ordinary situations, they are not inhumane, unsympathetic, hard, or callous. This fact does not lessen their crime, but it makes it of a different character. Strange as it may seem to those of my readers who have not carefully examined the matter, the violent acts which anarchists occasionally commit spring from a theory and a mistaken sense of justice. I well remember once talking with a Russian, of gentle and affectionate nature, but with a deep and awful sense of the inhuman wrongs inflicted by the Russian government, who argued that, as a matter of high justice and offended right, he could imagine himself the executioner of a Russian Tsar. The assassin of our late President used a strange expression in referring to his murderous deed: he said, "I did my duty." I know of no reason for questioning the man's sincerity. He did what he thought he ought to do, horrible, revolting, — yes, cowardly and treacherous according to all ordinary standards, — as his action was. Yet how, it may be asked, can the sacred word "duty" be

connected with such an atrocious act save by a loathsome pretense? The assassin of a liberty-suppressing Tsar might conceivably use such language, but how could a citizen of free America? The church of the dark ages might think it a "duty" to extirpate heretics occasionally, but such fanaticism we had supposed to be impossible to-day. Saul might honestly think he was doing God service "in laying waste the church of God," but surely no one can think that stoning people, or consenting to such a thing, is doing God or man service now. The inquiry is a forbidding one; yet if we are serious in desiring to understand the strange phenomenon we are considering, we must make it. What should we think of a physician who was so shocked at a disease that he would not examine into it?

The fact is (as already hinted) that these wild acts come from a theory of society. The theory is that there should be no forcible rule in society. This means, not that there should be no order, no association, but that the order or association should arise voluntarily; that force should not be used. "Whoever prescribes a rule of action for another to obey is a tyrant, usurper, and an enemy of liberty," said one of the anarchists of 1886: this is the anarchist's fundamental contention. The rule of one man is generally reprobated in this democratic age; so is the rule of a few, or an aristocracy; but the rule of a majority lingers, — it is a necessary part of the working of democracy. Hence to anarchists there is a stage of society beyond democracy, — anarchy, no rule at all. From liberty they believe that order will come; one of their favorite sayings is that liberty is not the daughter but the mother of order. From liberty, too, they believe that association will come, — such is the inborn social disposition of man, and such are

also the manifest advantages of association. They believe that everybody will be happier and the world will be better when men are thus free, — when command is heard and compulsion used no more. It would not be difficult to show the half truth, the impracticability, of these ideas.¹ I am now simply stating them. They are the bottom meaning of anarchism. There is one thing anarchists will not consent to, one thing they rebel against (at least in thought, and sometimes in act), and that is anybody's assumption to rule another, whether it be Tsar, King, nobility, or a democratic majority. They are disagreed about many things; there are individualist anarchists and socialist (or communist) anarchists, believers in private property and believers in common property, but all alike believe in self-rule, and they are as much opposed to democratic state socialism as to state socialism of any kind. They believe that power intoxicates the best of men, and are not willing to allow it in any form. "No master, high or low," they say, after William Morris. "Let life shape itself," "Mind your own business," "No interference," — such is their demand.

Perhaps some of my readers are incredulous; for do not anarchists, it may well be said, themselves urge the use of force? How then can they be opposed to force? Undoubtedly there is a puzzle here, and possibly some one will say that it is foolish to dignify such incoherent views by discussing them. But let us not lose patience too quickly. The principles I have mentioned are the essential anarchist ideal. They describe the state of society which anarchists believe will sometime be, — a condition without compulsory rule or government of any kind, in which all action and association will be voluntary. But how shall such a "promised land" be reached? Evidently this is another

¹ I have sought to do this in a little book: *Anarchy or Government? An Inquiry in Fundamental Politics.* Boston: T. Y. Crowell &

Co. 1895. I believe government to be necessary for the present and for an indefinite period to come.

question. It is a question of methods rather than of results or ideals. How have political changes been accomplished in the past? Sometimes peacefully, sometimes not. How did republican rule succeed to monarchical rule in this country? By a revolution. How did absolutism yield to democracy in France, over a century ago? Ultimately through the pressure of force. How did slave society pass over into free society in our own South? The Quaker poet gives the answer: —

"We prayed for love to loose the chain;

"T is shorn by battle's axe in twain!"

The peculiar thing about government and laws is that they are (or may be) supported by force. They are different from trade, art, literature, religion (save in its mediæval forms), in this respect. Hence political, unlike religious or industrial revolutions have often to be accomplished by force; sometimes they are at bottom contests of force. Men may revolutionize industry and even religion amicably, but if they attempt radical changes of government they generally get into trouble. Witness the German revolutionists of 1848, — men like Mr. Carl Schurz, and hundreds of others. Those who prize their own skin are shy of these things. But the political changes that have been made are a bagatelle compared with the last great change to which the anarchist looks forward. To end government itself, even democratic government; to pass to a state of society in which a man shall be no more subject to political rule than to religious rule, in which "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" shall be obsolete (save as they rest on the individual conscience), — this seems so wild a thought that it is scarcely to be wondered at that wild methods are often contemplated for realizing it. Yet the methods are plainly one thing, and the results are another. Because democracy has sometimes been reached by bloodshed, it does not follow that democracy is a bloody thing; and because

anarchy may be attained only by bloodshed, it does not follow that anarchy is a bloody thing. It is conceivable that the anarchist ideal should be reached peacefully; that gradually present political society should dissolve of itself; that laws should become fewer and fewer (as some wish that the tendency were now), until at last no laws were left. On the other hand, it is possible that there would have to be, as there has so often been in the past, contest and a victory in arms. There are actually peaceful, long-range, what are called "philosophical anarchists;" and there are "force" anarchists. But even the "force" anarchists distinguish such a method from the end they aim at. One of the seven condemned men, fifteen years ago, said before the court: "Violence is one thing, and anarchy is another. In the present state of society violence is used on all sides, and therefore we advocate the use of violence against violence, but against violence only, as a necessary means of defense." Another of the seven, who was shortly hanged, said: "Anarchy is the negation of force;" its use is "justifiable only when employed to repel force;" and, in a book published after his death, "Anarchism will begin only when the revolution ends;" then, if possible, still more clearly, in reference to the prospective revolution, "For the moment we must forget that we are anarchists; when the work is accomplished we may forget we were revolutionists." Even Lingg distinguished, before the court, "the doctrines of anarchy" from the "methods of giving them practical effect." Thus it becomes tolerably clear that the anarchist may at once oppose force and favor it. Indeed, the advocacy or use of force is an accident in anarchism, rather than a part of its essence; it is largely a matter of individual temperament.

For all this, it may be said, is not the anarchist ideal utterly foolish and impracticable, and hence unworthy to

be treated seriously? I think it is foolish and impracticable, but the conclusion that it should not be treated seriously does not necessarily follow. First, it must be remembered that there was a strong anarchistic tendency in much of nineteenth-century political thought. Mr. Herbert Spencer hardly gives government a good pedigree, saying that it was "born of aggression;" he adds, with regard to its future, that "the form of society toward which we are progressing" is one "in which government will be reduced to the smallest amount possible, and freedom increased to the greatest amount possible." So far as the near future is concerned, I believe quite the other way, but his is surely a respectable opinion. Buckle held that the only good laws passed in the last three hundred years were those that repealed other laws. This is also a respectable opinion. Dr. Channing said, in the early part of the century: "Social order is better preserved by liberty than by restraint. . . . Liberty would prove the best peace officer. The social order of New England, without a soldier and almost without a police, bears loud witness to this truth." Emerson was even more specific. "I am glad to see," he said at the Kansas Relief meeting in Cambridge, in 1856, "that the terror at disunion and anarchy is disappearing. Massachusetts, in its heroic day, had no government. — was an anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor; and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Mount Hoosac. . . . California, a few years ago, by the testimony of all people at that time in the country, had the best government that ever existed. Pans of gold lay drying outside of every man's tent, in perfect security. The land was measured into little strips of a few feet wide, all side by side. A bit of ground that your hand could cover was worth one or two hundred dollars, on the edge of your strip; and there was no dispute. Every

man throughout the country was armed with knife and revolver, and it was known that instant justice would be administered to each offender, and perfect peace reigned." These views are essentially anarchistic, and they are cited by anarchist writers and speakers. Vailant, the Paris anarchist, ascribed his conversion to anarchism partly to the reading of Spencer's *Social Statics*.

Second, it cannot be set down as a sheer impossibility that anarchism would work. Improbable, we may say, but not, I think, impossible. Are there not large classes of people who urge now that business and industry work far better when left to themselves than they could if under government control? Hands off! they say. Let us mind our own business. The anarchist spirit is the same; only the anarchist would extend the sway of the precept and make it cover all activities. The anarchist believes that everything — even what government now does — might be done by free consent, bargaining, or association, among the people. "Each branch of industry," said one of those hanged fifteen years ago, "will have its own organization, regulations, leaders," and "will establish equitable relations with all other branches." If there are educated men desirous of spreading education, they will organize schools; if there are doctors and teachers of hygiene, they will organize themselves for the service of health; if there are engineers and mechanics, they will organize railroads, etc.: so argues Count Malatesta, an Italian anarchist. The process might not be so smooth and idyllic as it is described; yet one is astounded to hear how the disagreements that seem almost inevitable, when men are dealing with affairs, are settled among the Russian peasants without any outside interference whatsoever. The particular occasion I have in mind is when the lands of a commune are divided up, as they are periodically in Russia. The scene is worth describ-

ing.¹ The peasants gather, and at first there is utter confusion. There is no chairman, even. The right of speaking belongs to him who can command attention. Sometimes all speak at once, and they shout their arguments at the top of their voices. Moreover, there is no voting. Controversies are not settled by a majority of voices. Debate goes on till some proposal is made that conciliates all. It may continue day after day. The subject is thoroughly thrashed out until all are satisfied, or at least till they consent; for beneath the apparently acrimonious strife a singular spirit of forbearance reigns. At last a decision is reached, and, in the simple faith of the peasants, is accepted as the decree of God himself. In this way thousands of Russian villages have been managing their petty affairs for centuries. It may be utopian to imagine that the vast, complicated affairs of a great modern municipality or a great nation can be managed in this anarchistic fashion, but I do not see how it can be set down as a sheer impossibility. Prince Kropotkin even proposes that the population of London might be redistributed in some such way, — “thinning out the slums, and fully occupying the villas and mansions;” not, he explains, by a board of sixty municipal councilors sitting around a table, but by the people themselves, for each block and each street, proceeding by agreement from the parts to the whole. Who can say that even crime might not be dealt with in an anarchistic society? Mr. John W. Mackay has recently said, “We never had so good a government in San Francisco and Virginia City as those years when the Vigilance Committees were in control.” Vigilance Committees, I need not remark, are an anarchistic arrangement.

If I am not all wrong in what I have been saying, a conclusion follows. It is that to talk of “stamping out” anarchy is rather simple. Anarchist crime

we must make short work with, but the thought that in certain temperaments, under given conditions, leads to it is not so easy to deal with. We must get at the root to make a radical cure. The trouble with many of those who talk about suppressing anarchy is that they do not take the trouble to understand it. They treat it as if it were ordinary vice and crime. They do not realize that it has any intellectual significance. It is well to execute a man like Czolgosz; but his thought, “I did my duty,” — how shall we execute that? The thief, the highwayman, the common murderer, the ravisher, do not ordinarily act from a sense of duty. It may be well to have severer laws (or severer enforcement of existing laws) against violence, or the incitement to violence, or the approval of violence. It may be well to change the Constitution, and make it treason to kill or attempt to kill the President or any other official of the land (as such). It may be well to require immigrants to declare, on landing, that either they will become citizens, or will obey the laws of the land while they stay here. But all this would deal only with the surface of the subject. Similar precautions have been taken in other countries, without any appreciable effect. We can hardly go farther than Russia, yet what do Russian laws avail? How often, in human history, has force succeeded in suppressing a thought?

My object in this paper is to argue, not about anarchism, — I have sought to do this elsewhere, — but about the way in which it should be treated. I urge the need of more radical treatment than that ordinarily proposed. An intellectual phenomenon needs intellectual handling. I urge that we meet crime with punishment, but thought with thought. The roots of the evil are deeper than loose immigration laws, or yellow journals, or campaign acrimonies, — so much deeper that stress on these things comes near to being fool-

¹ See Stepniak's *Russia under the Tsars*, i. 2.

ish. Because of a conviction of this sort, I have tried to set forth in a simple and unprejudiced way what the anarchist thought or theory is.

We can bring reason to bear on the subject in our schools, in our churches (so far as we can get anarchists to come to them), but above all in the common meeting places, where people of all sorts gather together. We should look on anarchists as our fellow men, even when they are unwilling to be called our fellow citizens. We should treat them not merely as "pestilent fellows," but as one man meets another in honest debate; or, if we believe their views to be pestilential, as we well may, we should show them how and why, — not then in a spirit of angry abuse, but putting our finger on the place, saying, "Here, and here." I know one man who used to do this in Chicago, — a strenuous fighter in the good old cause, the late General M. M. Trumbull, — a man who went to all sorts of meetings, who did not care what company he was in so error was abroad that he might combat. I know that he influenced men, that he convinced them, that he won them out of anarchy. I wonder how many of our Union League Clubs and other patriotic associations, with all their well-drawn resolutions and honest denunciations, have done as much? Not by standing aloof from our fellow men and denouncing them, but by coming into touch with them, are we really going to influence them.

Another instrumentality is our settlements. Of all the poverty-stricken ideas abroad in the community, that is one of the worst which looks on settlements as centres of socialism and anarchy. Probably no one visible thing has done more to dissipate socialistic and anarchistic crudities than they. They come near the people, they have the confidence of the people, they are free meeting places for the people; and that is more than can be said of our clubs, of our churches, or even of our schools,

as at present conducted, — though it is among the immediate possibilities that the schools shall serve the adult public more widely than they do.

But at the same time that we argue and teach let us take care not to set a bad example ourselves. Unfortunately, anarchy may be practiced by other than "anarchists." A prominent figure in a meeting to mourn the late President and denounce anarchy was a man who had not long before led in a lynching bout, and had himself "helped fill the victim with deadly holes." The man would probably have been indignant if he had been classed among anarchists, yet there he belonged. The essence of anarchy is distrust of the state, belief that private action is better than public action, and the disposition to take the law into one's own hands. This unconscious and more or less respectable anarchy seems to be growing among us. We of the North are beginning to burn negroes. It has been done in Colorado and in Indiana. Moreover, it is not always for the one unmentionable crime against woman. Of the 1700 Southern lynchings (between January, 1885, and January, 1901), only 602 were for this crime; the balance were for murder, thieving, politics, unpopularity, and generally bad reputation. Nor are negroes alone the victims of this popular anarchy: of the 2516 persons slain throughout the country by mobs during the interval mentioned, 801 were white. This lawless spirit had shocking expression after the assassination, last September. One would think that at that wild act of lawlessness — so wild that we should call it insane but for the theory that lay back of it — a shudder would have gone through the universal heart at lawlessness in every form. It seems as if awe would have fallen on men, and a cry of execration would have gone up against the very spirit of private vengeance. But no; the spirit of private vengeance seems to have been unleashed. "Lynch him!" "Hang

him!" were cries heard at once after the murderous deed. "The rope! The rope!" yelled thousands in the crowd. Two days later Christian ministers rose in their pulpits and said the murderer ought to have been lynched. The minister in the late President's church in Washington said, "I would have blown the scoundrel to atoms." Another clergyman uttered the wish that the policeman who arrested the assassin had, with the butt end of his pistol, "dashed his life out." Still another divine said: "Until a better way is found, lynch him on the spot. When an anarchist makes red-flag speeches, then, and not when he has killed a President, be done with him." Even a United States Senator expressed the opinion that this was "one of the instances where lynch law would be justifiable." A man in Chicago arose in a meeting and called for seventy-five men who were willing to help him extirpate both the anarchists and their doctrines from that city. "Who is there," he called out, "who is willing to go with me and drive those pests out of our city? I, for one, will go with drawn revolvers and help to put down those foes of the nation."

Undoubtedly there was madly inciting provocation to all these cries and wild proposals; there is such provocation to almost all acts of mob violence. Mobs are rarely angry save at what they conceive to be a dastardly wrong. The only question is, Who is to be the judge of the wrong? In our answer to this lies the whole difference between barbarism and civilization. The most convincing argument that could be made against anarchy is that, if a state of anarchy had suddenly been introduced in this country at the time, the assassin of the late President and all his sympathizers and apologists would have been shot, or hanged, or burned, or lynched, instantaneously and without formality. The orderly procedure of the law was never more impressive than in the pro-

tection that was at once given the assassin, and in the calm, judicial trial that followed.

Another way in which we may set a bad example is by allowing ourselves to make the law a tool of our private interests. This is turning the state into a caricature. To what extent it is done I shall not undertake to say. Only those who make and those who seek to influence the laws really know. For obvious reasons neither class likes to speak, so that most of our information (if such it can be called) is hearsay and inference. Who are responsible for the demoralization of the councils of some of our municipalities, and of the legislatures of some of our commonwealths? Who defeated the late President's laudable efforts for reciprocity treaties with France, with Argentina and other states and colonies of South America? Who now are blocking reciprocity, which Mr. McKinley so nobly commended in Buffalo? How was the earlier tariff legislation passed? What is the "true inwardness" of the ship subsidy bill? A stalwart Republican said bitterly, in a congressional committee room, winter before last, "You do not understand the situation: we are in the hands of a syndicate." Even Mr. Olney has spoken of "the great and growing if not overwhelming influence of money in our politics," and of present conditions as transforming the government into "an engine for use in the acquisition of private wealth." Let us hope that both men were mistaken. The point I make is none the less valid. *To whatever extent* special private interests direct the legislation of the country or the administration of the laws, to that extent the anarchist contention about the state tends to be justified. The anarchist says that, however we may theorize about law, law actually is designed, not to protect the weak against the strong, but to give privileges to the strong, and thereby force the weak to submit to them. I was struck by a remark in an

anarchist paper, recently, to the effect that the idea of the state as a protecting and adjusting factor in society "has always been utopian." Notice the word "utopian." Not false, then, but merely a kind of dream. The implication is in favor of rather than against the state, taken on its ideal side. The idea is honored; it only happens, the anarchist argues, that there is nothing corresponding to the idea. Those who seek special privileges of the state, those who make law a short cut to wealth, are perhaps hardly aware that they are doing

what they can to make the anarchist view of the state a true one. They are the real confederates of the anarchist; they give him his powder and ammunition, — a good part of the food by which his theories live. They are really anarchists themselves. For if men set out to capture the state's machinery, and to run it for their private benefit, they violate the very idea of the state.

Let us purify ourselves. As Emerson, preacher of the moralities as he was to the end, said, "Those who are in the wrong cannot cure evils."

William Mackintire Salter.

BYLOW HILL.¹

IN THREE PARTS. PART THREE.

X.

It was most pleasant, being asked by every one, even by General Byington, how it felt to be a grandmother. "Oh! ho, ho!" Mrs. Morris's unutilized dimple kept itself busy to the point of positive fatigue.

Even more delightful was it, when the time came round for the totality of the only sex worth considering to call and see the babe and mother, to hear them all proclaim it the prettiest infant ever seen, and covertly pronounce Isabel more beautiful than on her wedding day. In a way she was; and particularly when they fondly rallied her upon her new accession of motherly practical manner, and she laughed with them, and ended with that merry, mellow sigh which still gave Ruth new pride in her and new hope. But another source of Ruth's new hope was that Arthur, who had written to the bishop and resigned his calling the day after Mrs. Morris's little namesake was born, had at length withdrawn his letter.

"It is to your brother we owe it all," said the bishop, privately, to Ruth, who beamed gratefully, but did not tell him that, after the long, secret conference between her brother and the rector, Leonard had come to her and wept for Arthur the only tears he had ever shed in her presence. Now Leonard had found occasion to go West for a time, though he still held his office, and Arthur was filling the rectorate almost in the old first way. The rustic vestryman with the spectacled daughter came to Arthur's library on some small parish matter, in better spirits than he had shown for months, and by and by asked conjecturally, "I — eh — guess you don't keep any babies here you're ashamed to show, do ye?" and held his mouth very wide open.

The infinitesimal was brought. "Well, I vum! Why, Miz. Winslow, I don't believe th' ever was a pretty baby so puny, nor a puny baby so pretty! Now, if it's a fair question, I hope y' ain't tryin' to push in between this baby and the keaow, be ye?"

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"No," laughed Isabel, "I'm not that conceited. I should only be in the way."

"Well," he said, as they parted, shaking Arthur's hand to the end of his speech, "I like to see a baby resemble its father, and that's what this 'n's a-tryin' to do jest's hard's she can."

So went matters for a time, and then, while the babe began to fill out and lengthen out, Isabel showed herself daily more and more overspent. The physician reappeared, and spoke plainly: "And if your cousin down South is so determined to have you at her wedding, why, go! Leave your baby with your mother; she's older in the business than you are."

But the cousin's wedding was weeks away yet, and Isabel clung to her wee treasure, and temporized with the aunts and cousins in the South and with her mother and Ruth at home, until the doctor spoke again. "Let's see," he said to Arthur. "This is November: baby's five months old. Send your wife away. Put her out. Something's killing her by inches, and I believe it's just care o' the nest. We must drive her off it, as I drove Leonard Byington off, — which, you remember, you, quietly, were the first to suggest to me to do. . . . Coming back, you say, — Byington? Yes, but only for a day or two, — election time." It did not occur to the doctor that Arthur was secretly keeping his wife from going anywhere.

The night Leonard came home the old pond, for the first time in the season, froze over, and through Giles's activities it was arranged next day that Martin Kelly, Sarah Stebbens, Minnie, and he should go down there after supper and skate by the light of fagot fires made out on the ice. Giles piled the fagots; but at a late moment, to the disgust of Giles and Minnie, the older pair pitilessly changed their minds, and decided they were too old to make such nincompoops of themselves. Minnie

would not go without Sarah, for Minnie was up to her pretty eyebrows in love with Giles, as well as immensely correct; and so there, apparently, was the end of that. At tea Arthur told Isabel he was going for a long walk down through the town and across the meadows, and would not be home before bedtime. Isabel approved heartily, and said Sarah would stay near the sleeping babe, and she would spend the evening with her mother. She and Arthur went together as far as the cross-paths in the arbor, and there, in parting, he clasped and kissed her with a sudden frenzy that only added one more distressful misgiving to the many that now haunted her days.

She found her mother alone. They sat down, hand in hand, before an open fire, and had talked in sweet quietness but a short time when a chance word and the knowledge that this time they would not be interrupted made it easy for Isabel to say things she had for weeks been trying to say. Across the street, the father of Leonard and Ruth, already abed, lay thinking of their tribulation, and casting about in his mind for some new move that might help to end it happily. Godfrey had not come. He had not looked for him to appear with a hop, skip, and jump, "a man under authority" as he was; but here were five months gone. "I can't clamor for him," thought he, and feared Ruth had written him that the emergency was past. And so she had, in those days of new hope and new suspense which had followed for a while Arthur's withdrawal of his resignation.

At the fireside below sat Leonard and Ruth, not hand in hand, like Isabel and her mother, yet conversing on the same theme as they. He had spent the day at the polls; his party had won an easy victory; and, though not on the ticket, he was now awaiting a telegraphic summons to the state capital. His fortunes were growing. Yet that was not a thing to be wordy about, and now, when the

murmur of his voice continued so long and steadily that it found even the dulled ear of the aged father in the upper room, that hearer knew what the topic must be. On all other matters the son and brother had become more silent than ever, — was being nicknamed far and near, flatteringly and otherwise, for his reticence; but let Ruth sit down with him alone and barely draw near this theme, this wound, and his speech bled from him, and would not be stanchd.

"I can admit I have made the mistake of my life," he said, "but I cannot and will not, even now, give up and say there is nothing to be saved out of it. It's a mistake that has bound me to her, to you, to Godfrey, to him, to all, and demands of me, pinioned and blindfolded as I am, every effort I can make, every device I can contrive, to compel him to free her and you and all of us from this torture. He shall not go on eating out our lives. I have dawdled with him, weakly, pitifully, but I did it in my hope to save him. I tried to save him for his own sake, Ruth, truly, — as truly as for her sake and ours; and I wanted to save his work with him, — his church, his and hers; so much of it is hers. Oh, Ruth, I love that little bird-box, spite of all its spunky beliefs and twittering complacencies. I wanted to save it and him; and over and over there has seemed such good ground of hope in him. It's been always so unbelievable that he should utterly fail us. Ruth, if you could have seen his contrition the night I tore up that shameful, servile resignation! I don't need to see Isabel to know he is wearing the soul out of her. You need n't have answered one of my questions, — which I honor you for answering so unwillingly; Mrs. Morris gave me their answer in five minutes, though we talked only of investments. And Mrs. Morris need n't have given it; to see Arthur himself is enough. All the genuineness is gone out of the man,

— out of his words, out of his face, out of his voice. I wonder it has n't gone from all of us, driven out by this smirking masquerade into which he has trapped us."

"Have you determined what to do?" asked the sister, gazing into the fire.

"Not yet. But I shan't go back West. Flight does n't avail. And, Ruth" —

"Yes, brother; you've cabled?"

"I have. He'll come at once, this time." A step on the porch drew the speaker to the door. The telegram from the capital had come. But until its bearer had gone again and was out of hearing down the street the young man lingered in the porch. His mind was wholly on that evening when Isabel had passed with the lantern. Would she pass now? From the idle query he turned to go in, when Ruth came out, and they stayed another moment together. Presently their ear caught a stir at the side of the Morris cottage.

"Hmm," murmured Ruth half consciously, and, with a playful shudder at the cold, whispered, "Come in, come in!" But then, quickly, lest this should carry a hint of distrust, she tripped in alone, closed the door, and glided to the bright hearth. There a moment of waiting changed her mind. She ran again to the door, and began to say, as she threw it open, "My brother, you'll catch your" —

But no brother was there.

XI.

Isabel, who had never confessed her trouble to her mother until now, had this evening told all there was to tell.

"No, no, my dear," she said, as she moved to go, "I have no dread of his blows. I don't suppose he will ever strike me again. Ah, there's the worst of it: he's got away, away beyond blows. I wish sometimes he'd brain me, if only that would stop his secretly watching

me. If he'd never gone beyond blows, I would have died before I would have told; not for meekness, dearie, nor even for love, — of you, or my child, or any one, — but just for pride and shame. But to know, every day and hour, that I'm watched, and that every path I tread is full of traps, — there's what's killing me. And I could let it kill me, and never tell, if killing were all. But I tell you because — Oh, my poor little mother dearie, do I wear you out, saying the same things over and over?

"This is all I ask you to remember: that my reason for telling you is to save the honor of my husband himself, and of you, dear heart, and of — of my child, you know. For, mother, every innocent thing I do is being woven into a net of criminating evidence. Sooner or later it's certain to catch me fast and give me over, you and me and — and baby, to public shame."

As they went toward the arbor door Isabel warily hushed, but her mother said: "There's no one to overhear, honey blossom. Minnie's at your house with Sarah."

But neither was there more to be said. The daughter shut herself out, and stood alone on the doorstep pondering what she had done. For she had acted as well as spoken, and, without knowledge of Leonard's move, was calling Godfrey home herself. Her mother was to send the dispatch in the morning. So standing and distressfully musing, she heard the click of the Byingtons' door as Ruth left Leonard on the porch. But her thought went after Arthur. Where was he? That he had honestly gone where he had said he was going she painfully doubted. She stirred to move on, but had not taken a step when a feminine cry of terror set her blood leaping and sent her flying down the arbor; and where the two paths crossed she and Leonard met at such a speed that only by seizing her with both his hands did he avoid trampling her down. The scream was repeated.

"It's Minnie!" cried Isabel, as they sprang down the path to the mill pond; and Leonard, outrunning her, called back: —

"We'll get her out! She's not gone under!"

The next moment he, and then she, were on the scene. Minnie stood on the firmer ice away from the bank, moaning in continued agitation, but already rescued. It was Arthur Winslow who had saved her. Quickly he gained the bank with the dripping girl, where he yielded her to his wife, and without a word from him, from Isabel, or from Leonard to any one but the incessantly talking maid, the four hurried up the path. When they reached the arbor Ruth had joined them, and there the three women turned to the cottage, while Leonard passed on toward his home, and Arthur went into his own house.

In the cottage, while being hurried into dry clothes, Minnie more coherently explained her mishap. Wishing to play a joke on Giles, she had slipped away from the fireside company of him and Sarah to put a match to his fagots on the pond, run back with word that they were burning, and laugh with Sarah while Giles should plunge out to find the incendiaries. But she had forgotten how frail good ice may be against a warm bank, and, leaping down, had promptly broken through. She had had the fortune to hold on by the ice's outer edge until Arthur, whom she felt sure only Providence could have sent there, drew her out. She was tearfully ashamed, yet not so broken in spirit but she fiercely vowed she would get even with Giles for this yet.

Leonard went to his room, Arthur to his, and each in his way shut himself in to darkness, silence, and the fury of his own heart. One of the things most harrowing to Leonard was that, at every turn, the active part fell to Arthur, while fate held him mercilessly to the passive; and his soul writhed in un-

worded prayer for any conceivable turn of events that would give him leave to act, to do! But all he could do was done. Godfrey was sent for: everything must await his coming. Heaven hold Arthur's hand till Godfrey could come!

Ruth went home, and began to lock up the house. When, presently, she tapped at her brother's door and looked in, he had lighted the room and was reading his telegram. "All right over the way," she said, and to hurry on over the grim untruth repeated briefly Minnie's story. "Good-night. You go — to-morrow? Well, you'll make haste back."

She left him, but later returned. "Leonard." At the slightly opened door she thrust in her Bible, with a finger on the line, "My soul, wait thou only upon God."

"Thank you," said the brother. "Good-night. I'm afraid we've kept Him waiting on us."

Over the way, Isabel, holding a lamp, stood in the door between her room and Arthur's, lifted the light above her head, and, shading her brow, called his name. Hidden in the gloom, silent and motionless, he stared for a moment at the beautiful apparition, and then moved without a sound into the beams of the lamp, a picture of misery and desperation.

"Why in the dark?" amiably inquired the wife.

With widening eyes and spectral motions he drew near. "In the dark?" he asked. "Why in the dark? The darkness is in me, and all the lamps that light the world's ships into harbor could not dispel it." All at once he went to his knees. "Oh, my wife, my wife, save me, save me! Hell is in my soul!"

She drew back, and with low vehemence urged him to his feet. "Up! up! My husband shall not kneel to me!" Laying her hand reverently upon his shoulder she pressed him into his room,

set the lamp aside, and let him clasp her wildly in his arms.

"Save me, Isabel!" he moaned again. "Save me!"

"From what, dear heart, — from what can I save you?" She drew him to a seat, and knelt beside him.

"From the green-eyed demon that has gnawed, gnawed, gnawed at my heart till it is rent to shreds, and at my brain — my brain! — till it is almost gone." His brow drooped to hers. "Almost gone, beloved, — my brain is almost gone."

"No, Arthur, dearest, no, no, no; your heart is torn, but your mind, thank God, is whole. This is only a mood. Come, it will pass with one night's sleep."

Still he held her brow beneath his. "Save me, Isabel; my soul is almost gone. Oh, save me from the fiends that come before me and behind me, by night and by day, eyes shut or eyes open."

"My husband, my love, how can I save you? How can I help you? Tell me how."

"Hear me! hear me confess! That will save me, oh, so sweetly, so sweetly! That will save me from the faces, — the white, white faces that float on that black pool down yonder, and move their accusing lips at me, — *his* face, and mine, and thine. Oh, Isabel, until you stood before me in the golden light of your lamp, transfigured into a messenger from heaven, it was in my lost soul to do the deed this night."

The wife laid her palms upon her husband's temples, and putting forth her strength lifted them, and looked tenderly into his eyes. "Dear heart, you do not frighten me. You know how unaccountably fear deserts me in fearful moments. But I know there's nothing for either of us to fear now. This is all in your tortured imagination, and there, though you had not seen me, it would have stayed; you never would have come to the act. Arthur, your soul is

not lost. You who have pointed the way of escape and deliverance so clearly and savingly to so many, you need not miss it now yourself."

"Idle words, Isabel, — idle, idle words. The very words of Christ are idle to me until I give you up."

"Give me up, my husband? Dear love, you cannot! You shall not! I will not be given up! You have n't the cause, and I have n't the cause!"

"Oh, Isabel, I stole you! And the curse of God has gone with the theft, and with every step of the thief, from the first day till now. From the first day until now God has lifted that other man up, and brought me down. And yet, before God who said, Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, he loves you this moment — now! — with the love of a man for a woman."

"Arthur, no. If he did" —

"Isabel, if he did not, — if he did not love you yet as before he lost you, — oh, if he did not love you infinitely more now than then, he would not be Leonard Byington. That is all my evidence, all my argument, all the ground of my hate; and I hate him with a hatred that has finished — finished! — with my heart, and is devouring my brain."

"Oh, my poor husband, listen to" —

"Listen to me. Listen before I lose the blessed impulse to say there is but one cure. I must give you up to him. Oh, let me speak! I took you from him by law; by law I will give you back."

"Do you mean divorce, Arthur?"

"I do."

"On what ground?"

"On the ground of ill treatment. You shall bring suit; I will plead guilty."

She rose, with his temples still in her hands. "Ah, whose words are idle now?" She bent over him with eyes of passionate kindness. "You did not take me from him. You asked me to take you; and for better for worse, till death us do part, I took you, Arthur,

knowing as much of any other man's love for me as I know at this hour. You could not steal me; the shame would be mine, to have let you. You are no thief! I am no stolen thing! You shall be happy with me; you shall not give me up!"

He leaped to his feet and snatched her into his arms. The babe cried sleepily from its mother's room. She tenderly disengaged herself, left him in the door, moved on to the child's crib, and in the dim light of the bedside taper, facing him from beyond it, soothed the little one by her silent touch. To Arthur, wan and frail though she was, the sight was heavenly fair, a vision of ineffable peace to which it seemed a sacrilege to draw nearer; but she beckoned, and he stole to the spot. With the quieted babe in its crib between them, the pair knit arms about each other's neck and kissed.

"My own, — my own at last!" murmured the husband. "I never had you until now!"

"The cure has worked, dear heart," breathed the wife, — "worked without surgery, has it not?"

"The cure has worked," he replied, — "worked without the sacrifice. Oh, the sudden sweet ease of it!"

Whispering good-night in response to hers, he covered her head and brows with caresses; then stole away, with eyes still fastened on her, and at the dividing threshold waved a last parting and closed the door.

XII.

Isabel went to her couch in great heaviness and agitation. Her sad confidings to her mother, Minnie's adventure, Arthur's pitiful if not alarming condition, she strove to reconsider duly and in their order; but perpetually there interfered, with its every smallest detail thrillingly clear and strong, that moment which had thrown her once

more into the company, tossed her into the very clutch, of Leonard Byington. She turned her face into her pillow, and prayed God for other thoughts and visions; and at length, while charging herself to see her mother in time to postpone the sending of her dispatch to Godfrey, she slept.

Sleep, of a sort, came also to Arthur, though not before many an evil imagination had come back to tease and sting his galled mind. What chafed oftenest was the fact that Isabel, had he allowed it, would have sought to argue down his belief that Leonard loved her. Great heaven! what must be her feeling toward him, that she should offer to argue such a question? She might truly deny all knowledge of his passion, but oh, where was her quick word of womanly abhorrence? Where was the word that Leonard Byington was no more to her than any other man, — that word which would have been the first to flash from her if conscience had not stopped it? Twice he sprang up in his bed, whispering: "They love! They love! Each knows it of the other! They love!"

The second time, as he stared, suddenly he saw them! They stood just beyond the foot of his couch, wrapped in each other's arms. Choking with wrath, freezing with horror, he slid to the floor; but at his first step they floated apart. Isabel glided toward her own door, fading as she went, and dissolved in a broad moonbeam. Leonard, as he receded, grew every instant more real, until, at his pursuer's second step, he melted through a window and was gone. Arthur sprang to the spot, and stared out and down; but all he saw was the moon, the frosty night, and the silent and motionless garden. With a whisper of fierce purpose he turned and noiselessly threw on his clothes, then clutched his head in his hands in a wild effort to recall what the purpose was, and by and by lay quietly down again on his bed. He could not recollect; but the inner

tumult quieted more and more, and after a time, without putting off any part of his dress, he drew the bed covers over himself, and in a few moments was partially asleep. So for an hour or more he lay in half-waking dreams ghastly with phantoms and breathless with dismay of his own ferocious strivings. Then he rose once more, and, with the noiselessness which habit had perfected, left his room, moved down the upper hall and the stair, and let himself out into the garden. Wadded in his arms he bore one or two of the coverings from his bed. He took his way to the pond. He was walking in his sleep.

At an earlier day Isabel would have been awakened by her husband's softest movement; but now, used to his stirrings, weary in body and mind, and in some degree reassured, she slept on unstartled until Arthur's return. He came as silently as he had gone, and was empty-handed. He had tied a great stone in the two bed coverings, and through the thin new ice of the hole where Minnie had broken in had sunk them in the black depth under the shelving rock. He was still asleep. The door between the two chambers gave a faint sound as he opened it, yet neither mother nor child moved. A moment passed, and he had reached the bed. Another went by, and Isabel was awake, wildly but vainly trying to scream, to rise. A knee was on her bosom, two hands grappled her throat, and two outstarting eyes were close to hers. Her husband was strangling her.

Then he too awoke. With a horrified cry he recoiled, and she, for the first time in her life in a transport of terror, hurled him, in the strength of her frenzy, to the farther side of the bed, and, writhing out on the opposite side, crept under it and lay still. In a torture of bewilderment and remorse Arthur buried his face in the bedside. Then, helpless to distinguish what he had done from what he had dreamed, he sprang back to the place where Isa-

bel had lain sleeping, and lo, it was empty.

"Oh, was it thou, was it thou?" he wailed, in a stifled voice. "Was it not he?" Whispering and moaning her name, hearkening and groping, he sought her from corner to corner, first of her room and then of his own, and then went to the hall and to other rooms in the same harrowing quest.

Isabel crept forth and darted to her babe. Yet as she leaned to take it in her arms her better judgment told her the child was safe. The husband too, and every one beside, were safer from his jealous wrath while the babe remained. With one anguished knitting of her hands over it she left it, and fled in her nightdress. Arthur's course was made plain by his moanings, and, easily avoiding him, she glided down a back stair, out into the arbor, and across to her mother's cottage and bed-chamber. As she did so he returned hurriedly to his room, with low cries of less wretched conviction, and looked eagerly under his bed and then under hers. Thereupon the last hope died, and he dropped to his face upon the floor in abject agony.

After a time a new conjecture brought him to his feet. To solve it he would go to the pond. If he had truly been there and done this appalling thing, he would know it by the empty imprint of the boulder he had taken from its resting place of years. If he had not, then Isabel had fled to her mother, and would be found with her in the morning, and the blot of her murder, though it blackened his soul, was yet not on his hands. He went to the water, and soon he came again with the step and face of one called out of his grave. Slowly he counted the disordered coverings of his wife's couch, stood a moment in desolate perplexity, and then went quickly and counted those of his own. A sheet and a blanket were gone. He turned to a closet and supplied the lack, and then paced the floor until dawn.

Before the servants were fairly astir he laid away the clothing Isabel had put off, and contrived to leave the house and pass through the arbor unseen until he reached its farther end; but there Mrs. Morris, in a dressing gown, opened to him before he could knock. She forced her usual laugh, but he saw the white preparedness of her face. "She knows my crime," he thought, and was in agony to guess how she had got the knowledge and what she would do with it.

"Why, Arthur," she sweetly began, "what brings you" — But her throat closed.

"Mother," he interrupted emotionally, as they shut themselves in, "is Isabel here?"

"Isabel — here? Why — why, Arthur, she went home last night before ten o'clock!" The little lady knew her acting was not good, but it was better than she had hoped to make it. "Arthur Winslow, don't tell me my child is not at home! Oh, my heavens!"

"Wait, mother; listen. I beseech you. Do you absolutely know she's not here?"

"I know it! Oh, Arthur, are you only trying to break bad news to me by littles? Has Isabel destroyed herself? Has she fled?" The inquirer played well now; her pallor, that had seemed to accuse him, was gone, and her question offered a cue which he greedily took.

"Fled? Isabel! Destroyed herself, — that spotless soul? Oh no, no, no! But — O merciful God! I am afraid she has been stolen!" He sank into a seat and dropped his face into his hands. The maid's steps sounded overhead, and he started up. Mrs. Morris laid a hand on his arm. She was pale again, but her words were reassuring.

"It's Minnie," she murmured: "let me go and see her. She'll not be surprised. I'm always the first one up." She went, and was soon back again.

"There is no time to lose" — Arthur began.

"No, you must go. Go search for every clue that will tell us a word of her; but, whatever you do, let no one, not even Sarah, know she is missing, until we know enough ourselves to protect her from every shadow of reproach!"

"True! true! right! right!" said Arthur, while with secret terror he cried to himself: "This woman knows! She knows, she knows, and all this is make-believe, put on to gain time!" But he saw no safer course than to help on the sham. "Right," he said again; "only, mother, dear, how shall we hide her absence?"

"We need n't hide it. You know she got another telegram last night, begging her to come at once to the wedding. We can say she went on this morning's train, before day; it makes such good Southern connections. And now go; make your search with all your might; and after a while I'll come over and pack a trunk full of her things, and express it South, just as if she were there, and had gone so hurriedly that — Don't you see?"

Arthur said he saw it all, but he did not; he saw much that was not, and much that was he saw not. He did not see that the dust of the old street, and of the new town as well, was on Mrs. Morris's shoes; and that Isabel, in a gown which she had left at the cottage when she went to be mistress of his home, was really on the train, bound South. Dropping all pretense of having any search to make, he hurried back to his own room, and by and by told the pleasantly astonished Sarah and Giles the simple truth as Mrs. Morris had put it into his mouth, but told it in the firm belief that he was covering a hideous crime with an all but transparent lie. After a false show of breakfasting he went into his study, — to work on his sermon, he said; yet did nothing there but pace the floor, hold his head, and whisper, "It will not last an hour after *he* has heard it," and, "O God,

have mercy! Oh, my wife, my wife! Oh, my brain, my brain!"

XIII.

Mrs. Morris's task was too large for her. She had always taken such care of her innocence that her cultivation of the virtues had been only incidental. Hence, morally, she had more fat than fibre; and hence, again, though to her mind guilt was horrible, publicity was so much worse that her first and ruling impulse toward any evil doing not her own was to conceal it. That was her form of worldliness, the only fault she felt certain she was free from. And here she was, without a helping hand or a word of counsel, laboring to hide from the servants and from the dear Byingtons, from the church and from a scoffing world, the hideous fact that Isabel was a fugitive from the murderous wrath of a jealous husband, and that the rector of All Angels had crumbled into moral ruin.

"And oh," she cried, "is it the worst of it, or is it the best of it, that in this awful extremity he keeps so sane, so marvelously sane?" She said this the oftener because every few hours some new sign to the contrary forced itself on her notice. Oblivion was her cure-all.

For a while after his conference with Mrs. Morris Arthur made some feeble show — for her eye alone — of looking after clues, and then, as much to her joy as to her amazement, told her it was a part of his detective strategy to return into his study, and seemingly to his ordinary work, until time would allow certain unfoldings for which he looked with confidence.

"Have you found out anything?" she asked, with a glaringly false eagerness that gave him a new panic of suspicion and whetted his cunning.

He said he had, but must beg her not to ask yet what it was. Then he inquired if any neighbor had left town

that morning for Boston, and her heart rose into her throat as she marked the subtlety he could not keep out of his dark face.

"Why, ye— yes — n— no, no one that I know of ex— except Leonard Byington," she replied, and thought, "If he should accuse Leonard, we are undone!" To avoid that risk she would have told him, then and there, all she knew, had she not feared she might draw his rage upon herself for aiding the wife's flight. She must, must, must keep on good terms with him till she and Isabel could somehow get the child. So passed the awful hours, mother and husband each marveling in agony over the ghastly puzzle of the other's apathy.

Later in the day she knocked timidously at his study door. She had come with a silly little proposition that he let her take the infant and go South as if to join Isabel. Thus the trunk would not lie in the express office down there, unclaimed and breeding awkward inquiries, and she from that point, with him at this, could keep up the illusion they had invented until Isabel herself should — eh — return! But when he let her in, he stood before her a silent embodiment of such remorse and foreboding that she could have burst into sobs and cries.

Yet she broached her plan, trembling visibly, while he heard her through with melancholy deference. In reply he commended it, but called to her notice how much better it would be for her to go alone. Then the babe, left behind, would be an unspoken yet most eloquent guarantee that its mother would soon reappear.

"Very true," responded the emboldened lady; "yet, on the other hand" —

He put out an interrupting touch. "The child is as safe with me as if it were in its mother's bosom."

"Oh, it is n't so much a question of safety as" —

The father interrupted again, with a

gleam in his eyes like the outflashing of a knife. "I hold the child against all comers, and would if I had to slay its mother to do it."

Mrs. Morris stifled an outcry and would have left him, but he would not let her. "Stay! Oh, listen to a soul in torment! The babe is already motherless. Isabel can never return, mother: she is with the dead. I am not waiting idly here for her; I am waiting busily — for her slayer. He has fled; but when he sees he is not pursued he will come back to the spot, — to the black, black hole. He cannot help it. I *know* that. Oh, how well I know it! And the moment he comes he is caught, — caught in the web of proofs I am weaving!" He held her arm and gazed into her gazing eyes in ferocious fear of the web she might be weaving for him; while she, reeling sick with fear of him, tried with all her shaken wits to sham an impassioned accord.

"And you *will* wait?" she exclaimed approvingly. "You will not stir till the thing is sure?"

He would not stir till the thing was sure.

As soon as it was dark enough to slip over to the Byingtons' unseen she went, bearing to Ruth Isabel's apologetic good-bys, trying her small best to play at words with the General, and quickly getting away again, — grateful for a breath of their atmosphere, though distressfully convinced that Ruth had divined the whole trouble, through the joy betrayed by herself on hearing that Leonard would be away for a week. She went home, and slept like a weary child; and neither the next day, nor the next, nor the next, was so awful as this first had been: they lacked the crackle and glare and the crash of the burning and falling temple.

Let us not attempt the picture of Isabel keeping the happy guise of a wedding guest among her kindred and childhood playmates while her heart

burned with perpetual misery, yearning, and alarm. "My baby, my baby!" cried her breast, while the babe slept sweetly under faultless care.

Nor need we draw a close portrait of her husband's mind, if mind it could longer be called. A horror of sleep, a horror of being awake and aware, remorse, phantoms, voices, sudden blazings of wrath as suddenly gone, sweating panics, that craven care of life which springs so rank as the soul decays, and a steady, cunning determination to keep whole the emptied shell of reputation and rank, — these were the things that filled his hours by day, by night; these, and a frightful expectation of one accusing, child-claiming ghost that never came. The air softened to Indian summer; the ice faded off the pool; a million leaves, crimson and bronze, scarlet and gold, dropped tenderly upon its silvering breadth and lay still; and both the joyless master of the larger house and the merry maid of the cottage asked Heaven impatiently if the pond would never freeze over again. It was Saturday afternoon when Giles, asked by Sarah Stebbens where Mr. Arthur was, told her he was again, as he had been so many times the last three days, down by the water, sitting at the edge of the overhanging bank; or, as the Englishman expressed it, "dreamink the 'appy hours aw'y." So the week passed out; a new one came in, and the rector of All Angels went to his sacred office.

He knew, before he appeared in the chancel, that Mrs. Morris was in her accustomed place, and Ruth and her father in theirs, and that Leonard was not yet back nor looked for; but exactly as he began to read, "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us, in sundry places, to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness; and that we should not dissemble nor cloak them before the face of Almighty God our heavenly Father" — a sickness filled Mrs. Morris's frame,

a deathly hue overspread the minister's face, and Leonard came in and sat beside his father and sister. Yet the service went on. The people knelt. "Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts" — Thus far the rector's voice had led, but here it sank, and the old General's, in a measure, took its place. Then it rose again, in the confession, "There is no health in us," and in the supplication, "Have mercy upon us, miserable offenders." There once more it failed, while the people, faltering with distress, repeated, "That we may hereafter lead a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy Name. Amen."

At this the farmer with the spectacled daughter stepped nimbly over the rail and caught Arthur as he rose and staggered. Leonard was hurrying forward, and half the people kneeling, half standing, when Mrs. Morris vacantly stopped his way with a face so aghast and words so confused that he had to give her over to Ruth. Then he hastened on to where Arthur was being led into the vestry by his physician and others. But now he was turned back by the doctor, who requested him to dismiss the congregation; which he did, with the physician's assurance that the trouble was no more than vertigo, and that Arthur was even now quite able to proceed home in the farmer-vestryman's carriage. But the people noticed that the physician went with him. Mrs. Morris followed on foot with the farmer's daughter, and with Ruth and the General. Leonard went into town to telegraph Isabel, in her mother's name, to come home. As he was starting, Mrs. Morris drew Ruth aside and whispered something about Godfrey. To which Ruth softly replied, with an affectionate twist in her smile, "It could n't hurry him; he's already on the way."

In the room next that in which her son-in-law lay asleep under anodynes the little mother's odd laugh was turned all to moan. "Oh! — ho — ho!" she sighed in solitude. "If Arthur could have learned from Godfrey how to wait, or even if Isabel could but have learned from Ruth how to keep one waiting!"

She paused at a window that looked over the garden and into the street. Leonard passed. She turned quickly away, only sighing again, "Oh! — ho — ho!" Her thought might have been kinder had she known he was stabbing himself at every step with blame of all this woe.

"I ought to have foreseen!" was his constant silent cry. "I am the one who ought to have foreseen!"

Lack of Sunday trains and two failures to connect kept Isabel from arriving until nightfall of the third day, Wednesday. Arthur knew Mrs. Morris had telegraphed for her; but to him that was only part of the play under which he thought he and she were hiding the frightful truth. On this day he had so outwitted his village physician as to be given the freedom for which he ravened; liberty to take the air in his garden, as understood by the doctor, but by him liberty to stand guard down at the edge of that dark pool which would not freeze over, — liberty to take an air sweet with the odors of the parting year, but crowded also with distended eyes and strangling groans. He was down there in the early starlight when Ruth drove softly into the garden, bringing Isabel. Warily the mother came out into the pillared porch, and silently received the house's mistress into her arms.

"He does n't know," she said. "I could n't tell him till you should come, for fear of disappointing him."

The argument seemed strained, but no one said so, and with a whispered good-night Ruth drove away, and the two went in. As they stole upstairs they debated how Isabel had best reveal

herself. "I'm terribly afraid that won't work, blessing," said Mrs. Morris; "you'd better let me break it to him, first."

"No, dearie, I don't think so. I have n't the shadow of a fear" —

"Oh, my darling child, you never have!"

"But I know him so well, mother. We have only to come unexpectedly face to face, and — Oh, I've seen the effect so often!" They entered her room whispering. "I'll change this dress for the one he last saw me in, and stand over here by the crib where I stood then, and — Oh, sweet heaven! is this my little flower sleeping just as I left her?" With clasped hands and tearful eyes she bent over the child. Then she began to unrobe, but stopped to throw her arms about her mother's neck. "Now, dearly beloved, you hurry away down the path and persuade him up and send him in. I'm only afraid you'll find him chilled half to death, it's growing cold so fast. And you can follow in after him, dearie, if you wish, — only not too close."

The mother went, and had got only to the cross-paths when she came all at once upon the master of the house. "Oh! ho, ho! here you are! I was just — Arthur, dear, where is your overcoat? Do go right up to your room, my son, till I can get Sarah to have a fire started in the library." She multiplied words in pure affright, so drawn was his face with anguish, and so wild his eyes with aimless consternation. Without reply he passed in and went upstairs. Mrs. Morris remained below.

Isabel's heart beat fast. She had made her change of dress, and in a far corner of her room, with her face toward the open door that let into his, was again leaning with a mother's ecstasy over the sleeping babe, when she heard his step. It came to his outer door, which from her place could not be seen. Did he stop, and stand there? No, he had not stopped; he was only

moving softly, for the child's sake. She stood motionless, listening and looking with her whole soul, and wishing the light were less dim in this shadowy corner, but knowing there was enough to show her to him when he should reach the nearer door. The endless moment wore away, and there on the threshold he stood — if that — O merciful God! — if that was Arthur Winslow!

His eyes fell instantly upon her, yet he made neither motion nor sound, only stayed and stared, while an unearthly terror came into his face. Care of the child kept her silent, but in solemn tenderness she lifted her arms toward him. He uttered a freezing shriek and fled. In an instant his tread was resounding in the hall, then on two or three steps of the stair as she hurried after, and then there came a long, tumbling fall, her mother's wail in the hall below, and a hoarse cry of dismay from Giles as he rushed out of the library.

"He's only stunned, mum," Giles was saying as Isabel reached the spot. "He's no more nor just stunned, mum." He had lifted the fallen man's head and shoulders, and Mrs. Stebbens came, dropping to her knees and sprinkling water into the still, white face.

Isabel threw herself between. "Arthur! Arthur! can't you speak? Oh, let us move him into the library!"

"Yes, mum!" exclaimed Giles. "He'll come to in there; you can see he's only stunned." He tried to raise him, and Isabel and Sarah moved to help; but the wife turned on hearing Ruth's voice at her side, and Leonard Byington lifted the limp man in his arms, unaided, and bore him to the library lounge.

"Arthur," he pleaded, with arms still under him, "can't you speak to us, dear boy? Say at least good-by, can't you, Arthur?" He parted the clothing from neck and breast, and laid an ear to his heart.

"Do you hear it, Leonard?" cried

the wife. "Oh, you do hear it, don't you, Leonard?"

There was no answer. For a moment Leonard's own form relaxed, and he turned his face and buried it in the unresponsive breast. Then he lifted it again, and taking the other face between his hands he sank his brow to the brow upturned and cried: "God rest your soul, Arthur! Oh, Arthur, Arthur, 'God rest your soul!'"

XIV.

Mrs. Morris gave the physician her account of the accident, he gave the reporters his, and no other ever got into the old street or the town it looks down upon.

Said the rustic vestryman to another pallbearer, as they turned toward their homes, "Many's the time All Angels's been crowded, but I never see it crowded as 't was this time."

The new mound was white under January snows when Godfrey and Isabel first stood beside it together; and when summer had come and gone again, and at last the time drew near when, by the regular alternations of the service, the ocean wanderer's three years afloat were to be followed by three ashore, it was beside that mound that Ruth let him ask the long-withheld question. And once more the new year followed the old.

"I cal'late," a certain somebody, on one of its earliest days, began to say to General Byington, "th' never was a happier weddin' so quiet, nor a qui—" But he caught the sheen of his daughter's spectacles and forbore.

And still moved on the heavenly procession of the seasons, and as each new one passed with smile and song, and strewed its flowers or fruits on Bylow Hill, the memory of one who, after life's fitful fever, slept soundly at last was ever a sweet forgetting of all that had once been bitter, and a sweeter and sweeter remembrance of whatsoever

things had been pure, lovely, and of good report. One day the traveling salesman of fruit trees came again. This time he met Minnie, some of whose information puzzled him.

"But I thought you said the young Mrs. Winslow lived in the large house on this side?"

"Yes, but that's the other one; that's the widow. Captain Winslow, he's so much o' the time to the navy yard that him and his wife, they just keep their home along with her father and Mr. Leonard."

"And who is it that, I understand, a Mr. Giles over here is about to marry?"

For reply Minnie covered her mouth and nose with her hand, sputtered, and shut the door in his face.

Another year went by, yet another followed, and still Ruth — daughter, sister, wife, and mother — remained the happy mistress of the house in which she was born, and Leonard remained one of her household. Mrs. Morris turned the cottage over to Mr. and Mrs. Giles, — hem! — and dwelt in the

Winslow house with Isabel, who, even the young said, grew more beautiful and lovable all the time. But there came a day, after all, — year uncertain, — when Leonard, with Mrs. Morris's little namesake on his knee, asked Isabel if she did not think it would be well for him to go away for a while; and Isabel said no.

So by and by the Winslow pair went to live in the Winslow house, and the Byington pair in the Byington house; and if you listen well, you may hear an aged voice, a voice with a brogue, saying: —

"Ay, there's a Linnard Winslow, now, and there's a Godfrey Boyington. And there's still an Isable Winslow and a Ruth Boyington. But the mother of Ruth Boyington is she that wor Isable Winslow, moy graciouz! and the mother of Isable Winslow is she that wor Ruth Boyington. And so there be's an Isable in the wan house, and an Isable in th' other; and there be's a Ruth in the wan house, and a Ruth in th' other, moy graciouz! and there's an Airthur in each, whatsomiver!"

G. W. Cable.

(The end.)

THE MODERN CHIVALRY.

I.

NOTHING could be more remarkable than the extent of the modern indulgence in sport, except perhaps the rapidity with which it has come upon us. Men who still regard themselves as young recall the time when, outside a small circle in two or three Eastern universities, sport was associated with schoolboys in knee trousers and with corner loafers in highly colored linen and cheap jewelry. But nowadays the bench and the bar may be seen to glory in knickerbockers, while pink shirts

have not been unknown to the most exquisite. It is perhaps natural that cautious parents have tried to dissuade their offspring from what seems at the best childish, and at the worst perilous; and that the most scholarly of our magazines, reviews, and daily papers have been divided on the question of intercollegiate contests, while the very faculties of the universities have neglected academic administration and finance in an effort to grapple with it. The satirist is more than justified who described the American university as a place where the students manage the studies, while the

professors manage the sports. Yet many a doubtful pass might have been clear, and many a hard word might have been spared, if we had all realized that the point at issue has been pretty well threshed out in the mother country of modern sport, and that it is, in fact, one of the oldest questions in history.

The animus of the puristic press is precisely that of the modern English Puritan, — Trafalgar-Squaring, as Mr. Pinero would say, on the Curse of Sports; and this, in turn, is milk and honey beside the invective of rare old Stubbs in his sixteenth-century *Anatomie of Abuses*. And long before Stubbs the spirit of sport was mighty in the land. While yet the "friendly fights" of "base foot ball players" were unknown, chivalry flourished like the green bay tree, transcending the glory of modern football; Rome made a political centre of the chariot races, and the calendar of Hellas was regulated by Olympiads. More than this, the Assyrians of the date of 600 B. C. made a royal virtue of braving the perils of the chase, as any one may see in the exquisitely spirited sculptures, now in the British Museum, which once graced the banqueting hall of Asurbanipal. And one need not rest with the evidences of even the most ancient history. The instinct for play is native in all animal life, and has lately been made the subject of a shrewd psychological research by Professor Karl Groos, of the University of Basel, in two works on *The Play of Animals* and *The Play of Man*. It need not surprise us if it is one day discovered that the original protozoan prepared its offspring for the struggle of life by holding oozing matches in the depths of ocean. The only question which tyrannous nature has left open to us is, not whether there shall be sport, but how we shall derive the most benefit from it.

That the national games of Greece bore an important part in the cultivation of Hellenic manhood does not admit of argument; and the jousts of the Middle

Ages had an even clearer relationship to the military system. The importance of modern athletics as an element of national defense should be equally clear, and indeed was made so some years ago in English discussions of the relation of school sports to the national army. The signal aspect of our athletic system is an aspect in which it differs from that of all other ages. The new factors are those which have made a *tabula rasa* in so many phases of modern life, — steam and electricity; in a word, machinery. To the gentleman of Washington's day — and for that matter, of very much later — the walks of life were literal walks, or else journeys, no less athletic, in the saddle. To the modern the so-called walks of life have become mad rushes by railway, trolley, or motor car. The mechanic of our fathers worked a loom by hand, wielded the cobbler's hammer or the carpenter's saw and chisel. To-day the mechanic feeds a machine or directs pneumatic tools, while his muscles fall into a stupor. The husbandman of old ploughed, harrowed, and hoed by hand; the modern farmer is a master machinist. In short, that struggle for existence, which we now know to be the origin and rough foster father of progress, is no longer waged by muscle and sinew; it is a matter of intelligence and of nervous energy.

This fact, I take it, has been, consciously or unconsciously, the major premise of those who reprobate athletic sports. We are no longer doomed, they say, to live as mere animals. What need of lithe muscles and sinews trained to endurance, when applied knowledge is the only power? Warfare itself — since so much of the brute is still honored among us — is soon to be a mere matter of railroading, marine engineering, and machine guns. Some such fact must be granted, but is the deduction sound? More sound than sense, one is tempted to say.

The logic of the position outlined can lead to only one conclusion, and that is

that in the man of the present the sinews and the muscles are disappearing, together with tonsils, vermiform appendixes, and sundry other survivals of an earlier stage of brute life; the sooner we are rid of them, the better. If this really were the case, however, we should expect the man of the present to be a creature of sounder nerves and a more tireless brain than the man of history. The patent fact is that he is rather a victim of neurosis and mental derangement. His medicine is to rest long weeks in bed and to feed hugely on the most nourishing foods. The severest exercise his shattered nerves can endure is a massage. When by these means his muscles and viscera have been resuscitated, his medicine is golf or a constitutional horseback ride. Many of us have not forgotten an eloquent paper in which Professor William James showed that not only the nervous and intellectual forces, but even the natural human emotions flourish most in a sound body. The conditions of modern life, in fact, far from enabling us to dispense with athletic culture, make it all the more necessary. The intellectual vigor of the race, to say nothing of its physical prowess, can be maintained only by availing ourselves of the instinct of play. If in maturity and old age we wish to work on, snapping our fingers at the admirable rest cure of Dr. Weir Mitchell, we must in youth and manhood take enough physical recreation to make sure that all our animal functions are sound.

II.

In any sporting contest the element of physique is of primary value. The man who has the stronger digestion and assimilation, a heart of greater pumping power, muscles of finer fibre, and more vigorous nerves to drive them has the game half won.

The other half, however, is the better part. It is technically known as training, and no one who has not tried

it knows the difference it makes. A man who, untrained, can run a quarter of a mile in a minute, can in a few weeks reduce his time by five or six seconds, and in a season by six to eight seconds; and a fifth of a second in a race may be as decisive as the proverbial inch on a man's nose. In all contests, from football to golf, the difference between the trained and the untrained is as great, though perhaps less calculable to the uninitiated. A young fellow whose main hope of distinction in his college lies in athletic prowess soon learns that much indulgence in tobacco and malt liquors, in some mysterious but painfully evident manner, clogs his lungs, and that the fonder he is of spirits and wine, the more treacherously they sap his energies; while the most cheerful night owl learns the blessing of early sleep. A man may be gifted with twice the natural powers of his self-disciplined rival, but unless he masters himself there is an end of all hope of excelling. Let us not cry down faculty resolutions, the college sermon, or the Young Men's Christian Association, — they are a source of much comfort to all well-disposed young men; but let us frankly recognize that the undergraduate who stands most in need of a jog to conscience is most easily reached by the lesson of experience on the athletic field.

This physical training is not all. No type of athlete is more familiar than the man who has a superlative physique, superlatively trained, and yet somehow, in the final test, fails to excel. In practice he is capable of the most brilliant fielding, the most marvelous running and tackling, breaks all records on the track; but in the important contest he is a cipher. Because of some defect of mind or of temperament a crisis undoes him. Every earnest athlete knows how he feels, — the sinking in the vitals at the thought of a contest, the haunting dread, the nights of wakefulness and worry: it may almost be said that unless a man has felt all this his fibre is

too coarse to respond to the demand of the final struggle. If these swarming suggestions of the nerves are not mastered, they become tyrants; if they are, they raise a man above himself. The difference is a question of self-conquest, which is a purely moral question, and quite as important now as in the days when it was thought desirable to take a city. The rough material of success in life is a good physique; but this is quite useless without discipline and self-command.

III.

It is perhaps possible to claim a further virtue for sport. Sir Philip Sidney has related of his riding master how he discoursed so eloquently the praises of horses and horsemen that in hearing him you would think there were no such great virtue in the world as horsemanship; "and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse." Sir Philip archly begs indulgence for speaking in a similarly exalted strain in defense of poe^sie. The conceit is a pleasant one, for what was chivalry but the poetry of horsemanship?

It may not make us think the worse of the riding master if we try to interpret his saying in modern terms. All praise to the discipline and self-command of the athlete; but at best these are mere moral qualities, the products of enlightened self-seeking. There are higher manifestations of sport, known as sportsmanship. In America, it is to be feared, the word is still discolored by the Puritan abhorrence of all delight; one cannot be sure that it does not suggest hoarse voices and the tobacco^lated air of the poolroom. But in England it stands for a spiritual attitude that ennoble^s both winning and losing, the preparation and the fight.

Of what use is it to be strong and steadfast unless the spirit, like the flesh, rises superior to the conflict? How

ignoble to desire success unless we can be serene in defeat! A football team, let us say, has worked hard all through the autumn, and in the end is beaten by professionalism or illegal roughness on the part of its opponent. How easy to make a public protest — and how undesirable! How hard to smile and play honestly through another year, with the prospect of being beaten again in the same way! A baseball team is playing on the grounds of its rivals, and at the crisis of the game is purposely "rattled" by the organized shouting and cheering of its hosts, and loses the game. How difficult and how infinitely worthwhile to master rage and disappointment, and, when the return game is played, to meet discourtesy and unfairness with a courteous desire that the better team win! And yet the remedy is such a simple matter, consisting only in a will to prefer the sport to a championship, the amenities of life to any factitious success. It is the will to do this that denotes the sportsman. May not Sir Philip's riding master have been thinking of some such virtues when he was so eloquent in the praises of chivalry? The bare struggle for existence exacts strength and masterhood, but to live in the fair name of a sportsman it is necessary to rise to spiritual heights.

A few young men have a natural love of things of the mind, but even in a university the greater number find their really deep interests only in actual life. To these, athletic sports, while they are more indispensable nowadays than ever for the preservation of health and strength, have this further advantage: that, like the chivalry of old, they afford the most generally available school for the humanities of living.

IV.

It is in England that the spirit and the practice of sport are oldest and most thoroughly developed; and it is from England that we have taken and are

taking our outdoor recreations. Perhaps nothing is so enlightening with regard to the potentialities of sportsmanship as to understand fully its place and its functions in English life. To trace its many manifestations to their source is hardly possible, but we shall not be far wrong if we begin with the climate.

Of all known climates the English is at once the worst and the best. From year's end to year's end the whole island and the heavens above are steeped in the soft damp of the four surrounding seas. A long and drenching rain is almost unknown; if a man can forego the vanity of being quite dry, and is not above an occasional retreat into a cab, an umbrella or a rain coat is scarcely necessary. Yet the sky is never crystal-clear, as it so often is with us; the sun seldom dazzles; the stars never flicker and blaze. Month in and month out the landscape is blurred in all-pervading damp: thin, almost imperceptible in summer, yet changing the verdure to an olive green; azure and opalescent in spring; purple in autumn; golden gray or lurid dun color in winter. And frost and snow are as rare as the heat of pure sunlight. The defects of this climate are at one with the virtues in that they drive men into the open; indeed, it would not be easy to say what are defects and what virtues. The temperance of the summer heat makes out of doors a paradise. In the winter one is chilled to the bone in English houses, — not only American residents, but the natives themselves, if they stay long indoors. The coal consumed seems enough to heat the entire island to incandescence; yet such is the efficiency of the open fireplace of the country that the man who crouches before it goes blue in the lips and white to the roots of his nose, while the particles of half-consumed carbon gather minute globules of mist above the chimneys, shroud the city in a black natural fog and the citizens in a fog of the spirit. At least I can think of no other explanation of

these concurrent phenomena, unless indeed we assume with the satirist that it is the people who give rise to the fogs.

In many countries commonly reckoned temperate much exercise is dangerous during the greater part of the year. The heat of summer threatens sunstroke, and the cold of winter pneumonia; only in the spring and autumn is it pleasant and profitable to be long in the open, and even then drenching rains are not infrequent. The climate of England is temperate to the point of intemperance. When the green fields and mild skies of summer beckon, small wonder if the white flannels of the cricketer enliven every common, and the red blazer of the golfer blooms among the poppies of heath and down. In winter the weight of the low-hanging skies cannot be sustained without the stimulant of constant recreation, — rowing, rackets, field hockey, cross-country running, Association and Rugby football, — while the fields are even softer and greener than in summer. Under the brisk American climate, a man may, without knowing it, go into nervous prostration for the lack of exercise; but in England it is necessary to exercise daily, or else to fall daily into a blue fit on the fender. So all England goes sporting, each according to his lights. In the short days of winter the Saturday half holiday is celebrated by countless paper chases, games of field hockey, and football matches. In summer daylight lingers until almost ten o'clock, and the drudging city clerk and the factory laborer can have his outing between supper and bedtime. Even in the dingy alleys of Whitechapel the coster hunts rats with his terrier, or races whippets.

It is not unlikely that the very character of English and American athletes and the genius of the national sports has been determined by the difference of climate. If our summer evenings were as long as those in England, it is not improbable that baseball, like the kindred game of cricket, would require three long

days for a match to reach a conclusion, instead of taking scarcely longer than the far more strenuous football. The sparkle and brilliancy of American skies and the sharp alternations of heat and cold must have not a little to do with giving our athletes a keen, nervous, and resourceful temperament. Certain it is that the American, by virtue of his energy and skill, can outspurt and out-jump the English athlete, and *per contra* falls behind in contests of endurance. Baseball is not only a shorter game than cricket, but gives more scope to ingenuity and skill in team play, with a concomitant of artifice and perhaps of fraud; and by means of the rapid alternations of innings it is infinitely more dramatic. American Rugby differs from English Rugby as a complex modern military campaign differs from a mediæval mêlée; and it must be added, owing to the severity of the preparation required and the keenness of existing rivalries, it offers temptations to roughness and foul play that are as yet imperfectly resisted.

v.

As exercise is peculiarly needful in England, it is fortunate that English life is everywhere peculiarly well organized for its enjoyment. This is especially the case in the public schools and universities which are the ancient homes of sport and the great modern training grounds of sportsmanship. The first requisite is a community organized into separate units on which to base genuine rivalries; and nowhere is the life more thoroughly developed in small communities than in the public schools and universities. The public schools, in spite of the name they are known by, are in point of fact private and select, being quite like what we call preparatory schools, with these important exceptions: that instead of being few they are legion, and instead of being mainly subsidiary to the universities they are the characteristic and all-important educa-

tional institution. They are, in fact, responsible for the bulk of the education of the middle and upper classes, and the lad of fourteen to nineteen years of age who does not go to one of them is in much the same position as the young American who does not go to college. Not only do they afford the inevitable matches between rival schools, but each institution is so organized as to give scope to an infinity of civil contests. In order to insure home life and individual care, the schools are generally divided into separate "houses," each containing a score or two of boys under a master. Every house maintains a football team and a cricket eleven, and a boating crew if the school is near water, each of which enters competitions with teams of other houses for the school championship. There may be house matches also in golf, tennis, rackets, and fives.

The national respect for sport may be seen in the fact that the schoolboy is virtually compelled, not only by public opinion but by the authority of his superiors, to take regular exercise. It does not much matter what his sport is, but some sport he must have, and he must do honest work at it. If a lad who elects to play cricket is slack at his fielding or batting, one of the sixth-form boys in authority remonstrates with him; and if this is not enough, canes him soundly, with the full approval of the masters. If a youthful football player does not fairly bear out his part in the scrimmage, the game is stopped while he is taken to the side lines and smacked. Such means are not often necessary. In fact, the shoe is on quite the other foot, — at least from the point of view of the Puritan parent, who keeps up a pretty constant outcry against the waste of time and energy in sports.

At Oxford and Cambridge there is no actual compulsion, but the rivalry among the score of colleges is quite as keen as house rivalry in the schools. And when a college of a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty undergraduates main-

tains a team in each of the half dozen chief pastimes, there is need of the services of every able-bodied man. To have a sport is as much a matter of course as to bathe. The fellow who can play and won't play is made to play; and the force of a public opinion now and then expresses itself even by means of personal assaults, known as "ragging," or as we should say, by hazing. The very studies seem to be planned as secondary to sport. The system of instruction makes attendance at lectures optional, and the tutor is rare who has the courage to hold forth between luncheon and tea, — the time which custom gives over to recreation. Furthermore, in order to take the degree, it is necessary not only to pass certain examinations, but to complete a minimum of residence, — three years. This is ample for the studies required; but if a man is dull or negligent, he may, by a special dispensation, stay on four years, or even more. As for the studious part of the university life, a man may have done with it, if he is clever or diligent, a full term before the appointed time; but he is allowed no such liberty with the social and athletic part. He is required to keep on residing, studies or no studies, until the minimum is completed. To a sportsman brought up under American faculty regulations this is the most delightful of paradoxes; but it is very characteristic of the Englishman, who rivals the Chinaman in standing fixed ideas upon their heads. The "solid-reading man" who goes in for honors differs from the passman only in degree. His whole duty is supposed to be fulfilled if, as the phrase goes, he reads his five good hours a day. Oarsmen and cricketers often stand high in the schools, and he who runs may read.

There is reason in all this, — at least British reason. The passman is the historical undergraduate, and little short of a convulsion could disestablish him, — that is the best of British reasons. And then, the authorities argue amiably,

if it were not for the pass schools the majority of the passmen would not come to Oxford at all, and would spend their impressionable period in some place of much less amenity. Clearly they learn all that it is needful for a gentleman to know, especially in the way of sportsmanship; and they are perhaps kept from a great deal that is dangerous to young fellows with money and leisure. It means much to the aristocracy and nobility of England that, whatever their ambitions and capacities, they are encouraged by the pursuit of a not too elusive A. B. to experience four years of the sport and good-comradeship of the university. Even the ambitious student profits by the arrangement. Wherever his future may be passed, in the public service, in law, medicine, or even theology, it is of advantage to know men of birth and position, and to have met them in the contests of field and river, — of far greater advantage, from the common sensible English point of view, than to have been educated in an atmosphere of exact scholarship.

Still more than in America athletic success is the great distinction of school life. The leading athletes constitute an aristocracy as well recognized and as well organized as the house of peers. At Eton the captain of the boats wields an authority in his little kingdom as well established as that of the sovereign across the river at Windsor, and far more absolute. At the universities a great athlete is awarded the privilege of wearing the colors, which makes him a "blue," much as a successful general is awarded a peerage; and there are half blues as there are baronets and knights. The instinct of play is not only cultivated in England; it has been organized into one of the unrecorded institutions of the realm.

VI.

The man who has spent his boyhood and youth in school or university athletics falls beneath a tyranny of the

flesh as rigorous as that of the climate. When a mind that has been highly cultivated is doomed to mere workaday life, it falls prey to a malady of unrest which is too well known; and the body that has once felt the high tide of physical well-being is as loath to revert to an ignoble estate. Like the other muscles, the heart develops with exercise. The lungs expand and build up new air cells; the blood vessels increase in size and in number. On a sudden change to a sedentary life, the increase of tissue, now superfluous, degenerates, and brings a physical stupor greater than that of the man who has never trained. Not infrequently the degenerate tissues offer lodgment to diseases which a normal physique would shake off. When, as sometimes happens, a famous oarsman or football player is carried away in middle life, the fault usually lies with the inactivity of his postgraduate days. The worst results can be avoided by making the transition from activity to inactivity gradual, — by tapering off, as the Yankee says; but the best rule is, Once an athlete, always an athlete. The full development of national sport requires sports for all ages as for all seasons.

Hunting has been followed in England ever since there were vermin in the fields and men of some leisure with horses in their stables; shooting since there were stone arrows, beasts and birds. The primitive form of football (if not, as some maintain, its spiritual prototype) is said to be a prehistoric festival in which the Saxon inhabitants of the midlands made a pastime of kicking about the heads of vanquished Danes; and cricket traces back through dimly shadowed centuries of stoolball to the unrecorded annals of rounders, — the parent also of our own baseball. But the nineteenth century, which witnessed the sudden flowering of school and university sport, brought a new era in the sports of the nation at large. The old boy and the graduate have clubbed together for the cultivation of their fa-

vorite games in every possible walk of life and with sportsmen of all feathers. The Thames, the Clyde, and other boating rivers are crowded with rowing clubs, in most of which school and university oarsmen have been leading spirits; and there are many regattas on each of them, of which Henley is only the most famous. Every town has its football field, and the sport is so universal and so much a part of the life that club-houses for its cultivation are rare. Every village green has its cricket creases, and many a common its golf course. In the cities, each of the large business houses is likely to maintain teams in all the most popular sports. One of the many functions of the houses of Parliament is that of a golf club. The Hon. A. J. Balfour is not unknown as a cabinet minister and as the author of a philosophical disquisition on the Foundations of Belief; but it is said to be his particular pride that he is a winner of the parliamentary handicap. It is the same in all professions. Mr. Dan Leno, after an arduous year of acting in the Drury Lane pantomime and on the music-hall stage, lately ended his season by captaining a cricket eleven of fellow actors; and in a charity match against a rival team of professionals of the boards, he enacted cricket with such histrionic distinction that the conscientious scorer felt obliged to credit him personally with 9999 runs. "After the game," said a newspaper reporter, "an impression prevailed that Mr. Leno's team had won." Dr. Conan Doyle achieved equal success in captaining an eleven of authors against an eleven of artists. As opponent after opponent fell before his bowling, the secret of his prowess became known. No man of sensibility, the artists explained, could keep his eye in while that hulking figure in a pink shirt stood against an olive-green background.

So indigenous are country life and sport that what we call country clubs are all but unknown. Each household estate outside the large towns is a coun-

try club in itself. When clubs and club-houses exist, they are for those who live in town, and are located in the suburbs. The most fashionable London clubs, Ranelagh and Hurlingham, are on the Thames, at Chelsea and at Fulham, and can be reached by the underground. They provide pigeon-shooting, golf, tennis, cricket, fives, rackets, football, and polo. They are luxurious in their way, and their membership is closely guarded; but they are not very expensive, according to American standards. The Queen's Club, Kensington, where the inter-university athletic and football meetings are held, as well as international athletic contests, has accommodations also for fives, rackets, and tennis. The famous Lord's, the historic guardian of cricket and its very citadel, is in St. John's Wood. Both are accessible from the city by the Tuppenny Tube and an omnibus. The initiation fee and dues of the purely sporting clubs seldom exceed five guineas each. Within an hour after leaving his office, and at the expense of a few pennies, the merchant or the clerk may be playing his favorite game.

This teeming athletic life of England has been organized, according to preëxisting boundaries, into rival communities which bear something the same relationship to the nation as a whole that the "houses" bear to the school, and the colleges to the university. Long ago Norman rule trod out the warring Saxon kingdoms, and now railway and telegraph are banding Scotch, Irish, and Welsh into a common nation with the English. But sport has preserved many of the rivalries which statesmanship has destroyed. As long as "Willow the King, that monarch grand," rules the summer (and his reign is known to be everlasting) Sussex will meet Middlesex in the cricket field, as South Saxon of old met Middle Saxon; and the strife will be as serious, if not as sanguinary. And as long as football reigns in winter there will be fierce warfare among English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish.

For some years to come, it would seem, England, by the help of its climate and in spite of it, will be able to bear up against the increasing tension of modern life, and to make the best of its instinct for play. The national heart will beat strong and true, and the national limbs will be lithe. Countless keen contests by field and river will teach thousands and hundreds of thousands of young men the stern virtues that make for success in more trying and more enduring struggles of life. Best of all, this love of sport will foster the spiritual ideal of sportsmanship, — candor, good sense, and generosity, that rise higher as the contest grows hot.

VII.

Yet the prophet of despair is abroad in the land: the commercial economist has joined the Puritan in crusading against the curse of sports. And there are abuses enough to anatomize. Let a fox hunt sweep by a factory, and every hand is outdoors gaping at the men in pink until they are out of view; when a race meeting comes to the neighborhood, work is virtually suspended until the races are over. The factory hand and the dock laborer taste the pleasures of hope by placing a shilling or a half crown on the Ascot or the Derby. The Saturday half holiday and the numerous bank holidays are as sacredly observed as the Sabbath of old, which itself has yielded to the passion of the sportsman. All this tends to increase greatly the cost of production. Labor, it is true, is cheaper by the day in England than with us; but the holidays of the sportsman combined with the inertia of life in an aristocracy have apparently reversed the balance as regards relative results. If an American business house is pressed with orders, it works overtime, nights and holidays, until the rush is past. An English firm is more apt to refuse the orders, keeping on with its holidays, while the neglected orders fatten its

rivals. The capitalist is more lavish than the improvident laborer in taking holidays for sport. On Derby day, the same highway that takes the coster to Epsom Downs behind his pattering moke bears the prime minister or the king in a drag and four or in a motor car. Throughout London the day is *dies non*. The cricket match at Lord's, between Eton and Harrow or the two universities, must not be neglected though the weightiest affairs go by the board. And throughout the year all business except matters of clerklly routine is apt to be suspended from Friday noon until Monday noon. Is it necessary that a board of directors shall meet and take action on August 12, or thereafter? Quite out of the question, for that is the opening of the grouse season, and the members of the board will be scattered to the moors of the four kingdoms. As for Parliament, nothing short of a foreign invasion could keep it from adjourning before that magic day. An American going to London on business will do well to allow two weeks for what he could do in one week in New York or Chicago; and if his business is of a kind to demand judgment and decision from his Englishman, he will be lucky if he gets through it in four weeks. Unless the American is a philosopher, he chafes while his heels are cooling, and bursts out in sarcasm, invective, and rude profanity. But he may comfort himself by the thought that in the long run these leisurely ways enable him to do the business the islander is neglecting. Like all the great functions of life, sport may be a curse as well as a blessing. The problem is the old one of the golden mean.

During the past decade the United States has caught the mother country napping, and has made deep inroads into her sources of national wealth; but the fate of a great nation is seldom determined in a decade or in a century. We have made a brilliant foray: can we maintain our position? The question

is largely one of solidity and endurance; and it is just here that the American physique and temperament, keen and active as it is, is likely to prove lacking. The country that is the home of the rest cure has the greatest need of rest; and of all forms of recuperation sport is the most powerful. Interesting testimony on this point may be gathered from Americans who are living and doing business in London. It is to this effect: the American is keener and more rapid; the Englishman lives his life slowly and more fully. As a business man, the American is said to be better up to forty-five or fifty; after that he is seldom as capable as the easy-going Englishman, who keeps his faculties steady and alert to a green old age. It is a sign of the times that no small part of the plentiful earnings of the American pioneer in English trade has gone into country houses and shooting boxes, and even the younger men are finding the "week-end outing" of commercial value. In the long run American industry can probably profit by more holidays and less worry.

In the larger business of empire-building the importance of athletic sports is even more evident. There is a saying that the English colonist plays cricket, drinks Scotch whiskey, and flourishes in numbers, while the French colonist drinks absinthe and dies — of the climate. And the humanities of sport are no less important than the discipline. Natives of India and New Zealand have learned the delights of polo, football, and cricket while playing with English colonists; the Egyptian cadets of Abasayah have been made sportsmen by means of contests with teams from the regiments of occupation. In a few short years a fellow feeling and a mutual confidence have arisen that would otherwise be impossible in generations. Nowadays, Ghoorka meets Ghoorka in contests of sportsmanship, Maori meets Maori, Egyptian meets Egyptian, and all are three parts Englishmen. Quite

lately the Boer prisoners in Ceylon got up a team to play a British cricket eleven, and ended the day by singing a song, composed by one of their number, invoking peace in South Africa. Before the general balance in favor of British sports is wiped away there must be many decades of commercial and colonial reverses; if America is to enter into a lasting competition with the mother country, it will be necessary not only to avoid the faults of British sportsmanship, but to emulate its virtues.

In determining these virtues the national phlegm is a not unimportant fac-

tor. The Englishman has few of the temptations to exceed the limits of sportsmanly good feeling which beset the more strenuous American. Yet, whatever the cause, the result is one which Americans have good reason to emulate. The time will come when football and baseball may be made a powerful ally in exerting our influence on the jealous Cuban and in conciliating the reluctant Filipino. Against such a time, is it not worth while to make sure that the courtesies of the games are such that we need not blush in disclosing them to our intelligent pupils?

John Corbin.

THE THRUSH.

THE briers and leaves and the underbrush
Are in league with the Thrush.
They are full of subtle and quick suspicion;
And when I am trying to find admission
Into the thicket, they reach to stay me,
And all the vines and the thorns delay me;
And when I am creeping along, along,
Softly, lest I should break the song,
The vines will flutter
With words of fear,
And the leaves will utter,
“Anear — anear!”
And the Thrush will stop,
And suddenly drop
Into the dusk of the underbrush.
Then I will listen, and in the hush
The ear perceives
A step in the leaves;
And I look below
In the shady room,
And his brown’s aglow
In the leafy gloom;
And I catch his eye,
So warily shy,
And then — we are almost friends — and then
There are the chattering leaves again,
Foolish, timorous leaves that cry,
“Have a care for the folk that pry!”

Mary Burt Messer.

THE STUDY OF THE INFINITELY SMALL.

SOME years ago, a club of specialists in Cambridge, stirred by a remark of one of its members, that when we look deeply into any scientific subject we are dismayed at the lack of exactness in most of our cherished scientific beliefs, fell to discussing, "What is surely known?"

The biologist confessed that in his subject there is no fundamental theory which is established beyond question. How fertilization really takes place, the beginning of life, is a much-mooted point; there may be double fertilization where there is apparently only single fertilization. The theory of heredity has great exceptions and contradictions. Protoplasm is the veil which hides life from us. The chemist does not know the shape of his atoms, and is not sure that the so-called elements are truly elements. Gold, for instance, may consist of many elements; there are scores of mysterious lines in the spectrum of its vapor. The very unit of measure of the chemist, the hydrogen atom, formerly supposed to be one and indivisible, is now, as we shall show in this paper with a good array of reason, a composite structure and not indivisible. It also has a complicated spectrum in the region which is veiled to our eyes, but is now revealed in the invisible violet by the labors of the physicist. The geologist has no definite period of years by which he can estimate with accuracy the age of the earth. The centre of the earth may be solid or it may be liquid. When the physicist's turn came to take part in the discussion, he claimed for his science the possession of the one absolute and incontrovertible basis of all future theories, — the fact of the to-and-fro or periodic motion of radiant energy.

The fact that light and all radiant energy consists of a to-and-fro motion, with perfectly measurable wave lengths, is the one fact which we know

beyond question; the wave length of hydrogen is the same in the light which comes to us from a star five hundred million miles away as in the light of the gas contained in glass tubes in our laboratories. This light comes through space with a vibrating motion which was given to it where and when it was generated. The to-and-fro motion changes instantly at points in space infinitely near each other, so that we can think of this motion in all directions about a point, successively taking place in all possible angles or azimuths. This to-and-fro motion holds throughout the universe; it is measured in the light of stars which are so distant that they cannot be seen. We have reason for thinking that the law of gravitation may not hold in the regions from which this light comes in its unalterable fashion. It was confessed at the club, after some argument, that the physicist had indeed a bit of absolute truth, — something which was the same through the universe as we see it, and something which could be measured with a marvelous degree of accuracy.

The great Maxwellian theory of the electro-magnetic nature of this to-and-fro motion has been considered, until lately, in what may be termed its large aspect; that is, the motions of the ether were calculated without reference to the motions of extremely small particles of matter, — much as if we should fix our minds on the motion of ocean waves, and disregard the ripples produced in the water by rapidly moving fishes. There were inconsistencies in the theory which could not be reconciled until we took into account the motions of the smallest particles of matter. The study of the infinitely small has therefore become of the first consideration, and has received its greatest impetus from the subject of electrical discharges. Maxwell, indeed,

seems to have had a suspicion that much would be revealed in the subject of electricity by an investigation of such discharges; for he speaks of the desirability of it, in his great work. While the patient study of this most puzzling subject was being prosecuted, — a study which was derided by many as being of little importance, — Hertz succeeded in showing, experimentally, the wave motions of electricity, and thus in substantiating Maxwell's hypothesis. He showed that the electric waves could be reflected, refracted, and polarized, and in short were identical in their nature with light waves. He produced the waves by means of electric sparks. These Hertz waves are used in wireless telegraphy. Such waves are in general at least two or three feet long. They have been produced one eighth of an inch long. The many puzzling manifestations of light produced by electric discharges in rarefied gases were undoubtedly to - and - fro motions in the ether, and had wave lengths; but some of these wave lengths were too small to be estimated. There were, for instance, beams of light which were shot forth at a large angle with the general direction of the electric discharge. Professor Crookes attributed this light — which was called, from its place of origin, the cathode light — to small particles which were shot off from the cathode, or negative terminal of the electric circuit. Many physicists did not agree with him in this conjecture. The passage of electricity through conducting liquids exhibited phenomena analogous to the discharges through gases; they could best be explained by the hypothesis that there were in all liquids wandering ions or small particles of matter which carried electric charges. When this idea seized the minds of investigators, the progress in building up the new hypothesis upon which the entire scientific world is now working became rapid. The solution of every substance is conceived to consist of free and bound ions. Even a solution

of sugar resembles a gas in consisting of molecules which by their movement exert a pressure on the walls of the tumbler containing the solution. The passage of electricity through such a solution results in the separation of the molecules into active and passive. The active ions carry the electricity. Every solution, therefore, under the effect of an electric current, is like a beehive filled with drones and workers.

It was soon realized that such discharges through gases resembled the phenomena of the passage of electricity through solutions; there were active and passive ions. Maxwell's hypothesis was reinvestigated from the point of view of the possible magnetic effect of rapidly moving extremely small particles of matter carrying electric charges; and it was seen that where Maxwell's large hypothesis failed to be upheld by facts, the theory of the magnetic effect of small particles carrying electric charges led to a more consistent view of the action of electricity. It was necessary to study the small undulations in the ether produced by the rapid motion and the impact of these particles; in other words, the motion of the small fishes in the large waves became all-important. It seemed as if we were returning to a corpuscular theory of light, or rather, to a combination of this hypothesis with the undulatory theory; we were coming also to the conception of a motion from particle to particle, and were strengthening our conviction that there was no such thing as action at a distance. We were forming a picture of waves started in the ether by the blows of very small charged bodies, called electrons, which moved with a velocity of many thousand miles a second, and which, by their impact against solid bodies, sent out waves which we can picture to ourselves as similar to the waves excited in the air by the impact of a projectile against a plate or the fall of a stone into water. I have said that Professor Crookes early entertained the belief that the peculiar cath-

ode light which was the precursor of the X rays was due to the impact of rapidly moving particles; and Weber, a German physicist, had elaborated a mathematical theory of electricity on the basis of the movement of small particles of charged matter. In this theory it was supposed that the positive and negative particles had the same velocity. This theory, however, could not be upheld without serious doubts. The modern theory, which is now the prevailing one, supposes that the negatively charged particle has the greatest motion, and that there are not equal quantities of positive and negative electricity passing in opposite directions when an electric current flows. By this hypothesis, it was predicted that the light of sodium vapor, the light which is produced when common salt is burned in a flame, when generated between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet would manifest certain optical peculiarities. The observer would see a doubling or a tripling of the yellow lines characteristic of the vapor of this salt. This theoretical conclusion was soon confirmed by observation, and it became possible to measure the size of the vibrating negative atom. It was found that it was only one thousandth of the chemist's atom.

Then came the discovery of the X rays, and by means of the phenomena exhibited by them Professor Thomson arrived at another estimate of the size of the negative atom, which agreed fairly well with the estimate formed from the preceding method. We have now a conception of a particle of matter called an electron, which is the one thousandth part of the chemist's atom, and which moves with a velocity approximating to that of light; its impact upon solid bodies generates waves in the ether which are called electromagnetic and which constitute light and heat. The positive atom is apparently inert electrically until the negative ion which we now call the electron has become detached from it. The posi-

tive atom can be called the drone in the electrical hive, and the electron the worker.

Since we have arrived at the conception of activity and passivity, cannot we suppose that the mass of bodies is not real, and is merely apparent; moreover, that the attraction of gravitation is an electrical phenomenon?

How large, then, is this electron? We have estimated it as the one thousandth part of the chemist's atom. It has been computed that in a cubic inch of air — the volume represented by a small bird's egg — the number of molecules is one followed by twenty-four ciphers. It conveys little idea to express this number in words. The hydrogen molecule is supposed by the chemist to consist of two atoms; and the physicist believes that each of these atoms has attached to it an electron which is one thousandth of the hydrogen atom. The most powerful microscope of to-day can barely separate lines which are one hundred thousandth of an inch apart; yet a molecule of hydrogen (not an atom or an electron, — a fairly immense body in comparison with either) has a diameter of about one two hundred and fifty thousand millionths of an inch. The electron stands in relation to the bacilli, which have been revealed by the improvements in the modern microscope, much as the bacilli stand in relation to the size of the earth. This conception of the wandering ion has grown up from a study of the phenomena observed in the passage of electricity through liquids; the phenomena presented are called electrolytic. Water, for instance, breaks up, under the effect of the passage of electricity, into its gaseous components, oxygen and hydrogen; the hydrogen appears at the point where the electricity leaves the liquid, — that is, the negative terminal. There is an important question now agitating the municipal authorities of Cambridge in regard to the electrolytic action of the current of the trolley roads on the iron

mains of the water supply. It has just been discovered that the pipes of one of the chief mains — that leading through Boylston Street and by the Soldier's Field — are being badly eaten by this electrolytic action. The oxygen which is set free at the point where the current passes through the ground to the iron pipes oxidizes the metal by an action similar to that which we observe in our tinned water cans. This corroding action can be reduced by making the current leave the earth by the iron pipes at certain suitable points, instead of entering the pipes from the ground; in other words, generating at such points hydrogen instead of oxygen.

One sees, in traveling in Germany and in Switzerland, immense manufactories, or *Fabriken*, where electricity generated by water power is used to produce electrolytic action to form soda and potash and to reduce metals. Provided thus with many important facts drawn from a study of electrolysis in liquids, the physicist turned to a critical study of the perplexing phenomena presented by the passage of electricity through rarefied gases. One type of such phenomena is presented to us in the northern lights, and another type in lightning discharges. It was soon surmised that there was something analogous to electrolysis in these discharges. My late investigation of the effect of powerful discharges of electricity through gases has led me to many exemplifications of this electrolytic action. When, for instance, a strong current is passed between two large copper terminals in rarefied aqueous vapor, a brilliant copper mirror is formed on the glass containing vessel at the negative terminal, — that is, where the current leaves the copper, — and an oxide of copper is deposited at the point where it enters the copper. Thus oxygen is generated at this latter point, and hydrogen at the negative terminal, just as in the case of the Cambridge water pipes to which I have referred.

My experiments also lead me to the

belief that all discharges of electricity through gases depend upon the existence of a certain amount of aqueous vapor in the gas; in other words, upon the possibility of an electrolytic action. In fact, a study of this electrolytic action of electricity has laid the foundations of a new branch of science, that of physical chemistry, which promises to be one of the most important sciences in the world. It brings the chemist and the physicist, the physiologist and the leader in sanitary science, closely together.

One of the most striking results of the theory of the electron is the discovery of the relationship of obscure phenomena which apparently stood far apart. We are familiar with the light emitted by phosphorus and by decaying matter. Almost all substances can be made to exhibit phosphorescent light by exposure to the sun. After this exposure, many of the sulphides of lime, and particularly the salts of barium, glow brilliantly in the dark. One can photograph by this phosphorescent light; but the light is entirely cut off or shielded from the photographic plate by a sheet of cardboard or a sheet of aluminium. It has been discovered that certain salts of barium, and other obscure salts obtained principally from pitchblende, emit a light which is related to ordinary phosphorescence. This new light has the remarkable property of being able to pass through thick cardboard and thin sheets of aluminium. One can obtain a photograph of the hand on a dry plate which is shielded from the hand by an opaque covering of paper or wood. The light resembles in every way the X-ray light, since we conceive the X-ray light to be excited by the impact of minute particles charged with electricity. We conclude that this new cousinship to phosphorescence is also a manifestation of the impact of electrons which are released from these new substances. The impact causes ripples or waves in the ether.

I remember that in the year 1860 a

man who occupied himself with a microscope was smiled at, as a blear-eyed, narrow specialist, who had little interest in the large affairs of humanity, — in the important questions of the time, such as the anti-slavery cause, the question of the Turk, the problems of free trade and the tariff. It was supposed that the microscope was a perfected instrument, and that little more could be done with it than to study the lower forms of life, which were interesting to the naturalist, but had remote relations with humanity. At that time the death rate in diphtheria was over sixty per cent, and more than five per cent of women died in childbirth. To-day, owing to improvements in the microscope, the death rate in diphtheria has been reduced to less than ten per cent, and the mortality in lying-in cases to one twentieth of one per cent.

By means of an appropriation from the German government, Zeiss has perfected microscope lenses which have made possible the study of bacilli, and have led to most important results in the treatment of disease. Modern aseptic surgery is also the result of investigations with this new instrument of research. Thus the improvements in the microscope have led to the germ theory of disease, the discovery of antitoxin, and to that greatest boon to mankind, the realization of the importance of aseptic surgery. In aseptic surgery the endeavor of the surgeon is to exclude the small germs which vitiate the blood, and the result of the study of electric discharges is now leading to methods of communicating electrons to the tissues or of setting them free. Violet light can set free electrons from metals; X rays can do the same. Moreover, the latter can burn the tissues, setting up some yet obscure form of electrolytic action. It is claimed strenuously by good authorities that there is a healing action in malignant skin diseases, due to this new electrical radiation. It is also claimed that the new radiation can

aid, or in certain cases retard, the germination of seeds.

The science of physical chemistry has received its greatest impulse from the study of the dissociation effects resulting from the application of electricity on what may be termed a large scale; that is, by the employment of strong currents, such as are used in metallurgical operations and in the electrical furnace. A new branch of physical chemistry has lately been developed from the study of the infinitely little, which promises to be the most important science of the future; for it deals most intimately with the problems of life. This subject is called electro-chemistry. It is based upon the effect of electricity in revealing the important reactions and motions of the smallest particles of matter. The literature on this subject in current periodicals already exceeds that of any other department of physical science. Until a comparatively late day, heat and light were considered the principal agents which chemists employed to study the reactions of matter. In the new subject of electro-chemistry, electricity occupies the first place, as a destroyer and a readjuster; and heat and light are merely subordinate parts of its manifestations, differing from it only in length of waves in the ether. The to-and-fro motion, which is our incontestable fact, is an electrical vibration. When we consider the investigations in electro-chemistry, we perceive that the most important actions of electricity are not those we are conscious of in their great practical applications; it is rather in subtle and silent effects that it works its greatest changes on life and matter.

For the purpose of illustrating the manner in which electricity can reveal to the eye the motions of the infinitely small, I will speak again of the manifestation of lightning. Before a lightning flash occurs the air is colorless and invisible. We cannot distinguish its components, — oxygen, hydrogen, ar-

gon, neon, and possibly many other gases which it contains. When, however, the flash occurs, that which was without color becomes blinding white with suggestions of red, yellow, and blue. If we look through a prism of glass at the flash, we see a multitude of bright lines of many colors. These colors indicate the rate of movement of infinitely small particles or ions, which reveal themselves only under the stimulus of electricity. When the flash dies out they become again invisible, having recorded their wave lengths by the aid of electricity in agitating the small particles of silver on a photographic plate.

It seems to be evident that there is a path of human inquiry which leads somewhere into the open: that path is one into the world of the infinitely little. The hope of the world lies, I am convinced, in the labors of the physicist along this path. In 1860 the physicists were trying to comprehend and to measure large things. They were weighing the earth, estimating the distance of the heavenly bodies, or speculating on the limits of the stellar universe. There were measurements, too, of what was considered the velocity of electricity, which, however, was not this velocity. It was a large thing, and was therefore considered of importance in comparison with observations with a microscope. Men were thinking of large

relations in the universe. Tyndall expressed the growing conviction of his time that light and heat differed from each other only in the length of ether waves, and struck a popular note in his treatise entitled *Heat as a Mode of Motion*. This book dealt with what seemed vast problems in the conservation of energy. Electricity was referred to only as a powerful means of producing light and heat; there was no intimation that light might be an electro-magnetic phenomenon. The world was impressed with thoughts of the equivalence between heat and work, but it was not yet ready for the theory that heat is an electric phenomenon. It had reason to feel proud of the generalization that heat and light are due to a to-and-fro motion in some medium pervading all space, which is provisionally called the ether, and that heat differs from light only in the length of wave. In 1873 Maxwell enunciated his celebrated hypothesis that light and heat are electro-magnetic in their nature. This theory is the leading one to-day in the physical world: it connects in close relationship phenomena which had never before been joined. However this hypothesis may be modified, we have in it a bit of knowledge of which I think we have reason to be proud. It is a kernel of absolute truth, — perhaps the only such kernel in the material world.

John Trowbridge.

NEITHER DO MEN PUT NEW WINE INTO OLD BOTTLES.

E'EN so, but who shall stay
The impartial Hand that fills,
From out Time's treasury,
New souls with world-old ills?
Old loves, old hates, old fears,
A subtly practiced horde,
Old smiles and following tears,
Out of Time's vials poured.

Grace Richardson.

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN.

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF SIR JOHN ELWYNNE.

May 10, 1900. The Lady Mary is the most aggravating, perplexing, distracting paradox that ever drew a breath of spring; she keeps a man's heart on the high tension. The game of fire-snap is a mild parable. She sits under the beech tree in her garden, her hands crossed demurely (they are whiter than the muslin they rest upon, and that is as spotless as cleanliness); modestly her long black lashes sweep her cheek: she looks for all the world like one of the tranquil violets at her feet. She is a creature to guard, to cherish, to protect. In this mood one approaches her. The lashes lift, and there are flashing eyes which know no yielding; and the hand that grants a welcome has the air of wielding an invisible sceptre. A creature to cherish, to protect, to guard! O all ye heavenly powers, it is as much as any man can do to hold his own!

I love her, and of course she knows it. I have loved her since she was five and I was six, and we played together in this very garden. I have loved her since we watched the planting of the avenue of stripling oaks which enlarges the garden on the north side, — by her respected father, now in glory. Did we not play at housekeeping down in the dell that runs along the south end? Did we not hide where the winding brook babbles, where the wild flowers grow? Did we not spread nuptial feasts of violets and cowslips, of primroses and buttercups, and pledge each other in sparkling water drunk from emerald goblets made of folded leaves?

Does she love me? It would puzzle the combined lawyers of the United Kingdom to discover. All the mind readers, the sages, and the witches together would be shaken by the task of divining. Even that nocturnal friend of

the good King Saul, who seemed to know what was what in the world, and who was who, would have given up the conundrum, and asked for an easier. Sometimes my heart is glad as this sun-bright spring day, for Mary smiles, — turns to me with that ineffable sweetness which can mean naught but love. I am caught up into a heaven of delight. And then she says some scornful word, or laughs that rippling laughter, which is charming as a bit of nature, but, not encouraging to a lover's heart. The few favors she grants me are questionable, open to doubt, debatable points. Take her garden, for example, — her dear, fragrant, incomparable garden, — to me the most delicious place in all the world. Is it a hopeful sign or is it a hopeless one that she says to me, with sweet graciousness, "Jack, don't come to afternoon tea in the house, when every one is bothering around; come to see me in the garden, in the morning. I am always there from ten to twelve"?

Now I know perfectly well that a crowd of fashionables comes down from London every afternoon. The times I have been there, Mary has been resplendent in French gowns and London airs. Is it because she feels me worthy of better things that she pays me the compliment of receiving me in nature's own vast corridors, beneath the royal vault of heaven; or is it because she thinks me just a country recluse, and out of place in drawing-rooms? Is it because she loves her garden better than any place in all the world, and knows how well I love it, too, and remembers one of the mathematical axioms we learned together over there in the schoolhouse; or is it that she catalogues me with pinafores and lollipops, and I fit into remembrance, and give the gar-

den a sense of home? For my lady has a very homey side, with all her frills. Well, anyway, I like the garden best — but I wish I knew.

May 16. She really was more beautiful to-day than I have ever seen her; it is enough to turn a man's brain. I like to run over every day, if only to say good-morning: this seems but proper and neighborly, for the few months she is down here, as our families have been friends since childhood. This morning I was late. I became so interested in my work I lost count of time, and it was nearly twelve when I reached the garden; but I felt that would make small difference to my lady, as she seemed to be especially oblivious of my presence yesterday.

Mary always comes into the garden by the small upper gate that opens from the lawn; but I of course enter by the lower one, nearer to the carriage drive; so if she is there before me, and has taken her favorite seat on the green knoll under the beech tree, I can see her before I reach her, as a picture through a vista, — the long yew walk.

This morning she was seated when I came. The hawthorn hedge is out, and made a background for her. It was not fairer than she. I stood a moment at the end of the walk and looked at her. She sat there like a queen upon her throne. She was all in white. Around her bloomed the flowers of spring in riotous abandonment of splendor, — lilacs and columbines and larkspur and daffodils, the first wild roses and the tall May lilies. Crimson and purple, yellow and blue, scarlet and violet, — every color seemed to have burst into blossom, to fling its homage at her feet. She did not raise her eyes, though I know she knew I was there. The garden was unusually still. The birds, even, for a wonder, were silent; only the plash of the fountain. Surely she must have heard my footsteps, but she did not look up until I stood beside her and said, "Good-morning." Then she lifted her

long lashes; her eyes flashed dark under her plumed garden hat.

"Good-evening," she responded. "I was just about going in; it is time to go to bed."

"Ah, now I understand it," I retorted. I saw she did not want to ask me what, but curiosity got the better of her.

"Oh," I answered, looking at my watch, "I understand what makes you such a raving beauty. They say the beauty sleep is that which one takes before midnight, and of course if one takes twelve hours and a half" —

"Don't be a goose, Jack," she interrupted petulantly.

"I might be something worse," I argued. "Don't you know it was a goose that saved Rome?"

"Not at all," she replied. (You can't catch Mary.) "Geese saved Rome. Things change their relative value and potentiality when they are collective: that is the reason why I don't mind geese in society. I see them *en masse*, and perhaps they have a mission, — like saving Rome, for example; but if I am reduced to a tête-à-tête with one man alone — why! — horrors! He must be wisdom itself, or he could not save anything. You know as well as I do that one goose could never have saved Rome."

Whereupon, because I am a coward and have n't the courage of my convictions, — which are that Mary ought not to be humored at every tack and turn, — I began to talk with her in the most pedantic way about my work of the morning. I told her how intensely interested I was in a passage I had discovered in Herodotus which seemed to confirm my dearly held theory about the Greeks.

"Dear me, Jack, how dull you are!" she exclaimed, after I had talked awhile. She stifled a yawn, rose, and stretched out her beautiful arms. To the sun she stretched them, be it understood, not to me! Oh, not to me, alas! There is certainly no pleasing Mary.

May 24. To-day I was a fool, worse luck to me, — imbecile! I wanted to teach Mary a lesson. Surely she deserves it. Now I notice that she is always more apt to listen when I appeal to some remembrance of childhood; so I thought up what I felt was a very clever scheme to tell her a plain truth in a taking way, — a way that would recall the days when we used to sit over there on the old stone seat by the hollyhocks, my brown curls touching her golden ones (oh, why are n't we five now?), my arm around her waist (oh, why did we ever grow up?), poring over nursery rhymes and nursery lays.

Yesterday afternoon I ran into town and made a tour of the toyshops. I bought some little silver bells and some shells that looked like my idea of cockleshells, — though for the life of me I don't know what cockleshells are, and neither did the benighted toyman. Then I gathered a big handful of marigolds, and went over early to the garden. At the foot of the knoll where Mary's seat is, a little to one side, I stuck them into the grass, — the silver bells, the cockleshells, and the "marigolds all in a row." Then I sat down and waited.

By and by she came tripping over the lawn, her garden basket on her arm. I could see her through the iron gate. Her step is as light as the spring, and it seems to me that, like the spring, it must leave flowers wherever she treads. I know the poets say this of their lady-loves, and with them it is utter nonsense; but with Mary it is different; there is a consciousness that it really will happen, — a practical fact in horticulture. I was at the gate to open it for her, and my lady was all graciousness.

"Good-morning. Is n't it a glorious day?" She threw back her head as though she would breathe in the universe. "Oh, Jack, I am so happy! Look at the sky!

'Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant.'

I began to wish I had not arranged my little scenic effect on the knoll. Mother Goose brought into quick juxtaposition with Robert Browning was rather a grotesque dramatic absurdity. However, the die was cast; I must abide the issue. She stood still a moment, like a bird poised for flight; then, "Let's go down to the fountain," she said.

I drew a breath of relief; she had postponed the evil day. We always loved the fountain, she and I. How we used to lean over the stone circle and dabble our hands in the clear water, to the peril of our pinafores! And what unspeakable fascination the old Triton with his horn used to have for our childish imagination!

By a sudden impulse, — perhaps it was the day, for who dares say that nature is less intoxicating than wine? — we both leaned forward and splashed our hands in the cool, clear water. I looked at the white, blue-veined hand near mine; it took all my courage to refrain from gathering it in my own. But there is this fortunate difference between being drunk with wine and being drunk with May elixir: the latter makes you strong to resist as well as strong to desire.

"Your hand is n't so brown as it used to be, Mary."

"Nor yours so little," she said, looking at mine.

"Would you like to go back to those days, Mary?"

"Oh, I don't know; that depends. Would you?"

"That depends," I reiterated.

"On what?" she asked.

"On you," I said.

She knew perfectly well what I meant. She has always known that I love her, and she knows also, perfectly well, that I will not make any claim of her nor ask her any question until she has shown me that it will not trouble her. My reverence is too great to bring to her the grief of saying "No." My reverence,

—and is it perhaps my fear as well? Better to be merely a guard in the court of my queen than to be a banished exile. But she knows. I have no fear that she does not know. I have told her by every way love can be told except by direct question and appeal.

"Yes, it depends on you," I said again.

"On me? Oh, see that darling yellow butterfly!" she cried. "He looks like a piece of sunshine broken off." She drew out her hands, dashed off the crystal drops, and started to chase the butterfly, — even the butterflies cannot escape Mary. In a few minutes she had it under her garden hat, — a great white straw flat, with long, white plumes.

"Poor butterfly," I said. "What are you going to do now?"

"Why, let it go, *of course*. You don't think I would *keep* it, do you? You cruel thing!"

"Then why did you catch it?" I asked.

"Just to see that I could," she answered.

"That is the way you do, is it?" I ventured, significance in my tone.

"Yes, that is the way I do, — always," she answered, inconsequence in hers.

The unavoidable time drew near. We turned toward the knoll. I thought of my *coup d'état*; all of a sudden it seemed such a stupid thing to have done, so supremely silly. Mary was busy readjusting her hat, and did not see it. She had been seated a few moments, when she turned her head to watch the flight of a bird. I saw her eyes suddenly caught; I saw them open wide. I saw laughter brim from their depths and ripple around the corners of her desirable mouth; for she had marked the silver bells, the cockleshells, and the "marigolds all in a row." But by the time she had turned her head back to me she had banished every trace of laughter.

"I am not," she said, with a most

adorable pout and a stamp of her foot upon the soft earth.

"Not what?" I inquired.

"I am not 'contráry.'"

"Oh, then you understood?" I asked.

"I am not a dunce!" stamping her foot a second time, and pouting even more adorably.

"You are not contráry, and you are not a dunce," I said. "Two negatives make an affirmative; so what are you?"

She deigned me no answer, but jumped up and ran quickly down to the flower beds. I was about to follow her, when she returned with a bit of flaming snapdragon in her hands. She held it out and made a low curtsy; her white muslin swept the green grass like an angel's wing.

"That is what *you* are," she said, and turned and went into the house.

Oh, miserere! miserere! What a change there was in the day! How ugly and empty the world looked! I beat down with my foot and trod my foolish pleasantry into the ground. How amusing and funny it had seemed in the morning! How stupid and foolish and idiotic it seems now!

Later. Just before getting into bed. I wonder if I ought to have followed Mary to the house? When she was halfway up the lawn, she turned and looked back; she did not know I saw her. I wish now I had; but I hate presuming on old friendships.

May 25. One can never tell about Mary. I went over in fear and trembling to-day, and my lady was graciousness embodied. I had no sooner taken my seat than she said peremptorily, "Stay there." She ran down to the carnation bed and picked a white May pink, which she brought to me. Now she knows very well that of all flowers I love the carnation; it is so firm and strong and delicate, and yet has such a spicy fragrance. She held it out and said: "Take that old snapdragon out of your buttonhole and throw it away. I

will give you this pure, white, fragrant flower instead," and she put her hand ruthlessly upon the snapdragon. Then a spirit of contrariness possessed me.

"No, indeed," I said. "Thank you for the guerdon of the white flower, — I kiss the hand that grants it, — but leave me my snapdragon; it is well for me to ponder my lessons and keep the parable before me. Perhaps I am snappy and dragonish. I hope I am above taking suggestions with a pout."

I was frightened at my temerity; but she was not displeased, for a wonder.

"Am I contrary, Jack?" Her eyes were tender, her lips appealing. "Am I?"

"Not now," I assured her.

"Well, I fear I am sometimes; it is a great fault of mine. Help me to overcome it, won't you, my friend?" She held out her hand; and then and there I should have put my fortune to the test, but she clipped the wings of my heart, which had spread for a daring flight, by saying hurriedly: "I cannot stay; I only ran out for a second. Good-by. Some men are coming down to luncheon," she called back over her shoulder.

Men coming to luncheon! Why did she not ask me? She ought to; I am her neighbor. It is quite evident she does not care at all. I am well enough for the garden and the old-time memory, but the line is drawn there.

Later. I have just thought it may possibly be because, the last time I lunched there with some London men, I told her I did n't see how she could stand such driveling twaddle as they talked. She was very angry.

May 30. There is nothing to record to-day. I had been to the village, and came in through the west gate, walking up by the lavender walk. I thought it would have its own pleasure to surprise Mary from the lilac bushes at the back of the knoll. When I got to the open space where the sundial is, I waited before going through the lilacs.

I let myself wonder if there might be a divine possibility that Mary would be looking expectantly down the yew walk, but in a moment I was shocked out of any hope that was prescient within me. I heard Mary's treble laugh in duet with a man's heavier one. A man — here! In the morning! In our garden! He must have come down from London on the early train; for I knew there are no guests staying in the house, and the rector of Thornycroft could never laugh so freely and blithely, on his small stipend, with five buxom lasses and four stalwart boys to provide for. I should have come home at once, — the garden had less of interest for me; but I could not spy upon her doings and remain unannounced, so I stepped out from the lilac bushes. Mary seemed startled for a moment; perhaps she did n't like being interrupted; then she graciously took me into the circle, and sparkled away like a bit of sunshine. The man had come down from London, and he was not bad-looking. No, he was not bad-looking, but I did n't fancy him; he was an obsequious, unnecessary excrecence in the garden.

When Mary presented him, he looked at me with frank curiosity. "Sir John Elwynne of Elwynne?" he said. "Pleased to meet you, Sir John. Why do we never see you at the clubs in town?"

I presume a man who has a town house which is usually vacant seems a crank to him.

"I prefer Thornycroft," I answered stupidly. I knew perfectly well that this was an unmannerly answer, dull, altogether banal, which was the more irritating because I had a curious sense that Mary expected me to be brilliant.

She threw back her head and laughed. "Oh, Sir John is buried in his musty, dusty, fusty books all the time. He does n't care for our frivolities."

"Just fancy!" said the man, looking at Mary with a frank air of free-masonry. It struck me with a pang

that they have a bond in common of which I know nothing.

"Why leave London such a day as this?" I said dryly. "Pall Mall must be inspiring to-day." This was nasty; but if a man has predilections, I do like him to live up to them.

"Ah, when the best of London comes to Thornycroft it is a different matter," he said, waving his hand toward Mary.

"Pardon me," I remarked, "but I put it the other way: Thornycroft keeps its own best when the Lady Mary does not go to London."

"Well, upon my word, you know," he answered good-naturedly, "I could not fancy her down here; but the more I look at her," and he focused Mary with his eyes, which irritated me beyond expression, "the more I see it suits her. She looks for all the world like one of those marquises in a Watteau picture."

"A Watteau picture?" cried Mary. "Merci, monsieur! Why not say a Dolly Varden on a field of chintz?" She raised her arch eyes to mine, and for a moment I knew that *we* had a bond in common.

I stayed only a few minutes, notwithstanding Mary's "Don't go." Two are company; three a hopeless crowd. As the man from London did n't seem to grasp that fact, I was obliged to. No, there is nothing new to record.

I feel strangely alone in the universe to-night, — as though I were on some frozen planet, where no human life abides. This is quite imbecile, for England alone has twenty-seven million inhabitants; and even if the Lady Mary —

May 31. If I were iron, I should soon become steel. Mary employs a process of plunging me from hot to cold, and from cold to hot. When I awoke this morning, there was the man from London, omnipresent, in my room, in my dressing room, even in my bath. I certainly could not defy him to his face and go over to-day to the garden, so I ordered Restless for a long ride. Just

as I was starting off, by good luck, Mary's messenger caught me, with this note. I have so few letters from Mary, in spite of our long friendship, I will copy it here, in case she should ever bid me destroy the original. You never can tell what Mary will do. Here it is:

DEAR JACK, — Jebbs is an idiot. If he had n't so many qualities besides that were n't idiotic, I should ask mamma to dismiss him. I was so angry at his stupidity yesterday. The idea of his sending that man down into the garden! I have told him a thousand times that when I am there I do not exist, — for the world, that is. I have given strict orders that even if the Pope of Rome or the Czar of Russia should come, I am *non est*. No one is to be sent into the garden save only the persons I invite. Come to-day.

MARY.

Of course I went.

"Well," I greeted her, "women puzzle me. I thought that man's visit was of all things your heart's desire, yesterday; I am sure you acted so. No one would have imagined for a moment that he was not a dear and much-desired friend."

"Why, Jack, I had to be polite," she said, opening her eyes demurely. "Don't you approve of manners?"

"I lived face to face, through all the years of my university course, with the maxim, 'Manners maketh man,' " I answered her. "And it has been borne in upon me since that they do not spoil women," I added, under my breath.

"I know what you are thinking, Jack." She leaned forward, her head on her hand, and looked into my face. (She is perfectly irresistible in that position.) "You are thinking that my manners might be better to you sometimes."

My thought had not shaped itself, but it was along those lines; she shaped it for me. I did n't tell her this, how-

ever; I said instead: "Manners have no need to make the Lady Mary. The Lady Mary makes manners."

"I know I am not as nice to you as I am to other men," she reflected, a little ruefully; "but then, with you it is different, you know."

How is it different, I wonder? Why is it different? When Carlyle talks of man's wrestle with the Everlasting Why, he is thinking along other lines, I presume, but God knows there is no greater wrestle in the universe than the wrestle with the feminine Why.

June 1. I went over to-day armed with a message to my lady's heart, and much good it did me! I carried my Herrick and a great fragrant rose. I handed her the rose.

"What a gorgeous creature!" she said. "My poor garden cannot vie with the splendid gardens of Elwynne Court."

"What folly!" I replied. "You know there is nothing lovelier on earth than this tangle of fragrance and beauty, nature's own expression, which man has not impudently meddled with; simply guided and curbed by a loving hand. The stiff gardens of Elwynne are detestable to me, with their topiary horrors and their ugly formal beds. It is nothing but respect for my ancestors that prevents my leveling them to the ground. A garden that is stiff is a monstrosity, like an affected woman."

"What heresy! Level the gardens of Elwynne Court! Jack, you are a vandal. Think of your famous hedge, planted by Charles the Second!"

"I don't like to think of it," I argued. "I believe it was the only thing that Charles the Second ever did that lived; and why it should belong to me, to remind me of him, I don't know."

"Don't you like Charles the Second?" She opened her great eyes with as much surprise as though I had claimed disapprobation of the Magna Charta.

"Do you?" I asked, to hear what she would say.

"Why, certainly," she replied, with her most earnest air; "he wore such good clothes. The clothes a man wears show what he is!"

She was too well bred to glance at mine, but I know I stand a poor showing beside those London swells who come down to luncheon. I dress well enough, and my clothes fit well enough, for the most part, but I do not give much thought to them; life seems too full of more important matters. I should have been in despair if I had not a good memory; but I recalled just then what she had said to me when I saw her last winter in London: "Just think, Jack, mamma wants me to marry Lord Exeter. I might as well marry Redfern. I should live in precisely the same atmosphere. Even as far as my quarterings are concerned, I should not lose," she had added, laughing; "for if I married Redfern, I could have the royal arms on my doorplate." But if she does n't care, why does she bother to take her time with these dandies, these fops? All the while I had been thinking these thoughts she had been burying her face in the rose and breathing its very heart out. She looked up.

"What is that?" pointing to my book.

I told her it was Herrick, and that there was a verse in it that went with the rose.

"Herrick is a fraud," she announced emphatically.

"A fraud?" I reiterated.

"Yes," she went on, "a perfect fraud. He passed for a love poet, and cheated posterity into the belief he was one, and he did n't know one thing about love."

This was startling. I asked her why.

"Oh, how can a man know anything about love, when he writes a poem to Julia to-day, to Cloris yesterday, and to Clorinda to-morrow?" She tossed her head scornfully.

I suddenly remembered, as by thought transference, that I had had a most

agreeable afternoon with the Lady Alice Longworth yesterday, and had passed Mary at the entrance gate just as I was riding out. I opened my Herrick and read:—

“Goe, happy rose, and enterwove
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.”

I closed the book; I only wanted to give her the first verse. I read it in a way she could not mistake.

“Did you hear the message?” I asked, leaning toward her, my eyes on hers.

She sat perfectly motionless; so did I. It has been borne in upon me, as I sit here alone to-night, that I ought to have besieged her then and there, taken her in my arms, and stormed the heart to which I had sent the courier rose. I know the old tradition that women like to be conquered, that you must take them by storm; but it has always seemed to me grossly irreverent to look upon woman as though she were a fortress, and man a conqueror. Why not stand like a guest at the door, and wait for her to open? If her maiden modesty precludes her coming forth to bid you enter, at least should a true knight, chivalrous and reverent, wait at the door until she comes with welcome on her lips. So it has always seemed to me; but, as I say, it is borne in upon me to-night, as I sit here all alone, that perhaps a woman waits for something more; perhaps something of the old traditional idea of mastery, which the chivalrous man tries to get away from, lingers with her as the thing desirable. Why does this thought come to me now? Why did it come to me there at that crucial moment? Was it born of a psychic consciousness of some need, some demand upon me in Mary's heart? Never was I so tempted to contradict my own principles, to woo her, and woo her with masterful persistence that would leave no echo of her own heart's voice. I

looked at her, sitting there before me, the sunlight flickering through the beech-tree branches on her bowed head. I felt for one rapturous moment that surrender and sweet yielding were in every line of her beautiful form, on her lips, in her eyes; but—I did not even take her hand. No; it surely must be hers to grant, not mine to seize.

“Did you hear the message?” I asked again, after a while, without moving.

A sudden anger fell upon her; why, the Lord only knows. “No, I did n't hear it,” she said. “Read the last verse. No, not the next, but the last.”

I did n't care for Herrick any longer,—he had fulfilled his mission; but I obeyed. I opened the book and read:

“Take thou my blessing thus, and goe,
And tell her this: but do not so,
Lest a handsome anger flye,
Like a lightning, from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.”

My heart sank. The universe spins round to me now as I think of it. Was that her answer? I should not have taken it so but for one fact. As I read she tore the rose to pieces, petal by petal. It was as though she tore the fibres of my heartstrings, one by one. The leaves of the rose floated around her, a red shower, lying on her immaculate muslin like bright drops of blood. This was more than I could bear. I had come to bind my love with a rose, and there were left but fallen petals and the blight of anger. I spoke her name, “Mary!” I know not what my voice betrayed; she hesitated a moment, took a step toward me, then turned and walked away. I did not walk to the gate with her, as is my habit. I walked instead down the dark path between the solemn yews. I heard the click of the gate; I knew she had left the garden—and me! A moment later I heard her voice calling back from the lawn: “Jack, Herrick was a coward! It is only old women and children who are afraid of lightning.” With that she hastened her steps. I could not have overtaken her

if I had tried, but I did not try. Something — is it my strength or my weakness? — withheld me. But neither did I leave the garden. I walked back to where she had sat, and gathered the petals one by one, poor relic of my lovely rose. Then I looked for the calyx and the little green hip. I searched the grass, I followed the path; it was not to be found. Ah, rose, she despoiled you of your beauty, but your heart she carried away; and it is in your heart that you bear the promise of new roses for the summers still to come. Perhaps there is hope for me.

After all, I think I will go to the garden to-morrow.

June 2. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift! How strange it is that, no matter how far away we get from God or how we doubt him, in hours like these it is the words our mothers taught us which are the first to spring to our lips. Is it I, John Elwynne, sitting here to - night? No longer alone, for, though she is not here, she is here, my Lady Mary, and will be here for evermore; for she is mine now, — she has been mine so long! Since morning!

How could I doubt, when I awoke to-day, if it were best to go to the garden? It seems impossible for me to recall the state of mind which could harbor a question of the only thing to do. "The *Ewigweibliche* leads us upward and on," but it also guides us to the clear light of our immediate horizon. We men are so dull in the simplest matters. Since Mary told me, I see I should have been a dolt of the deepest dye not to have gone over to-day; and yet, actually, I pondered this morning on the pros and cons, and thought myself judicial.

When I opened the lower gate, I saw Mary through a vista made by the yews. Like a goddess she sat at the end of the long, shadowed way. Something moved me not to walk up the straight path, but to take a turn by the nearer

path down by the brook, and come out through the hawthorn hedge by her side. I wanted to surprise her mood. When I had done so, I had no strength to approach her. I trembled in every limb at what I saw. The sky and masses of many-colored bloom of early summer spun about in a kaleidoscopic whirl; for a moment my heart almost ceased to beat. It was only a little thing I saw, — a little spray of myrtle. She held it in her hand, and was twisting it into a knot; but ah, my heart well knew what that spray of myrtle might mean!

When I was ten and she was nine, she had brought out into the garden a new book that had been given her, and for days it was our *vade mecum*. Of all the lays, our favorite was that one so well known in nursery lore: —

"A horseman rode across the lea;

He said 'Fair Maid, will you marry me?'

The maiden answered 'No, no, no.'

He sighed, and mounted his horse, to go.

Quick she plucked from the myrtle tree

A branch and wove a love knot true;

And this she gave him; then he knew

That he need not go, he need not go,

For the maid meant Yes though her lips said
'No.'

I remembered how I had scoffed at the maid who had said no when she meant yes. I remembered Mary's avowal, "Girls always do," and my indignant protest, "Then I don't think much of girls." "Oh yes, you do," she had said, with calm assurance. And I did.

I have heard that the bravest soldier trembles for a moment before he storms the breach. I trembled my moment, standing there at the hawthorn hedge. Then I took firm hold of my hope, and went to meet my fate. I stood before her and outreached my hand; I said only four words, — "I love you, Mary." The garden was very still; the fountain plashed, and two thrushes sang a gay antiphonal above us in the branches of the beech tree. Suddenly a soft, rosy loveliness suffused Mary. She laid the myrtle love knot in my hand; and then

— and then — Not even in this book, where no mortal eye but mine will ever look, can I write what happened then. The sheltered knoll became to us a beacon hill. We went down swiftly to the dell, and there, beside the winding brook, in our childhood's hidden place, "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might." Speech was of small account.

After an hour, or an eternity, or a moment, — I don't know which, — Mary said: "Jack, why did you keep me waiting? Why did n't you tell me long ago that you loved me?"

"Why did you keep me waiting, Mary? You knew I loved you."

"I was n't sure," she said.

"Mary," — I made her look into my eyes, — "was there anything on earth you were more really sure of than my love for you?"

"Yes," she answered, very low.

"What?" I asked.

"My love for you," and she hid her face. "You know that is not the way it ought to be, Jack," she added, after a pause.

No, I told her, it was not the way it ought to be. I had made a mistake, but it had grown out of my great reverence, and my dread of forcing the question upon her before she was ready.

"But Alice?" she murmured.

I did not know what she meant. The Lady Alice Longworth's existence had passed out of my mind. She explained.

"Alice is your intimate friend," I said.

"But you stayed there two hours day before yesterday. Alice told me so, Jack."

"Did she tell you what we talked of?" I demanded.

"No."

"Well, ask her the next time you see her," I advised.

In a few moments she spoke again: "Oh, Jack, why did you let us waste so much time? Why did n't you take me and claim me, and brush aside all my caprices? Bend down your ear, and I will tell you a great secret."

I did as she bade me, and she whispered, "Women *never* want to have their own way; they *always* want to be mastered." Her sweet breath seemed to reach into my very brain. Her bewitching lips were near; I proceeded to follow her suggestion. "Jack," she cried, "stop! Let me alone! Listen: I want to talk to you. We have n't talked for hours."

"You have told me a secret, and I am remembering it," I said.

"Well, I will tell you another *just* as important to remember, if you will only let me go, and bend down your other ear."

I released her. It is sweet to hear secrets from Mary.

"Jack," she whispered again, — "Jack, women *love* to have their own way; they *always* want to be obeyed."

Katrina Trask.

JOHN FISKE: AN APPRECIATION.

ONE of the many sources of regret for the untimely death of John Fiske is that the world is without the autobiography which he meant to write and for which he had begun to make preparation. Curiously enough, although one wearies of a man who talks about

himself, the man who takes a pen in his hand and writes about himself is sure to be interesting; and if this autobiography had been written it would have been exceptionally so, as a record of Fiske's solid work and of his ever growing intellectual interests. More-

over, it would have had a charm not always found in a man's account of his own life; it would have been the work of a writer wholly devoid of self-consciousness. Fiske would have described his career precisely as he described historical events, without personal feeling. The book would have been frank, not glozing over his mistakes, and displaying here and there a most fascinating naïveté. The incidents of his life would have been recounted with an honesty which men generally exhibit only when discussing their friends. We should have enjoyed reading his correspondence with some of his distinguished contemporaries, — this may yet be given to the world, — but we should have liked to hear his full account of their talks with him. Some of his sketches, notably the one on Huxley, may serve to show how well he would have performed this task. We should have had the uneventful but instructive story of a studious life and a picture of the man set before us not only in what it said, but in what it betrayed unconsciously of the writer's character: that is what makes an autobiography the most delightful reading in the world.

At present the best record of John Fiske is to be found in the solid volumes with which his untiring industry has enriched the world. In them the reader sees the man as he lived, with his many interests and sympathies, his wide and searching vision, his learning and wisdom. One readily perceives his inspiring optimism and his crystalline honesty. These qualities are manifested by a most pellucid style. Philosophy, history, literature, music, of the things of this world, attracted him, while at the same time he wrote with due reverence of the future life of man and of the race. These are large subjects, and his readers know well with what breadth of mind he treated them. His own nature was large and generous; he was a robust genius; his sturdy vigor

carried him over great tracts of thought. His boyish aim was omniscience, and if he stopped this side of it, he went far in search of his ideal before the miserable shortness of human life put an end to his studies.

There are different ways of looking at the world, and there is something to be said in favor of the large way; at least it has the charm of rarity. There is no one final form of expression, and every generation demands that its opinions and yearnings shall be expressed in its own way; yet always the man with a broad vision, with abundant knowledge and wide sympathy, holds a place among the benefactors of his kind. The simplicity of Fiske's nature shows itself in his style, which is clear, uniform yet without monotony, serving as the least opaque veil between the writer and the reader. There are no signs of a struggle for expression, no indications of painful toil; the hasty reader might imagine that such writing flowed from the pen as easily as one's own signature. To a certain extent one so thinking would be right, for nothing could exaggerate Fiske's facility of composition. His manuscript grew beneath his pen exactly as it was printed; there are very few erasures, no signs of wrestling with a reluctant thought, no additions. This accuracy was of course partly the result of constant practice, but its main cause was the clearness of his thought. His method was the outward sign of the way that his mind worked. It moved as a vast machine moves, with a great, simple uniformity, and without fatigue. He did not perceive by flashes of illumination but by steady observation, and his style expresses both the ease and the massiveness of his mental processes.

He possessed a wonderful memory, which retained a distinct impression of even the New England weather of many years, of trivial as well as of important incidents, of pages of his favorite authors, of the names, faces, and charac-

ters of long-departed servants. Not even Macaulay's schoolboy had a greater command of those facts for which the rest of us have to turn to a cyclopædia. His vast stores of reading were thus always at hand; and what he read was not merely stored, it was understood. When he sat at his desk to write, he never wrapped up his message in what is called fine language; his work did not smell of the lamp, nor did it have the air of being handed down by a superior being who lived on an inaccessible height. It was like the talk of a well-informed, intelligent man conversing with his friends; it was like his own talk, without affectation and without pedantry. This simplicity won for him readers who would have been repelled by a more pompous and less sympathetic style.

It was at the home of his grandparents, on the bank of the Connecticut, at Middletown, that his boyhood was passed. There he studied as few boys study, and laid the foundations of his future learning. His intellectual acquisitiveness began early, and he speedily became known to his elders as a most promising boy. They aided and encouraged him with the caution which elders are prone to exhibit in their relations with the young. When he sorely wanted a Greek lexicon, they reasoned with him and counseled him to make no rash decision; but in time, persuaded by his arguments and assiduities, they consented, and he was happy. Where he received steadier guidance was in matters not profane. He was constant in attendance at church; he sang in the choir; he listened to many long sermons, and early encountered all that is least attractive in New England piety. He was still young when he began to react against the severity of the tenets that he was taught, much to the distress of his elders, who lamented what they supposed was the result of indiscriminate reading. Undoubtedly his appetite for books had led him into acquaint-

ance with ways of thought that could not commend themselves to the community in which his boyhood was passed. The reading habit he had formed early, as his yearning for a Greek lexicon shows; he studied with precocious vigor. He used to tell a story of the alarm that filled him when he read the memorials of the early New England colonists. At last he ventured to communicate to his grandmother the terror he felt from reading the accounts of Indian attacks upon outlying villages, and his dread lest a similar bloody fate should be overhanging Middletown. She tried to cheer him, and assured him that there was really no danger from that quarter. "But," he replied, "that is what they used to say before the massacre at Deerfield," and he refused to be comforted. His grandmother was right, however, and he was spared to study further. There still survives the memory of a projected universal history, built upon the conservative authorities current in small New England towns. He devoured every book on which he could lay his hands, reading not for amusement, but to build up a mighty structure of knowledge.

To Harvard College, which he entered as a sophomore in 1860, he brought not only the required preparation, but also an amount of information which was unusual among applicants for admission. From college, too, he carried away stores of learning which had not been acquired in the classroom alone; for the curriculum of that time was better adapted to giving young men a slight notion of the supposed essentials of a gentleman's education than to supplying the wants of an eager student. The required work he performed with commendable industry, but the real advantage of the place was that it gave him an opportunity to follow his own devices. He was free to grapple with a large library, and this he did not unsuccessfully. He was an omnivorous reader, and at that time filled with

a youthful desire to acquire all knowledge. He studied philosophy, history, science, the languages, as if he were himself a university; it would perhaps be irreverent to say that possibly some of his instructors possessed a slenderer equipment of learning. I remember seeing him when he was a student at Cambridge, and how I gazed upon his gaunt frame and pallid face with awe; for he was said to read and study fifteen hours a day, and to be far advanced in atheism, — a sort of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Faust. In the eyes of some, Herbert Spencer was his Mephistopheles.

It was by an excess of zeal in his studies that he acquired this evil fame as an atheist, — a reputation that long stood in his path, though at last he succeeded in living it down. It happened in this way. It will be remembered that until recently all the students of Harvard College were required, under severe penalties, to attend church twice every Sunday, — a rule which, in their opinions, sadly embittered the day. Fiske, who was averse to losing so much time, though he necessarily complied with the law, carried a book with him to church, and was detected in reading it. When charged with this crime, he readily acknowledged his guilt, but at once complicated the question by a misplaced appeal to the liberality which he supposed to underlie an austere mien. He imagined that since Harvard College, as a fountain of Unitarianism, was regarded throughout the country as lamentably unorthodox, his offense would be readily pardoned by fellow freethinkers. Greatly to his surprise, nothing of the sort happened; the authorities refused to wink at this bit of sacrilege. They displayed the utmost orthodoxy, and indignantly disowned any sympathy with Sabbath-breakers. He barely escaped rustication, and all he got from his appeal was his evil reputation as an atheist.

While in college and the Law School

he wrote a few papers for the Harvard Magazine, but his most important work was done for the National Quarterly Review, now extinct, the North American Review, and the Atlantic Monthly. These articles already manifested his wide learning and his power of grasping large subjects. He was at the Harvard Law School from October, 1863, till January, 1865, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in July, 1864. He was for six months in an office in Boston, and for four months in 1865 he had there an office of his own; but his legal work was slight: he had one excellent case, which was settled out of court, and he drew one deed, for which he was never paid. On the 1st of October, 1865, he abandoned jurisprudence, having decided to devote himself to literature.

In 1867 he established himself in Cambridge, which remained his home for the rest of his life, and there he worked faithfully. The Darwinian theory, as it was then called, had attracted him from the first; it found him young, eager for truth, and exceptionally well supplied with information by which to test that fascinating hypothesis, and the spreading of its method and lessons seemed to him a noble task.

In June, 1869, he was appointed a university lecturer at Harvard, and for about two years he gave to small audiences courses of lectures that formed the foundation of his *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*. He read them, too, in Boston, to a small but faithful band of listeners, and in New York and Milwaukee. The editor of the *New York World* at that time was an admirer of Fiske, and published his lectures in that paper. The book itself, after much revision, was published in 1874, in two stout volumes.

Already there had appeared, in the autumn of 1872, a small volume, *Myths and Myth-Makers*, which indicated the line of thought that inspired Fiske, and displayed his value as an interpreter of

intricate investigations to simpler readers. It was not a mere evisceration of ponderous tomes that he gave to the public, not a bare translation of difficult lore into plainer language, but rather an exposition of severe work with an abundance of intelligent comment. His style was admirably suited for the task he had undertaken, with its simplicity and unflickering steadiness. No difficulties were avoided; they were calmly, patiently explained; the reader was, as it were, taken by the hand and led at an easy pace, sharing Fiske's comprehension of erudite subjects as well as his intelligent contributions to the subjects under discussion. It would be unfair, however, to speak of this book and the succeeding volumes of collected essays as mere guides to the inexperienced reader; they have, indeed, a distinct value for experts. An intelligent man even trying simply to state another's hypothesis must inevitably enrich it with some novel suggestion from his own ingenuity or knowledge. The mere restatement will put some points in a new light, and especially would this be the case when the subject had passed through Fiske's powerful and well-informed mind. He not only clarified what had been obscure; he brought new illustrations from the storehouse of his own learning and kindly criticism.

Of the usefulness of such work it would be hard to say too much. A writer who treats high subjects without pedantry and in a style intelligible to all, never arousing hostility or causing fatigue, does excellent work. He creates a public eager to know, anxious at least to contemplate vast truths. Scholars, if they do not hate the crowd, often despise it, and the influence of their lessons suffers in consequence. Fiske's whole life was spent in spreading learning,—a task which was most congenial to his cheery optimism, his thorough democracy, and his abounding good nature. Frequently a learned man respects only

learning and those who possess it, and among those he does not forget to count himself. Fiske adored learning and respected learned men, but he loved those who wanted to learn, and he never thought of himself.

The essays on Myths are not the last word on that intricate subject which has aroused the imagination of investigators, because in science as elsewhere there is no last word. They offer a good statement of the various questions treated as they were understood by advanced students some thirty years ago, with enough illustrations from Fiske's own study to make the volume a valuable original contribution to a fascinating subject. But obviously it was scarcely from the publication of good books on matters of erudition that Fiske could support his family, and all this time he was casting about for some fixed position. In 1870 he had been appointed instructor in history at Harvard College for a few months; but when his nomination to a permanent position came up, a little later, it was rejected, if the rumors of the time were true, on account of his alleged atheism; of his competence there was of course no question. The odium was all the greater because he had become the champion of the novel and dangerous school of evolution, then in disrepute. Nor was this the only door shut to him. It was not until he had become famous in other cities, mainly in the West, that he was a welcome lecturer in Boston. The courses of lectures that he gave there, before his merits were overwhelmingly acknowledged, were but meagrely attended. He was thought by many to be a mere iconoclast, an utterer of novel and irreverent doctrines. It having been decided by those in authority that this born teacher should not teach, it was further decided, with that intelligence which is not rare in this world, that, though unfitted by his shocking principles to give instruction from books, he might at least cata-

logue them, and in 1872 he was appointed assistant librarian of Harvard College, a position which he held until 1879.

This ingenious method of encouraging learning did not wholly break up his more important work. He was able at times to get away to expound the doctrines now sufficiently familiar, and to his zeal in publishing and expounding them their familiarity is in great measure due. He was asked to deliver courses of lectures in a number of Western cities where there prevailed a wholesome intellectual curiosity, and at last he felt free to abandon the librarianship. Then began his arduous career as a lecturer. Every winter he set forth with a bag full of manuscript, which he read to eager audiences. Friends in Boston enabled him to give lectures there, but his severest work was elsewhere. One consequence of this enforced travel was that no man of letters in America has ever been so well known as Fiske, or, one might add, has so well known his own country. First and last, he journeyed over almost all of it, arousing great intellectual interest, disseminating much information, while also learning much about the great public. He kept in touch with the people in a way impossible to a student in his library. This was of course a clear advantage, and accounts for a good part of Fiske's sympathy with his readers, for his clear comprehension of the best way in which to address them. Still, like every other good thing it had its disadvantages. No strength but his could have endured the perverse diet, the more than tropical heat of American trains and houses in winter, the tawdry discomforts of the hotels. These campaigns told even upon him. Yet for years the *res angusta* drove him forth at the beginning of the winter, to be gone till the following spring. Much of his work was thus read before publication to a great number of hearers.

In this way a public was trained to

take an interest in important subjects. Much was done in preparing the American people to accept new modes of thought, and it is not unlikely that to his work in American history is due some of the new interest in that subject. This cumbersome method of reaching the public was then not without results, but it is sad to think how much time was lost in attaining them. One bit of statistics will show how busily he worked. Between 1888 and 1893 he lectured five hundred and seventy-seven times on American history, fourteen times on philosophy, six times on musical subjects, and preached ten times — the atheist! — in Unitarian pulpits. This list shows his diverse interests, which may be gathered, too, from the variety of the essays in their collected form. Not all concerned themselves with science. Especially good was whatever he wrote about music, a theme he was most capable of treating; for his knowledge was far beyond that of the amateur and was respected by professional musicians. He really understood the art and loved it. It was not merely a favorite relaxation: he composed songs and a mass which interested competent authorities. So long as he had time for anything but work he was a listener at concerts, and always there was nothing that could give him greater delight than an evening of music. It is only to be regretted that he had no opportunity to write more about this subject.

The essays are mainly concerned with severer topics, and show what lines his investigations had been following. Thus in the *Excursions of an Evolutionist* we find more than traces of the philological studies that had for a long time occupied him. For many years he had been studying Sanskrit and the various problems that the new science of language was presenting. In *The Unseen World*, again, we find his preliminary studies for a life of Christ, a subject that long haunted him. He had long looked forward to a period of rest, which

would have been one of happy toil in the preparation of this book. As he puts it himself, in a footnote to the article on the Jesus of History: "These defects I hope to remedy in a future work on Jesus of Nazareth and the Founding of Christianity. . . . This work has been for several years on my mind, but it may still be long before I can find the leisure needful for writing it out. . . . The projected work . . . will have a much wider scope [than the articles], dealing on the one hand with the natural genesis of the complex aggregate of beliefs and aspirations known as Christianity, and on the other hand with the metamorphoses which are being wrought in this aggregate by modern knowledge and modern theories of the world." From his other work we may judge how well he would have treated this subject, — with what carefully accumulated knowledge, and with what abundant illustrations from his wide reading, and with what an excellent method he would have presented his material. But it was not to be; the book was only planned. It is but an illustration of the fullness of Fiske's preparation for work. In a way it was a disadvantage to him, for there are always people to charge with superficiality the man who knows several things well, while they are contented with the one who knows but one thing, and that ill. It was hard for him, too, to know exactly in what direction he should turn to utter his message. In his magazine articles he had covered a good deal of ground, but they were a comparatively broken and incoherent means of expression. He wanted to speak at some length. The outlet that he found for himself was in writing history, for which his whole life had been a preparation.

In 1879 he gave a course of lectures on American history in the Old South Meeting House in Boston, dealing with the discovery and colonization of America. At that time, the influence of the

centennial exhibition in Philadelphia and the sudden prominence of the country as a source of food supply for the world gave Americans a new consciousness of their importance, and they turned with great interest to the study of their past. There was a demand for a coherent exposition of American history such as John Fiske was especially able to give; for nothing could equal the clearness of his statement of facts or of his explanation of their underlying causes. At once he made his mark.

At the request of Mr. Huxley he repeated the course at University College, London, and with such success that he was invited to give another, the next year, before the Royal Institution. These lectures, three in number, afterwards appeared in print in a small volume entitled *American Political Ideals, viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History*. The theory there expounded of the origin of the town meeting has been modified by later investigations, as he himself states in the preface of 1885, when the book was published, but it is impossible not to be impressed by the massiveness of the second lecture, which sets forth the difference between the Federal Union and the similar efforts of Greece and Rome. The treatment was well suited to the subject, with a great reach of vision and an admirable coherence of reasoning. For too long a time American history had been a chronicle of wars. Here its relation to the great movements of mankind was briefly but clearly shown; it ceased to be a somewhat provincial record, and became part of a greater and wider sequence. Many of his qualities are to be seen in this little book. In the last lecture one sees his cheeriness, his unflinching optimism, his good-natured treatment of his audience, — all traits that fitted him for a popular lecturer. That he was popular there can be no doubt. From the moment that he began his lectures on historical sub-

jects there was a steady call for them from all parts of the country outside of Boston, where there is sometimes a surfeit of instruction. In 1881 he delivered a series of lectures at Washington University, St. Louis. In 1884 he was appointed non-resident professor of American history, and on his way thither and back he lectured at many intervening towns. Often he went farther, to the Pacific Coast. Into an hour's talk he would pack a mass of compressed information in orderly arrangement, with a careful and most lucid explanation of the relation of the events recounted to history at large. This was his especial gift, that he always, however minute the subject, treated it as part of universal history. In this way he not only popularized American history: he dignified what had appeared to be matters of only local interest, not by an unseemly oratorical assertion of their importance, but by showing that in a scientific exposition nothing was petty; that all the threads of a tangled skein could be unwound, and were all of importance.

He was never obscure and was never tedious. Doubtless the habit of reading his lectures aloud to so many hearers confirmed him in his skill in avoiding these two perils; for an intelligent speaker always feels the lack of a responsive echo from his audience, and is on his guard against it. A writer sometimes perceives his own shortcomings only too late. In Fiske's lectures there were no moments when one failed to understand, and depended on the familiar feeling that one would catch the thread a moment later, but all was clear from the first moment to the last. One might differ from Fiske in the interpretation of facts, but one never failed to understand him. It was not merely his habit of reading his books first as lectures that explains this lucidity, however much it may have helped it, because he was never obscure. His own clearness of mind made all that

he wrote intelligible. His marvelous power of simplification enabled him to arrest the attention of his hearers or readers, and to lead them through the centuries, seeing with Fiske's eyes unsuspected analogies and hidden causes. No more delightful expounder ever lived. One may praise a man in this way, it is to be hoped, for the possession of certain qualities without being suspected of making an occult attack on other men for possessing different qualities; there is always room in the world for the simultaneous existence of many kinds of merit. The excellence that Fiske attained was aided by the unusual amount of collateral information that he brought to the treatment of the subject that he was discussing, and by the powerful intellect that saw things large. It is the breadth rather than the intensity of his view that we admire, though perhaps the ease of his style and the largeness of his vision incline us to overlook the solid ground on which his work rests. The rough justice of the world always makes us ready to mistake smoothness for weakness, and ease for superficiality.

Gradually Fiske's historical work shaped itself into a definite plan to write a complete history of America that should be something like J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*; but this fell through, and he determined to write a series of separate volumes which should form a coherent record of the whole subject, very much as Parkman's monographs present a complete chronicle of the struggle between Great Britain and France for supremacy in America. The first to appear was *The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789*, which was published in 1888. Like its successors it was built upon a series of lectures which had been read before different audiences. As Fiske explained in the preface, the book "makes no pretensions to completeness, either as a summary of the events of that period or as

a discussion of the political questions involved in them. I have aimed especially at grasping facts in such a way as to bring out and emphasize their causal sequence, and it is accordingly hoped that the book may prove useful to the student of American history." That it has proved useful cannot be denied: a book that amasses considerable information, that abridges many volumes full of confusing facts, and presents a complicated period in broad and clearly perceptible outlines, so that the real significance of the events is clear, may justly be called a useful book. Readers need a guide to point out what is of true importance; it is essential that the guide should be the right one, and Fiske never failed to grasp many facts and to explain them intelligently.

The next volume to appear was *The Beginnings of New England*, a subject that had not escaped the attention of historians and others. It retold, with characteristic fullness of explanation, the story of the planting of the New England colonies. What distinguishes this from other excellent histories treating the same subject is the first chapter, in which Fiske developed at some length a few pages of his *Destiny of Man*, dealing with the difference between the Roman and the English methods of nation-making. The facts of the early history of New England were tolerably familiar, especially to New Englanders and their descendants, but one is safe in saying that he set these facts in their relation to universal history as no writer before him had done. As an ornithologist will pick up a feather and describe the bird and the family of birds, so Fiske could pick up a stray and unprepossessing fact, and starting from this he would wind into a subject, explaining and illustrating in a thousand ways to the delight of his reader, who was filled with new information and new sympathies.

In *The War of Independence*, a slender

volume of less than two hundred pages, he made not so much a sketch of the Revolution as an explanatory comment upon the well-known events of that period, and a comment especially intended for the young. The book was of the nature of an experiment and was to be followed, if successful, by others. Possibly, however, the young person takes more interest in knowing what happened than in seeking the reasons for what happened. Studying the causes of things seems, when acquired at all, to be the last result of education, and it may be that this volume is of more use to teachers than to pupils. What he here told very briefly was set forth at greater length in the two volumes of *The American Revolution*, published in 1891. In the preface he states the principle on which the whole series rested, namely, that his "design was not so much to contribute new facts as to shape the narrative in such a way as to emphasize relations of cause and effect that are often buried in the mass of details." He says further, in speaking of the success which certain parts of the book had met when read as lectures, "I was greatly surprised at the interest thus shown in a plain narrative of events already well known, and have never to this day understood the secret of it." Yet it is not so mysterious to others, who perceive that the familiar facts, which lay raw and incoherent in every one's mind, were illuminated and set in order by Fiske's learning and intelligent arrangement.

To a rigid adherent of the noble school of historical work which worships Ranke, this intrusion of the popular element seems possibly a lamentable thing. That this strain in Fiske's work won it popularity is undeniable; but in itself popularity is not a bad thing; it is mischievous only when bad things are popular. While Fiske's interpretation of history, philosophy, and science interested the multitude unaccustomed to intellectual work, it also fascinated stu-

dents; and it is a worthy aim to please all without a sacrifice of dignity. At times Fiske indulged in little outbursts of petulant remonstrance at what he regarded as dangerous and superfluous absurdity, but he never wrote down to an audience; he rather moved with his readers, making himself plain by the clearness of his thought and of his style. Every grown man retains the sensitiveness of a child to any attempt to allure him by a willful descent to his supposed level, and resents it. When Fiske avowedly wrote for children, as in *The War of Independence*, his mind moved in its customary grooves; the difference of treatment lay in the omission of many events, not in any sacrifice of his method.

It is not necessary to speak of each of his histories in turn, — they are practically separate chapters of one large history; yet it is impossible not to call attention to the massive dignity of *The Discovery of America*, the solidest of the whole series. Here we have Fiske at his best, full of learning, with the wise text rippling over a bed of suggestive notes. The subject is itself a greater one in the world's history, and is treated with ample fullness and a constant intelligence. What an excellent thing intelligence is in a book is too often forgotten by both writers and readers.

While he was starting the historical series, he was also beginning what proved to be another series of monographs on theological and philosophic subjects. The first of these, published in 1884, was *The Destiny of Man*, viewed in the Light of his Origin, — a singular book for an alleged atheist to write. Still we must remember what Fiske says in this significant little book: "Though the freethinker is no longer chained to a stake and burned, people still tell lies about him, and do their best to starve him by hurting his reputation." Fiske had long been the victim of this form of malignant persecution, with what justice is obvious. This

little cluster of volumes, thrown off in the intervals of almost unceasing work, shed light not merely on his learning, but on the fundamental seriousness and earnestness of his nature. The problems, the most difficult and the most important of those that face us, he approaches with due reverence, and discusses with the sincerity that was the foundation of his character. Possibly, had he lived longer, he might have returned to a fuller exposition of the principles here briefly stated; but his message of hopefulness was at least clearly given to the world, and perhaps its brevity makes it only the more impressive. Certainly no one can read these essays and their interesting prefaces without renewed respect for their author as a student and as a thinker.

The doctrine of evolution found in him one of its most ardent defenders and most thorough expounders. It came into force just when Fiske was growing up, and enabled him to coördinate what were already very considerable acquirements. All that he wrote was permeated with its spirit. To its influence we may ascribe a good part of his never failing optimism. He was able to look forward with enviable confidence to the exclusion of evil from the scheme of things, with the apparent support of an irrefutable hypothesis and all the cheerfulness of an exceptionally happy temperament. His physical health, his exceptional strength, his great powers of endurance, his untiring capacity for work, his lack of irritability, enabled him to look at things largely; but it was the joyousness of the new philosophy that especially animated him, and he conveyed to his readers his own delight in his work.

Untiring he certainly was; with every one of the last twenty years of his life shortened by his enforced journeyings, he was compelled to work incessantly while at home. In his house at Cambridge he had formed a delightful library, and there he sat in a little al-

cove, working till late in the night, his only exercise being to cross the room for a book or a pipe. Outdoor exercise he almost entirely abandoned under stress of work and increase of size which made movement difficult. Near his library was a small conservatory which was under his special care, and there he liked to pass a few moments in the intervals of his work. In another room was the piano, on which he would at times play a little to rest his mind, to change the current of his thoughts. On Sundays he would see his friends, who retain the tenderest memory of talks with him, when he would wind deep into a subject, illuminate it with solid learning easily borne and with merry humor;

he was the most charming of companions, frank, honest, sympathetic, absolutely devoid of vanity, always cheerful. When things went ill with him, as they did for many years before his merit was recognized, and he was looked down upon as a somewhat dangerous person, he never lost heart. When Tyndall came to this country to lecture, he and Fiske could laugh together at the accusation of atheism which was brought with some success against the American. They both knew how full of fine irony life is. When Fiske became famous and honors were crowding upon him, he enjoyed them without undue elation. He thought of what he hoped to do, not of what he had done.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

THE MORNING SUMMONS.

WHEN the mist is on the river, and the haze is on the hills,
And the promise of the springtime all the ample heaven fills;
When the shy things in the wood-haunts, and the hardy on the plains,
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through winter-sluggish veins:

Then the summons of the morning like a bugle moves the blood,
Then the soul of man grows larger like a flower from the bud;
For the hope of high Endeavor is a cordial half divine,
And the banner cry of Onward! calls the laggards into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars rain peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a better thing to know;
While the night is hushed and holden and transpierced by dreamy song,
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture of the strong!

Richard Burton.

A HIDDEN WEAKNESS IN OUR DEMOCRACY.

FAITH in democracy has always required a great deal of idealism; some of the noblest minds of the nineteenth century — Carlyle, for instance, and Ruskin — were quite unable to meet the strenuous demands of the new creed. Nor do these demands grow less as the years advance. In our country, the stupendous social experiment initiated over a century ago has had a freer field than elsewhere; and assuredly it remains an experiment still. If we look abroad, we perceive that our republic is on the point of becoming an empire; whether it can achieve that feat and remain a democracy, history impels us to doubt. If we face homeward, remembering the radiant ideal entertained by our forefathers, of a country that should offer to all its sons one heritage of spiritual opportunity, we are forced to confess that the spectacle disappoints.

No true American, however, will accept the disappointment as final. When all is said, our air is buoyant and good to breathe. It is a shock, indeed, that democratic forms prove incompetent to protect their chief representative from the lawless hate that dogs the steps of tyrants. We grieve, finding among ourselves extremes of poverty and luxury. It is both surprising and baffling to discover that a distinctive feature of our civilization so far appears to be the production of Napoleons of finance, who exercise a tyranny as stern as that of a Napoleon of battles. These things are portentous enough, but the end is not yet, and our nation is still in the making. The prophetic soul perceives altitude rather than mass. A child or an early Italian painter, with a mountain in his mind, draws a simple needle-like object that darts upward to the sky with naïve directness. God's mountain is an uplifted world, which ascends not only by steep inclines, but by many level

spaces, and includes deep valleys on its mighty upward-striving flanks. All this it behooves us to remember as we contemplate our vast America, — its civilization seething with forces half understood, and constantly generating new forces undreamed of. Our country transcends our powers of observation; the wisest rail not at events, however undesired, but wait on them with reverence, seeking rather to understand than to arraign.

But this waiting on events degenerates all too easily into the social fatalism which, as has often been pointed out, besets a democracy. It was supposed, when people speculated about democracy instead of experiencing it, that a democratic society would set free, as had never been done before, the forces of personal initiative. This it certainly does in the practical sphere; from whatever point in our social strata the possessor of the qualities that make for business success may start, his progress upward is rapid and unimpeded. But the immense average tends to absorb the higher faculties or hold them passive. And this is a misfortune; for if democracy means anything more than mob rule, it means a moral responsibility on the part of its every member consciously to coöperate in the creation of a noble national life. Despite the obscuring throng, despite the absorbing claims of private duty or ambition, no American has a right to remain, as he might have done under feudalism, a mere spectator in society and politics. Dimly this is felt: in all of us the social conscience struggles with fatalism masked as humility and with indolence parading as impartiality; and our spirits are full of unrest.

One walk through a tenement-house district, when the people are coming home from work, is enough to make

anybody hesitate to assert that the vision of freedom and brotherhood which the nineteenth century so persistently contemplated is getting itself into fact. Suppose a man does more than walk through such a district. Suppose he takes up his abode in it, being anxious to look certain phases of our American society squarely in the face, and shares its life for a season. The adventure is not difficult nor uncommon; it costs less than a trip to Europe, and is a far better corrective to provincialism.

Our social explorer is likely to have rather a mournful time at first. The pleasing assumptions concerning our "sweet land of liberty" wherein his childhood was swathed will slip one by one from his trembling consciousness, leaving him naked and a-cold. He will grieve that the very aspect of our great cities reveals the mind of the nation as unbeautiful and vulgar. His heart will be gripped by a pain never on earth to leave him, as he meets the material distress rife in the great strata at the social bottom. A moment may come when, in bitterness of spirit, watching the pitiful struggle for existence reduced to its lowest terms, he will cry aloud to his own soul that the democracy which men hailed as the liberator of love has in truth liberated, not love, but greed.

If he is a thoughtful person, however, he will soon pass beyond this first stage of facile discouragement, and a reverence for America will grow upon him even as grows his discontent. But his very sense of the greatness of our opportunity will quicken his perception of the dangers we run and the failures of which we are guilty. And the longer he lives among working people, the more intimately he shares their life, the more serious will become his conviction of a secret danger at the heart of our democracy, — a danger graver than poverty, more ominous even than the bondage to physical labor in which the workers are held. This danger is the intellectual and moral disunion that prevails among

us. A nation, to be in any real sense a democratic organism, must possess spiritual unity; its sons must share, in invisible ways, a common life. Grant such a common life, in which thought, desire, emotion, circulate freely, and material inequalities and disasters will matter little; deny it, and the nation falls to pieces, — no world but a chaos, — the forms of political democracy that seem to bind it in one, chains woven of shadow. We have denied it. The American people to-day is united only in outward seeming. Look closer, and you shall see that it is made up of groups mutually incomprehensible; he who would pass from group to group meets traditions and assumptions so different from his own that he halts, like one using a foreign tongue. We breathe the same air, we are governed by the same institutions, but to the eye of truth we move in different worlds.

Probably never did the lusty forces that make for disintegration have things so completely their own way as with us. Even in the Middle Ages, the Catholic faith and the feudal instinct bound together the sharply articulated social order into one living whole. What has taken the place of these vanished powers? On the other hand, all the elements of disunion that human history has evolved are at play among the peoples gathered on our shores. Racial hostility blends with religious antipathy; both enhance that class antagonism present in every civilization, but for obvious reasons more conscious and aggressive in a democracy than elsewhere. The dramatic fact, which at once stimulates and appalls, is that these dark-winged spirits of discord seek to hold their mighty sway in a country dedicated as no other land has ever been to the creation of a universal fellowship.

Even among educated Americans the tendency to split into groups mutually indifferent or exclusive is painfully evident, as was signaled in an article in this

magazine, for August, 1901, on *The New Provincialism*. Sectional differences, again, present their unceasing and grievous problems. But at no time is the lack of a common atmosphere so startling, and to the thinker so menacing, as when we pass from the society of the privileged to that of the working people.

At first, our social explorer probably finds the intellectual difference the most baffling. What shall he talk about to his neighbor at an evening party? He passes in review the topics natural to such an occasion. The latest play? His companion has barely heard the name of the uptown theatre where it draws its nightly thousands. A picture exhibition, then, a popular lecturer, — any one of the casual pleasures enjoyed by his own group, made up of people residing perhaps half an hour away by trolley? All are as blank to his interlocutor as if the conversation were held in Cairo. A trivial fact, perhaps, but not without its suggestions. When our explorer, having groped about according to the social gifts that are in him, till, if fortunate, he penetrates at last to the region where all life is one, retires, the evening over, to shadows and solitude, he is likely to reflect.

Suppose we reflect with him. Let any one of us watch his own consciousness for a day — ignoring the currents that eddy constantly about individual duties and affections, concentrating his vision on that social self which he shares with his fellow men. He will notice first the dim but potent reactions of his material environment; and he will discover a succession of fine pleasures in all that ministers to the body, — æsthetic elements, adding to what pertains to food, raiment, and the means of preserving physical purity a subtle something that redeems us, in our own estimation, from the brutes. It is hard for most of us to imagine what life would be were we confronted by physical needs in their harsh

crudity. But, in our fortunate consciousness, how much lies beyond these first fine delights! What images of beauty and significance, drawn from nature, literature, music, art, not to speak of the larger intellectual conceptions that shape our lives! All these interests form a common world, inhabited by fair and vivid forms, wherein the sons of privilege abide together.

It is a world from which those throngs of our fellow citizens who create our material civilization are of course wholly excluded. The present and visible presses upon them, its cruel weight unrelieved. Factory and shop, in their blank utilitarianism, are too often the exact outward counterpart of the inward vision of the wage-earner. To devout Catholics, indeed, and to orthodox Hebrews, religion, that supreme world poem whereof the entire race is author, comes as a liberating force, with its august and undying assurance that the poetic is the true, and the invisible the only enduring reality. But to vast sections this assurance has become a mockery, and the material aspects of a civilization in which these aspects are perhaps emphasized more exclusively than ever before shut out all else. Is this a light matter? Or is it easy to achieve true fellowship and vital intercourse with men and women who have never entered the inner world wherein our spirits have moved from childhood?

Let us beware, however, of assuming that all intellectual advantage rests with the privileged. To do this is to fall headlong into the vicious pit of the aristocratic theory. The workers have an intellectual life of their own, apart from ours, determined by race as well as by class and condition. Much sound, healthy, and vigorous thinking goes on among them. I have met keener speculative ardor and more force in argument among the young Hebrews of the East Side in New York than among the young athletes of our universities. The type of thought, the influences at work,

are often strange to us. No one, for instance, denies the searching power of Karl Marx in modern thought; for one American who has dipped into him up-town, three, in a different part of the city, will have "capital" at their finger tips. Many writers and thinkers who are forming the life and determining the inner landscape of those who, after all, hold the balance of power in our country are not even names to most of us. But who busies himself with these things, or considers the intellectual life of the masses a matter worth study? Who, before our late national calamity, had ever heard of Emma Goldman? Yet in her way the woman was a power. And when the revelation came of the fierce forces seething in darkness, how many received it as a solemn call, not to engage in horrified invective nor to utter threats of suppression, but — a far more difficult matter — to account for the existence of these forces in our country of supposed freedom, and to put forth all our love and wisdom in seeking to shed light among the shadows and to draw the alienated into fellowship?

The hideous and foolish teachings of such a woman are far from being the dominant type of thought among the workers. Moreover, let us avoid the cant which identifies intellectual life with a knowledge of books. One meets at times, in the most book-ignorant toilers, a life-wisdom that, with its direct comprehension of the primal realities, puts our subtle, second-hand theories to shame. We need not go all the way with Tolstoi to feel, as old Langland said, that truth rests often with the ploughman, and that return to fellowship with the people is necessary to the full completion of our living. Whether we approach the question from the side of our poverty or of our wealth, the lack of a common intellectual consciousness between the manual workers and the privileged classes is equally evident.

But the absence of a common ethical

consciousness comes in time to appear to our social explorer more serious still. Nothing is more suggestive to the student of our civilization than the strange and interesting variations in ethical type among differing social groups. Already moral science deals less with theory than it did in old days, more with observation; as time goes on, it must pass beyond the study of the ethical individual, and consider also the subtle and significant differences in moral type developed by differing conditions of race and class. Such an investigation, it may be said in passing, will not start out with the assumption that the atmosphere of wealth, privilege, and the wisdom of this world is best for the development of the moral nature; indeed, if the ethics of the New Testament continue to be accepted as the high-water mark of ethical idealism, the assumptions may well be the other way. Assumptions aside, however, we may expect rich and perhaps startling results from this hitherto undeveloped and hardly conceived science of distinctly social ethics. Such results cannot be anticipated by the amateur observer; yet our explorer will become more and more keenly aware, the longer he lives among working people, of certain significant characteristics in their moral outlook.

All ethical conceptions rest largely on the golden rule; that is to say, we instinctively feel that our duty to others consists in that attitude or course of action which we should choose to have observed toward ourselves.

Now, the privileged classes are those which have established certain liens on civilization as it is. It follows that their ideal virtue is justice; that is to say, a strict regard for existing rights. They are wholly honest in their allegiance to this virtue, and most of them are ready to practice it strictly, even in cases unfavorable to themselves. Their regard, however, extends only to rights already actualized, — conquered, as it were, in the material sphere.

The poorer classes, on the other hand, are made up of people who have conquered no such rights. Generosity, not justice, is the virtue they therefore admire and practice. The working man generally needs, to make him the man he might be, more than the miserable pittance which is all he justly deserves, in return for the services which he renders society; and he knows that his own need is his brother's. It is truism to say that charity and hospitality blossom far more freely in the soil of poverty than in that of wealth; those who have watched the life of the poor can cap anecdotes all day. I recall a charity agent, exasperated beyond endurance because the blankets given to a woman who had only a ragged shawl with which to cover her large family at night had been promptly passed on to another woman with no shawl at all, on the Sidneian principle, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Here justice was certainly violated; was something higher than justice perhaps observed? We are slowly beginning to realize — to allude to a more pregnant instance — how different is the aspect presented by the heart of the ward boss, from above and from below: from above, a seething source of corruption; from below an unfailing fountain of generous deeds. It can hardly be doubted that in many cases the boss is to his own consciousness, not the dishonorable politician known to those alien beings his political enemies, but the generous benefactor known to his neighbors and friends.

How may we secure unity of moral trend in a nation where differences are so fundamental? The rich man sees the poor man improvident, shifty, dishonest; the poor man sees the rich man hard-hearted beyond belief. Each judges the other bitterly; both, according to the ancient manner,

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,

By damning those they have no mind to."

Yet if one is sinner, the other cannot cast a stone; and if one follows, often

at a sacrifice, the high white light of an ideal, a like quest is not denied to the other, though one guiding star differeth from its fellow in glory. And perhaps both stars are planets, revolving round the central sun, unseen by mortal eyes, of the perfect right.

Back of this unconscious, instinctive generosity of the poor, there is, let us not forget, a dim groping after what seems to them the higher justice also. We can never sufficiently realize that those who think, among the working people, live rightly or wrongly in the atmosphere of a passionately sincere conviction that the world has not treated its poor fairly. The question whether this conviction be in any degree justified does not here concern us; it exists, and exists, inevitably, with especial keenness in a state which purports to be democratic. America claims to offer equal opportunities for full self-realization to all men; the sharp contrast between claim and fact is a moral misfortune. Faint and inoperative in the mass, — a mere "blindfold sense of wrong," stifling the instinct to initiative, — this conviction of injustice is an actuating passion with the leaders. Nor can any attitude be more cheap and dangerous than that which views this passion as the egotistic and restless greed of the incompetent. It is a passion as free from egotism as the sun ever witnessed. The discontented and embittered are of course to be found among us, — inflammatory elements, fostered in every society since the world began. The problem of dealing with them is distinct, if not simple. But the basis of the social discontent that exists in America is in countless cases no impulse of personal greed; it is rather the grief and disappointment generated in sensitive minds by the contrast between our national pretensions and our national achievement.

Enter in imagination the mind of the ordinary workman; look out with him upon the world. It is a world dark-

ened by a cloud of unrelieved anxiety, gloomy as that which blurs and obscures the sunshine above and around a manufacturing town. Through this gray and shadow-beset atmosphere the sunlight of the universal human joys gleams pale. Not only his own immediate family, not only those personally dear to him, pass before his eyes thus shrouded in shadows, but all the members of his social group. We do not begin to realize the constant disasters and terrors, dismal, commonplace, unnoticed, that make up the drama of life of which the poor are spectators. Sorrows enough we all have to witness, Heaven knows, in whatever social group we happen to be born, but how the tone of the spectacle darkens if we live, for instance, in a city tenement house, where the children of our neighbors die of contagious disease or lingering starvation, where young girls known to us take to the bad as much from the dreariness as from the difficulty of sustaining an honest existence, and where the high light of life among our neighbors is the possession of a "steady job" at some dull trade! Such an environment generates just what we should expect: listless opportunism or dangerous rage among those of inferior moral fibre; an attitude of loving helpfulness among the more sensitive; and among all a sense, recognized or not, of strange and bewildering injustice in the social order.

Would you have an illustration? Apply what we have said concerning the difference in the moral viewpoint among rich and poor to the case of a strike. At no time does the tragic lack of mutual understanding come out in so dramatic a way. Read both capitalist and labor press while any industrial war is waging: you will see that each side honestly believes the other to be actuated by pure greed, hatred, unfairness. Is this ever so? Assuredly not often. In a large proportion of cases — may we guess three out of five? — justice, as the world counts justice, is on the side

of the employer. Contracts have perhaps been made; wages are as high as is consistent with reasonable profit, or even, it may be, with industrial existence; he has, as he conceives, perfect right to secure the most advantageous labor he can get, whether or no it bear the union stamp. The public, when it understands the situation, seconds the approval of his conscience. Very well; but is the union workman, then, an irrational fanatic, a would-be tyrant toward employer and fellow workman alike? Step forth, cross the barriers of class, and stand in imagination beside him. Breathe first his general atmosphere, — that large disappointment in the presence of a conceived injustice in which his spirit moves. Realize that his union is to him a sacred thing, — at once strong enough to claim his reverence and weak enough to evoke his impassioned chivalry; realize that the extension of unionism is to his mind essential to the welfare of the whole laboring world, the only protection of the workers against a slavery more and more helpless as organized capital presents an ever sterner front. Once share these feelings in imagination, and while you may or may not approve of the given strike, — for concerning strikes one can of course not generalize, — you will at least comprehend the striker. His stubborn fight for the union principle, even when no melodramatic grievances exist, will no longer evoke your disgust. Even that brutal tyranny of organized over unorganized labor which most outrages the conscience of the public will be, not indeed justified, but interpreted; for you will realize that it is next to impossible for the union man to consider the "scab" as other than a traitor, — false to the cause which can alone bring him salvation, meanly gratifying immediate needs at the cost of the future of the class. We may condemn this attitude: we may even question the fundamental position that only by unionism can the

cause of labor be furthered. But no one who has escaped his own horizon, and stood within the mental landscape of the workers, can fail to see how natural is the outlook. Nor will he fail to thrill responsive to a disinterested passion that is in itself contagious; for whatever one may think of the wisdom of the labor men, and whatever defects their private life may hold, the modern world shows no persons more actuated by a love of humanity rising to religious ardor, more heroic in unflinching idealism, than certain in their ranks.

But alas, what employer will realize these things? As we brood over the strength with which capitalists and laborers are intrenched in their respective positions, we perceive that the difference in their moral outlook is a graver menace by far than the clash of interests. The conflict between capital and labor can never be settled by armed truce nor by nicely balanced adjustments and concessions, but only by a miracle indeed, — the transference of each moral ideal to the mind inhabited by the other.

When may we look for this? For the opposition of the employing and the working class is only a sharp phase of that profound inward disunion which separates our society into "two nations," and tends to make of our title as a democracy a mockery and a delusion. Were it not for this title and for all it implies, we might perhaps not murmur: we might accept the existence, on a common soil and under common political forms, of groups possessing no common consciousness, as part of the natural order of things. As it is, only two possibilities present themselves to the thoughtful mind: to abandon our assertions, retreating upon the aristocratic theory which in that case will ultimately mould our institutions, or to consecrate ourselves, collectively and individually, to the development of a common life. Unless this can be

achieved, it is useless to seek or to gain universal well-being, or even, were the thing thinkable, universal contentment. Our democratic forms remain but shadows; the substance will elude us still.

Surely this shall not be. Nor need we face the situation with despair. Democracy is a living power. Side by side with the forces of disruption other forces, largely unconscious, are at work, making for vital fellowship and shaping the nation into one harmonious whole. To throw what energy he is free to control into coöperation with these forces is the privilege and duty, not of the reformer, not of the government, not of the man round the corner, but of you, and you, and me. For the success or failure of the spiritual democracy depends, in ultimate analysis, wholly upon the attitude in private life of the average man. It is the purpose of these papers¹ to inquire how we Americans, without abandoning home, profession, or personal interests, may further the cause of social unity, and help to draw all our citizens into one invisible common weal.

Not that our quest can stop here. The study at close range of our social and industrial situation kindles in many minds a burning discontent. Hot protest against the entire industrial order is at large among us, and many not extremists hold that the very structure of our society must be modified before the new world of brotherhood shall appear. This may or may not be; but the discussion of these themes will outlast more than one generation. While it goes on, what beside sharing in it can a man impassioned for the American ideal of fellowship and equal opportunity do? Let us, with this question in our minds, look very simply at the intellectual, social, and religious relations which members of the alienated classes may bear to one another in the would-be democratic state.

Vida D. Scudder.

¹ The author's second paper, *Democracy and Education*, will appear in the June Atlantic.

RHODODENDRON CULTURE IN AMERICA.

ROSES, like the never ending subject of female charms, have had more than their share of the poets' attentions; the lilies and violets and slender harebells, even the whitethorn and the elder-brake, have not lacked their prophets; the daisies must always be loved for Chaucer's sake as well as for their own; but to the praise of the rhododendron, sonnet and lyric are alike unwritten. Doubtless a feeling of chivalry on the part of the poets has led them to immortalize the flower which has certain feminine characteristics

"And shuns to have her beauty spied,"

while the masculine assertiveness of the rhododendron makes any championship quite unnecessary.

It would be hard to find among shrubs a more striking personality. The great blossoms are held boldly erect, as if challenging the passer-by, each perfect flower head surrounded by its circle of heavy dark leaves, stiffly horizontal or bent slightly back from the blossom, that nothing be lost. Even in November, when its relative, the deciduous azalea, goes into enforced retirement and begins the winter of its discontent, the rhododendron abdicates nothing of its supremacy; not only do the leaves maintain their tropical luxuriance, but the hard green buds, which appeared as soon as possible after the blossoms had passed, are there, one in the centre of each leaf circle, to serve as an evidence of things not seen until the blossoms themselves can again assert their claim to attention.

Through the labors of the Dutch and English horticulturists the cultivated rhododendron came early into prominence. With their magnificent blooms, colors ranging from cardinal to white, from white again to royal purple, scores of varieties made conquests in the English

gardens. In the meantime, in America, until 1855 practically nothing had been done in rhododendron culture. The native varieties, *R. Catawbiense* and *R. maximum*, thrived no better in the gilded captivity of civilization than the Indian Pocahontas in English society: that which was wild beauty among the forest brotherhood became as a straggling, unkempt growth against the polished setting of turf and garden perfection. Plants were imported from England and Holland, but instead of flourishing like the green bay tree and the wicked, they proved as capricious as a spoiled beauty, as unstable as April sunshine.

The reason is not far to seek. Any one who has seen rhododendrons just out of the crates in which they come from abroad, or even on the bargain counter of a department store, — a situation which ought to be the death of any self-respecting plant, — remembers the "ball" of roots, about as large as the grape fruit, protected with damp moss and secured with twine or raffia. Now in the accustomed soil and moist climate the plant had heretofore found these roots amply sufficient, but in this country the conditions are altogether different. Instead of "England's watery sky," which an eighteenth-century poet praises for its horticultural value, our climate has at times the distracting manner of a lightning-change artist: therefore, with the extremes of heat and cold and droughts in autumn — one of the hardest tests of plant endurance — life to the foreign rhododendron becomes often a struggle for existence; for, however the Psalmist applied the words in other matters, among plants which have to face a severe winter the battle is to the strong. Sometimes, after apparently dying, a rhododendron will come back to a kind of half-hearted life. A few of the hardier sorts, plants

which have the rugged Catawbiense in their composition, adapt themselves with what grace they can to the new conditions, especially if the Norway spruce, or some other sturdy tree, lends its kind offices as a wind-break until they can obtain a firm footing; but at best their life is uncertain. I have known an English specimen, after thriving for fifteen years, to succumb to the test of an unusually severe winter; instead of unbending in April to the spring sunshine, the leaves were still curled tightly from cold, hanging lifeless as oak leaves in December.

To those who had at heart a brilliant American success for the foreign rhododendron, this result was naturally discouraging. Instead of strong plants, crowned in June with richly colored blossoms, here were shrubs, needing to be humored and cosseted like nervous invalids! Knowing the vigor of the native rhododendron and its near relative the mountain laurel, horticulturists began to say with the Apostle, "Brethren, these things ought not so to be." Therefore, work began toward the obvious solution of the problem; now, instead of importing, we grow all the finer varieties which give the climate the slightest tolerance; making "Scotch babies" of the plants; accustoming them from their infancy to the soil and climate, that they may make the roots they needed.

Rhododendrons are usually propagated by grafting. The seedlings of the cultivated varieties are uncertain as to kind, and possibly the nurserymen credit the rarer sorts with something of the fine-gentleman distaste for the problem of wresting their own living from the soil. But when grafted on the common seedlings, the sordid question of livelihood troubles them no longer; to the "stock," as the gardeners call it, belongs the matter of maintenance; while as for the "scions," "all their powers find sweet employ" in making ready the gorgeous finery for the June carnival, — an occupation much more to their liking.

The rhododendron chiefly used as a stock for grafting, both here and in Europe, is not, as might be supposed, our native Catawbiense, rather the Ponticum, of Asiatic origin, — a rhododendron which, while as hardy, gives a more luxuriant growth, adapts itself more easily to the trammels of civilization, than the American variety. The Ponticum, it is to be hoped, has become reconciled to that state of life to which it has pleased Providence and the horticulturists to call it; in the rhododendron world it occupies the position of the "other half." The Catawbiense and maximum can take possession of the mountain sides from New York and Pennsylvania to the Carolinas, but the Ponticum, though it may blossom in its native Asia Minor, has never a chance of blossoming here, and in Europe it fares no better; three or four inches of stem below the graft is all that can be seen of it above ground; it appears not in nursery catalogues nor in horticultural exhibits; its identity is sunk in the graft; its energy is spent in making the abundant roots necessary to sustain the magnificence of the more aristocratic scion, while its only reward is the consciousness of virtue which, according to the old-fashioned primers, should be all-sufficient.

The grafting of rhododendrons is by no means the simple, offhand operation which answers the purpose with an apple tree, — a cleft in a branch, a twig of another sort inserted, and there an end of the matter, — not at all! They have the long period of helpless infancy so potent in human evolution. The Ponticum seedling must be three years old before it can be grafted, and not until five years after is it considered safe to trust a plant away from the fostering care of its nursery.

For all the coddling received, there is a large infant mortality during the first year after grafting. The stock, of course, does not die, but the scion does; and on lifting a sash from the greenhouse

benches and looking down on the little round heads of leaves, each one a plant, buried almost up to its neck in damp moss as with a blanket, one sees often a large proportion hopelessly brown and withered, especially among the rarer sorts, the finer colors. "These," said a Swiss horticulturist, who has passed his life among rhododendrons, "these are the aristocracy. They will not have great families of children, like the peasants. No, no! That is 'Charles Dickens,'" he added. "Ah, he is a fine one, but you will not get many grafts from him!" He moved a little farther down the greenhouse and again raised a sash that I might see more of the green-leaved "babies" in their blankets of moss. "And that is 'Mrs. Milner,'" he said, beaming through his spectacles in mother love as he bent over the infant rhododendrons; seeing in his mind the crimson blossoms with which some future June would crown each little head, as a fond mother sees a future President in the cradle. "Oh, the *dear* lady, the *dear* lady!" he breathed, with adoring emphasis.

Another day we sat grafting, or rather, he was grafting, making the clean, straight cuts of the practiced craftsman, and fitting the scions to the stocks with beautiful exactness, and I, ignominiously going through the form, inserting in aimless bits of wood scions too weak for the waste of a good stock. Very brown and unpromising are the seedling Ponticums as they stand on the bench, the green tops cut off, looking like so many dead sticks, each thrust in its ball of earth; but, however they may seem alike to the novice, it is a matter of vast importance to the scion that it be grafted on a strong stock. "If you will grow rhododendrons," said my friend, "it is necessary to trust in the Lord and have good stocks. That one is no good, — you can graft it," he added rather uncomplimentarily, handing me a ball of earth with a spindling, twisted stock protruding. We had been clearing the air — or clouding it —

with his usual quota of Kant and Schopenhauer. "The azalea is a lady," he remarked finally (having fixed Mr. Herbert Spencer to his satisfaction in undisputed possession of the philosophical field, and come back to matters nearer at hand). He paused, and deliberated over the selection of a stock which would best suit the scion of "Henry Probasco" he held in his hand, and then repeated, "The azalea is a lady. She has the prettiness, the gayety, the charm," he continued, emphasizing each attribute with the necessary cuts in the stock of his choice. "But the rhododendron is a gentleman; he is a fine fellow, and he knows it!" he finished, with a little grunt of satisfaction, for young "Henry Probasco" fitted exactly into the place made for him.

In grafting, as in surgical operations, aside from the strength of the patient, success depends upon the clean, quick cuts, the nice joining of the parts. The scion should fit perfectly into the place cut for it in the side of the stock, the bark touching, and the tying should be as accurate as the bandaging of a limb, — "just right," as the Herr Propagator says. "You must not strangle the little fellow, and you must not let the air come in; it should be just right." But the result — "art and nature thus allied" — is eminently satisfactory, and in later years it gives one a pleasant feeling of importance to see a fine plant and reflect that one has had a finger in its making.

Aside from the reproduction of fine varieties by grafting, new and valuable sorts are obtained, here as among other plants, by hybridizing, — a process which always requires patience, and with the rhododendrons an especial amount of that virtue. After transferring the pollen from one plant to the pistil of another, securing the seed and planting it, there is the tedious interval of three or four years, until the seedlings blossom, before it is possible to know if a new kind has been obtained. Then, when the desirable plant

has been selected, it will be another four years before it yields wood enough to graft a dozen plants.

Some valuable kinds owe their existence to the results of chance seedlings. The bees, by the way, who should do something in the matter of cross-fertilization, have a clever method of avoiding their duties. Instead of diving into the heart of each flower cup, dusting themselves with pollen, carrying away a load to be left on another blossom, and so earning the taste of sweet, the rascally fellows, in spite of their boasted industry, will have none of such a laborious process: they simply make from the outside a neat puncture at the base of each flower, which enables them to reach the nectar without the slightest inconvenience. At the end of June it is hard to find a white rhododendron bloom which has not some flowers bearing the tiny brown marks of the bees.

It is in June that the rhododendrons attain their preëminence. Just before them, heralding their approach, come the flaming Ghent azaleas, gay in the richest of oranges and yellows; even some of the pink varieties must needs have one orange petal, true Hollanders that they are! Then come the rhododendrons, claiming, challenging, demanding, absorbing attention in their imperious beauty, royal in scarlet and purple, delicate in mauve and lilac and crimson softening to pale rose tints. The plants crowded with blossoms, not one of the perfect flower heads has the slightest intention of being overlooked; its stiff dark leaves, set spike-wise, seem elbowing it into prominence. The rhododendron does not hide its light under a bushel.

In the nurseries, the fields are a riot of color. One could almost make rainbows among the rhododendrons and azaleas, lacking but blue and indigo to give the "seven proper colors chorded." The colors can be blended as well as "chorded;" thirty or forty varieties could be planted whose tints shade from one to the

other, until the vivid *atrosanguineum*, red as the oxheart cherry, blends imperceptibly into the white of *album elegans* with its faint blush on the half-opened petals, which, in its turn, when fully opened, the novice might easily mistake for *candidissimum*, unless he looked for the yellow centre which keeps it from attaining the white perfection.

It needs a practiced eye to distinguish the different varieties. The crimson magnificence of "*Henry Probasco*" is easily recognized by the crimped petals; *Kis-sena*, a pretty little dwarf, also adds these to the charms of its pale lavender blossoms. But the other varieties are not so conveniently marked: sometimes two kinds, almost alike in color, will differ in the time of opening; the tint of *giganteum*, for instance, one of the earliest of the red rhododendrons is nearly identical with that of the later beauty, *kettledrum*, which despite its brazen name comes in at the end of the procession. There are also differences in habit and character, unimportant perhaps to the casual observer, but lovingly noted by the horticulturist, to whom, as to a mother, each child has his individual perfections. My friend, the Herr Propagator, is aghast at the ignorance which confuses the English "*Mrs. Milner*," — whose flat leaves should enable any one to recognize it in the dark, — "*Mrs. Milner*," the comfortably inclined to breadth and *embonpoint*, with "*H. W. Sargent*," undeniably thin, and calls them both indifferently "red rhododendrons."

Very often the brilliant coloring is balanced by a slighter growth, with foliage not so abundant as in less striking varieties.

"Take care, nor wake the envy of the Gods,"

may be a warning for plants as it was for *Admetus*; but, however that may be, the opportunity is still open for some horticulturist to send his name down to posterity on a rhododendron which unites the color of "*Charles Bagley*" or

"Charles Dickens," vivid as the scarlet salvias, with the tall, luxuriant growth of grandiflorum.

Another sphere for the exercise of horticultural ambition is afforded by the *Rhododendron Dauricum*. This is an almost unknown deciduous variety, a curious half-breed, evidently a cross between a *rhododendron* and an *azalea*. The blossoms, of a pinkish lilac, are about as large as those of the *Azalea mollis*, and are borne before the leaves have even dreamed of coming out, appearing sometimes at the end of February, with a serene indifference to the thermometer, the calendar, and other niceties of plant usage. The *Dauricum* was sent over from England many years ago, where it now seems to be unobtainable. I know of but one plant in this country, and that has evidently a rooted objection to leaving that copy of itself which, as George Eliot says, the sonneteers of the sixteenth century deemed so necessary. Stock after stock has offered to sustain the scions in luxury, but the *Dauricum* still ignores the blandishments of horticulturists like a marble-hearted novel heroine.

The sturdy Americans, "General Grant" with its rose-colored blooms, and "Lincoln" of deeper tint, belong naturally to that group of most valiant *rhododendrons* which defy even Bar Harbor winters. The tall-growing *roseum superbum* and *candidissimum*; *grandiflorum*, one of the best varieties for American planting, tough as a New England pine, and in color on the border land between magenta and crimson, like the buds of the red French lilacs; *album grandiflorum*, white save for the touch of lavender on the buds; *purpureum crispum*, with its crimped petal elegance; the dwarf *Everestianum*, one of the strongest despite its fragile-looking blossoms, pale lilac with a hint of pink, are others of this goodly company. "Mrs. Milner" behaves like a heroine, bearing the severest winters with unruffled complacency; the holly-red bicolor, "Charles

Dickens," and "Sargent," all of English descent, acquit themselves nobly, and the Americans "Probasco" and "Dr. Torrey" are not behind them in courage. Wherever the mountain laurel, the *Catawbiense* or *maximum* has established itself, this group of cultivated *rhododendrons* can enter into the land and possess it, not the least disadvantaged by their higher education.

But here as elsewhere in nature it is impossible to draw a hard-and-fast line. There are dozens of varieties which merely suffer a little in an unusually severe winter, easily recovering themselves in the milder weather, perfectly hardy in any ordinary degree of cold, simply manifesting a distaste for the forefront of the battle. Among these are *Caractacus*, rather dwarf, but with vivid cerise blossoms, which capture the attention its low stature might miss; the taller *roseum luteum*, unique with its yellow centre; while the English variety, Lee's Dark Purple, always suffers severely; although luxuriant in foliage and richest of the *rhododendrons* in purple, —

"That color of popes,"

the American *purpureum elegans* and *purpureum splendidum*, though coming after it, are preferred before it; at the other extreme, straining horticultural tolerance to the utmost, are a few varieties which ought never to have tried the climate unless they could have adequate winter protection. Poor "Lady Cathcart" emerges in the spring in an exhausted, bedraggled condition, but manages to show a few of the pale pink blossoms with chocolate blotches which were intended to make quite a sensation.

When hardy varieties are planted, the *rhododendron* requires no unusual care. The peat, in which it flourishes in Holland and in some English nurseries, does not suit it at all under American skies; but otherwise it is no epicurean, being quite satisfied with ordinarily good garden soil (of course the richer, the better),

limestone being the only diet the roots positively refuse, and they will not tolerate the slightest admixture of it: therefore, whoever has the wicked thing in his midst must either remove the soil to the depth of two or three feet, and fill in with other, or else forego all hope of growing the rhododendron.

The wise gardeners try to discourage the reckless profusion with which the rhododendron brings out its blossoms by removing some of the buds, so that the plant, its duties thus lightened, can make better provision for the remaining buds, have larger, more beautiful flower heads, and improve its general health at the same time.

An enduring comfort to the grower of the rhododendron is its comparative freedom from insect pests; even the San José scale, the destruction of the gardens, the *bête noire* of tree and shrub, has no terror for it. Those insects which have courage enough to attack the stiff heavy leaves can inflict only a temporary disfigurement, not affecting the life of the plant in the least.

Through its very positiveness and luxuriance of color the rhododendron suffers as few shrubs do from inharmonious arrangement. I have the greatest respect for an excellent lady who not only planted with a proper regard for the various colorings, but had her house painted solely with the idea of setting off to best advantage a large "General Grant" which grew near it. Would that plants always received as much consideration! Landscape gardeners are often unfamiliar with the different sorts or careless about color schemes; men and women of culture and artistic sense, who would be sorely troubled by a lack of color harmony in their drawing-rooms, will yet maintain a serene indifference to the conflict on their lawns, where rhododendrons of clashing tints struggle for the supremacy. I have in mind a lawn which for ten successive Junes has been the dueling ground of two beautiful rhododen-

drons, — grandiflorum with its hint of magenta, and the clear wild-rose pink of roseum elegans. To enjoy is impossible. One can only complain with the old poet, —

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away!"

But, unfortunately, the suggestion is rarely effected. In many persons there exists a strange reluctance to move a plant once safe in Mother Earth, — very much the same feeling a schoolboy exhibits when asked to hold a baby; although there is nothing occult in either operation, and for the rhododendron there is only necessary an ordinary observance of times and seasons and a decent regard for the roots.

To be placed in an isolated group, stranded, as it were, in a green expanse of lawn, is a trying and unnatural situation for any shrub. The rhododendron endures this glaring publicity better than most of its fellow sufferers, aided, no doubt, by its natural lack of timidity; yet to be seen to best advantage it should be planted in masses against the green background of the forest trees, the brilliant colors craving the quiet shadow of the woods. Within the woods the blossoms lose their luxuriance, but at the edge, with the dark trees as a setting, they are at peace with themselves and all the world in their chosen environment.

It is not given to all the evergreens to grow old gracefully. Although the forest trees, the little Japanese conifers, the yew trees, and the box attain a picturesque old age, many of the "ornamentals" at twenty-five or thirty, instead of becoming patriarchal, simply begin to look rusty and unkempt; but a rhododendron of forty winters may have the graceful outline of a magnolia conspicua, and vie with the youngest of its brothers in the profusion of June splendor.

For many years the rhododendron made its way slowly. Hardiness is a virtue which must be above suspicion,

and the frailty of so many of the foreign sorts sadly injured the reputation of the stoutest English and American worthies. But the permanent and ever increasing beauty of the plant, the union of the rare coloring of the exotic with the hardihood of the wild species, the dominant char-

acter, the effectiveness, have had their reward, and in America the cultivated rhododendron has now come into its own, and is first in the garden aristocracy even as the wild rhododendron holds itself first among the shrubs in its mountain fastnesses.

Frances Duncan.

THE REBUILDING OF OLD COMMONWEALTHS.

I HAVE lately been to a neighborhood in one of the old Southern states that I knew twenty-five years ago. The railway station was then a flimsy shanty that the country merchant had himself built, in payment for the railroad's stopping its one daily passenger train if it were signaled. It stopped twice or thrice a week, and the passenger that got off or on felt himself a person with privileges. The one daily freight train stopped as seldom; and, when it stopped, it put off a box or a barrel for the merchant, but I think it never took anything on. Three families of importance lived near the railway station, and the little settlement dwindled down the muddy road to a dozen Negro shanties. All round about was a country population on small farms, and further away there were the wrecks of two old plantations.

In the neighborhood were a Methodist church and a Baptist church. "Mother," said a pious Methodist girl of eighteen, "is it impossible for an Episcopalian to be saved?" For still the circuit-riding preacher at "revival" times insisted that the grace of God fell short of saving them that danced and played cards. The young people and occasionally a hoary sinner went to the mourners' bench and were duly "converted." Then the community rested from disturbing questions of faith till the Baptist "revival" came and the Elder insisted on the necessity of immersion.

A bare shanty down the road was used for a schoolhouse. A young woman taught a dozen children for a dollar a month apiece till she was married. Then there was no school for two years. For a generation or two it had an intermittent life. A public school was kept for the very poor in a hut a mile away in the woods, for about six weeks a year. Life ran easy and life ran slow. Politics and religion, the crops and the promise of peaches, fox-hunting stories, and sometimes reminiscences of the war were the staples of conversation.

Two railways now run through the town, and you may take a sleeping-car on either and go to New York in twenty hours, whereas twenty years ago it was a journey, with several stops, of fifty or sixty hours, and there was no sleeping-car. The town has mills and shops, paved streets and electric lights, a well-maintained private school, and two public schools, one for whites and one for blacks. Society yet divides itself somewhat along theological lines; but the violence of religious controversy is abated, especially among the men, for they now discuss the price of certain stocks in New York. Even whist parties are held at the home of a woman of Baptist antecedents. The men have a wider range of activities, and the women have more clothes. The spread of well-being has been general. The intellectual life has been somewhat quickened, though it yet

shows its structural peculiarities. The people are becoming very like prosperous village-folk wherever they have been lifted, but not yet radically changed, by material prosperity. The well-trained reader of the *Atlantic Monthly* who is looking for a problem would now go to this town too late; for twenty or thirty years hence it will be (except for the presence of two races) very like half a thousand towns in the Middle West. It is true the people talk slowly and cut off their words; they read the worst newspapers in the world because they are "Democratic;" but they have not reached that degree of self-conscious cultivation at which society affects intellectual qualities that it has not attained. The people have a vast store of common sense. If they had better cooks, you would be content to live with them the rest of your life, for they give you good fellowship and they bestow the inestimable boon of leisure.

These good qualities of fellowship and leisure mark them off from the people of corresponding fortune and social gradation in other parts of the Union. These qualities are not an affectation nor a mere tradition. The villagers are not only demonstrative; they really care for one another in most affectionate ways. Helpfulness is not an act of conscience: it is an impulse. Hospitality is not a mere habit: it is a necessity of their natures. It was in a town like this that a plan was made to build a hotel; and when the leading citizen was asked to subscribe to stock in the hotel company, he replied, with a touch of indignation: "A hotel? What do you want with a hotel? Whenever a gentleman comes to town I entertain him; and if a man comes here who isn't a gentleman, let him go on." If you are a gentleman and go there, any man in the town will stop work for a day (or seem to stop it) to entertain you. His household will seem to move wholly with reference to your comfort and convenience; and every

man and woman you meet will be delighted to see you. They will frankly tell you so and show you that they mean it. You will come away with the feeling that, though you had before known hospitable individuals and families, you now know a town that had nothing to do but to entertain you.

I can never forget, or recall without a thrill of gratitude, the distinction that was paid me years ago when I went, almost as a stranger, on a professional errand, to a Southern city. I had been at the hotel less than an hour, when a gentleman whom I had not seen for twenty years called and took me to his home willy nilly. His beautiful children did their share in entertaining me, as if I had gone only to see them. I had a letter of introduction to a feeble old gentleman who lived nearly two miles away. I presented it, and he seemed overwhelmed with regret that he could not return my call, nor show me especial attention. During my visit, the venerable colored servant of this fine old man rode to the house of my host every morning at eight o'clock, and delivered this speech: "De Col'nel sent me to ax consarnin' Mr. Page's helf. He hopes he slep' well, an' feels refreshed dis mawnin'; and he 'spresses de hope dat you is all well." (God rest his soul, he disliked most ideas that I think sound, but he loved all men and women that are strong and lovely; and he was a gentleman.)

If you are determined to find a problem, you may reflect on this: how in the march of industrialism these qualities of hospitality and leisure may be retained in the habits of these people; and how they may be transplanted to corresponding towns in other parts of the Union. For the practice of kindness and of restfulness is not a trick, not a mere fashion or tradition: it is a quality of the blood, a touch of nature that would redeem the unlovely wastes of much more prosperous and better informed society.

A few months ago I rode for a hundred miles or more on the first railway that ran by the village that I have described, in the company of a man who has gradually amassed a fortune by the good management of a cotton mill. As we passed a dozen such towns, he said that he had always believed in the success of "our people." "They are as capable as any people under the sun, and are better neighbors than most; and I had no idea that I should ever live to see such a degree of financial prosperity as they have already reached." Then, after a long talk about the growth of these communities, he remarked, "Schools, schools, schools of the right sort — that is what we need."

But in the country, only a few miles from almost any of these towns, men and women live and think as men and women did fifty years ago, or eighty years, or even a hundred. The farmers have more money than their grandfathers had, but the general structure of their life is the same, — a dull succession of the seasons where agriculture is practiced in old-fashioned ways, where weary housewives show resignation rather than contentment, and where ignorance has become satisfied with itself. The country is somewhat more densely populated than it was twenty years ago, but the growth of population suggests only a denser stagnation.

These men and women are not poor, that is, they do not feel poor. They have a civilization of their own of which they are proud. They have for a hundred years been told to be proud of it. The politicians have told them that they are the best people on earth, that the state they live in is the most important in the Union, that the ideas they stand for are the bulwarks of our liberties. Do they not own land? Are they not independent? What more could men ask? One in five is illiterate. But what matter? Some of the illiterate are more successful than some others that can read.

What does it profit a man, then, to read? They have a self-satisfied personal dignity that prevents near approach. If you propose to change a law or a custom, or are suspected of such a wish, or if you come with a new idea, the burden of proving its value rests on you. What they are they regard as the normal state of human society. If you would change it or them, you are under suspicion as a disorganizer of social life. There was talk in one household, I recall, about the possibility that the son of one of the more prosperous men in the neighborhood might go away to study medicine. "I don't see the use," said the father. "We've got two doctors nigh enough, and there ain't no room for a third." The preacher, too, has hardened their self-contentment, especially the self-contentment of the women. A profession of faith after "conversion" prepares them for the life to come, and breeds an indifference to the transitory inconveniences of the life that is.

A country schoolmaster in this region told me last year (truly enough) that the ability to read was not a good test even of a man's intelligence, to say nothing of his character. "Why, do you know," said he, "how many of the Confederate soldiers were illiterate? Yet they were the best soldiers that ever went to war."

"Suppose they had all been trained, — trained to some useful occupation, — some as geologists, some as miners, some as machinists, some as shipwrights, some as gun-makers. The iron in Alabama, the wood and coal near by, would these not have been utilized in war?"

"Utilized? We'd 'ave whipped the Yankees — shore!"

"What would you think of schools where men should now be trained to occupations, schools here in this neighborhood, to make ploughs, wagons, furniture, everything useful?"

"That'd be a mighty good thing; but it ain't education."

There is a considerable variety of social conditions in these rural communities, as everywhere else. Near one home, where both children and grandchildren are illegitimate, is the residence of a man who holds his land by direct descent in his family from a colonial grant, and whose sons are successful lawyers and preachers and physicians in four states. A good many youth go to the towns and find wider opportunities. From this same neighborhood a youth went to New York, and he is now a rich merchant; another went to college by his own exertions, and he is an electrical engineer in a great manufacturing city; another is a partner in a factory in New England; another is a judge in Oregon. The most ambitious are those who go away; and the general level of life seems as low as it was generations ago. The emigration from the older Southern states has been enormous.

Three influences have held the social structure stationary: first slavery, which pickled all Southern life and left it just as it found it; then the politician, and the preacher. One has for a hundred years proclaimed the present social state as the ideal condition; and, if any has doubted this declaration, the other has told him that this life counts for little at best. Thus gagged and bound, Southern rural society has remained stationary longer than English-speaking people have remained stationary anywhere else in the world. It is a state of life that keeps permanently the qualities of the frontier civilization long after the frontier has receded and been forgotten. The feeling that you bring away with you is a feeling that something has intervened to hold these people back from their natural development. They have a capacity that far outruns their achievement. They are citizens of an earlier time and of a narrower world, who have not had the development that a democracy implies. The cue to a proper understanding of them is the historic fact that they are a capable people whose

growth, when democracy began to develop men, was interrupted.

The familiar classification of the Southern people as "gentlemen" and "poor whites" is misleading. The number of the large landed proprietors and of large slaveholders has been greatly exaggerated by tradition. Smaller, too, than is thought is the class that may properly be called "white trash" or "buckra." The great mass of these country people came of sturdy English and Scotch-Irish stock, and they are very like the country population that settled the other states eighty years ago. They are not poorer nor "trashier" than the rural population of New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, or New York, or New England were several generations ago, or than they now are in certain remote regions.

If the rural parts of New York, or of New Jersey, or of Pennsylvania were to-day depopulated, and all the machinery of the present civilization were removed, and if to-morrow the population of eighty years ago were to reappear just as it was, this would be a community very like these Southern communities. What an interesting field for sociological experiment such a reappearance of a part of the past would present! Peddlers and missionaries and reorganizers of social life would overwhelm their "contemporary ancestors." It would be a pleasure to help them forward in a decade or two as far as their descendants traveled in eighty years, but it would not be an easy task. After many impatient efforts we should learn the wisdom of trying to find out their point of view, and of contenting ourselves with gently helping them to advance in their own way, even if they came slowly and seemed stupid. Teaching one's ancestors is at best a difficult undertaking; for it is not the same task as teaching one's descendants. What a lot of disappointing effort this generation might have saved if it had known this simple truth somewhat sooner!

Although the new Southern towns are coming to be very like towns elsewhere, there are others where nothing changes. I described such a community in the *Atlantic Monthly* twenty-one years ago. It is now as it was then, except that the old lord of the community is dead, his plantation has been divided, and his "mansion" has gone to decay. Nothing has happened there these twenty years, and the old town has reached that mellow stage of neglect wherein an historical novelist has lately found it a fit scene for a colonial romance. I know another such town where it would be a privilege to die, so quiet is its mild and contented life, so dignified the houses and the trees, and so peaceful the half-neglected gardens. You are aware only of an invitation to repose. When a route for a railway was run through a college town very like this, half a century or more ago, there was great excitement. A railway? Never! It would jar the dignity of the community and corrupt the morals of youth. It was deflected, therefore; and, after thirty years of jolting hacks over bad roads, the people had to build a branch railway. But even then they would not permit a locomotive nearer than a mile. The railway, therefore, ended in an old field, and the same hacks yet have their share of work to do.

I recently visited a college town contemporary with this. There amid the queer architecture of the old buildings, under elms and oaks that give acres of shade, — trees some of which were planted by great men with proper ceremonies, — generation after generation of youth has absorbed a little learning and much patriotism. The young men you meet are serious and mature in manner, earnest fellows who have already dedicated themselves to the state; for the state is greater than the nation. It was in this academic circle, more than a decade ago, that I asked a member of the faculty why he attended a particular church, for I knew that he had for many

years been an "adherent" of another sect and a believer in none. "I throw beef to the lion," said he. "The sectarian representation in this faculty must be evenly balanced; and by this adjustment I belong to the church that I attend." He unlocked a door in his library and took out a handful of books, Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, a volume of Renan, and two or three others. "These I keep under lock and key."

It was in this college town that I went to rest last winter. My memory will suffer palsy before I forget the unchanging charm of that academic circle of eighteenth-century life; for it is as it was before anything was that now is. The succession of generations is an incident; the coming of men from other states and other lands, — it is they that soon change, not this circle into which they come. Tradition is king here, and there is no other. You would wear his livery yourself, within an hour after you entered his kingdom; and you would feel at home, as you would feel at home if you could visit your ancestors from whom you so reprehensibly strayed away into your own generation.

When the play of general conversation had ended, one evening, and the talk had settled down to a specific topic, this was the topic, — the lack of freedom of speech in the community. Of course there was in that company absolute freedom of speech. We had been talking about "radical" opinions, especially on theological subjects, or on the race relation. "I should not dare," said one professor, "to say in public, in my lecture-room, or in print, a single thing that I have said here."

"Why?"

"I should be dismissed."

"Do the men who hold the power of dismissal *all* count your opinions a crime?"

"Why, not one of them. They all agree with me. There is no difference

of private opinion. I can discuss anything with them in private. But they could not withstand the public indignation of the press."

"This is the more remarkable," another said, with a laugh, "because the editor of the most important newspaper in this quarter of the world holds more 'radical' opinions than any other man I know. But he has to serve the public."

"Who is the public?"

"The Democratic platform, the Daughters of the Confederacy, old General So-and-So, and the Presbyterian creed," said one.

"And the farmers who vote, whether they can read or not," added another.

As for the editor of the powerful newspaper, I knew that a year before he had sought an engagement in New York in order "to get out of the realm that is ruled by the dead."

It is in the rural regions and in such a circle of the old academic society that you come upon the Southern problem — that unyielding stability of opinion which gives a feeling of despair, the very antithesis of social growth and of social mobility. "Everything lies here where it fell," said a village philosopher in speaking of this temper. "There are the same rocks in the road that were there before the war."

To illustrate: one morning I went, in just such a town, to a school for Negroes where I heard a very black boy translate and construe a passage of Xenophon. His teacher also was a full-blooded Negro. It happened that I went straight from the school to a club where I encountered a group of gentlemen discussing the limitations of the African mind. "Teach 'em Greek!" said old Judge So-and-So. "Now a nigger could learn the Greek alphabet by rote, but he could never intelligently construe a passage from any Greek writer — impossible!" I told him what I had just heard. "Read it? understood

it? was black? a black man teaching him? I beg your pardon, but do you read Greek yourself?"

"Sir," said he at last, "I do not for a moment doubt your word. I know you think the nigger read Greek; but, even if you knew your Xenophon by heart, I should say that you were deceived. I should n't believe it if I saw it with my own eyes and heard it with my own ears."

Such are the baffling facts of a sparse population and of a self-satisfied life that lingers past its day. Do they give reason for despair? The problem is the most important that has been presented in our national history. It is not the education of a few millions of neglected persons, it is not the modernizing of a few picturesque institutions, least of all is it the task of imposing on these people a civilization that has been developed elsewhere (for this would be a fool's errand indeed, and in no way desirable if it were possible); but the larger problem is this: Since democracy means constant social growth and social mobility, is Southern life becoming democratic, or is it remaining stable, or going back to an essentially aristocratic structure? Are forces inside it asserting themselves that give promise of shaping this life in line with democratic growth? Or are the native forces reactionary? Is democracy there at last to be a failure? Is it equal to the task of assimilating the master and the freed race? There are thoughtful men who frankly deny the possibility of such a complete conquest by the democratic idea. I quote one such — a man of learning if not of wisdom — who wrote this memorandum for me while we sat last winter under the Christmas mistletoe in a venerable South Carolina "mansion:"

"The dominant elements of society in the two sections of the country were different from the beginning. Slavery did not make the difference, it only em-

phasized it. The unconscious aims and ideals of the two peoples diverged. The abolition of slavery was a matter of force. So also was the suppression of secession. But these events did not change the essential character of the people. Superficially they are now one. But forty years are as nothing in the life of a people, nor fifty years, nor a hundred. The South is to-day further from a willing acceptance of really democratic ideals than it was twenty years ago. The growth of such an organization as the Daughters of the Confederacy, the increasing celebration of the heroism of the Confederate soldier, the silent unwillingness of white men to tax themselves to educate the Negro, the instinctive denial to the Negro of any real standing in the most important matters of life,—these things seem to me to point to a different genius, a different tendency, a different ideal, even a different necessity. How the divergence will work itself out, I do not know; but a century hence the South will be, in the essence of its civilization, further from the North than it now is. No outward forms of government can make two different peoples the same."

In another old home in Cambridge, Mass., four years ago, another man of much learning, but also of little wisdom, told me that he had always regarded Southerners as foreigners. "There's a difference that I think is radical," said he. "The South will never look at life from a democratic point of view." In recent years I have heard this opinion from thoughtful men only in South Carolina and in Massachusetts, and only in academic circles.

Such statements strip the question of all side issues and of all temporary aspects. It is true that the same laws may not mean the same thing to North and South (as the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution does not); it is true that forty years of missionary effort among the Negroes is but an exte-

rior force. With all that it has done, it has not radically changed the Negro's place in the community. It is true that no exterior or temporary influence counts for much; and the hereditary "essence of a civilization" is everything. No man of thought has ever regarded laws enacted at Washington against the consent of the Southern people as a primary force in shaping their life, nor outside aid to education or to anything else as revolutionary if it ran counter to the native "genius;" preaching is of no avail; almsgiving is an estranging force; in a word, if Southern life have not in it the seed and the necessity of a true democratic development, then a democratic order of life cannot be thrust upon it, and it were useless to try.

But if I have interpreted our national development aright, and if I know the history of the people of the Southern commonwealths (which to the obscuring of the whole large matter remains unwritten), my friends from whom I have quoted have made a radical misinterpretation of all the large facts and of the dominant tendencies of the Southern masses. It is a question of what are the incidental forces and what are the dominant, inherent forces of the people's life and character. The large truth is (and for one I see it more clearly every year in the South) that there is no undemocratic fact in the history of the Southern people that is not directly accounted for by slavery and by the results of slavery. The most conspicuous institutional results were the political machines that were built, first by one political party and then by the other, on the race difference, and the ecclesiastical machines that are the direct result of popular ignorance and isolation. The country people that I have described are passionate democrats, men of the ideal temperament to make free commonwealths. The very strongest impulse of Southern character is patriotic and democratic. The apparently contrary tendencies are clearly

the results of an arrested development. So strongly have I been impressed with the democratic quality of Southern character that I believe, if a democracy existed nowhere in the world, Southern life would now soon evolve a democratic order of society, perhaps even of a radical type. The adaptation of the whites to the Negro as a freedman and as a citizen (in spite of the restrictions of Negro suffrage) and the gradual acceptance of him as a member of the state are stronger proofs of an inherent democratic tendency than English-speaking men have elsewhere shown.

These old commonwealths were stopped in their development by slavery, and by war, and by the double burden of a sparse population and an ignorant alien race. When the weight of these burdens is considered, the progress made these thirty years in democratic development is without parallel in our history. The present backwardness of rural communities and of old academic and aristocratic circles is but a picturesque reminder of the distance we have traveled. Descriptions of these may entertain us, as the charm of the obsolete appeals to all cultivated minds, but they give no hint, except by contrast, of the real forces of the period in which we live. The work that is going on now in the upland South in particular is a process of conscious and natural state-building, constructive at every important step. Reactionary influences have been respectable, but they are now spent impulses.

There are two great constructive forces: the first is industry, which has already put the essential power in the hands of a class of men that give mobility to social life and opportunity to them that can take it. This industrial development would finally work out the inherent democratic tendency of the people, if no other force were brought into play. The danger is that industrial activity may deal too rudely with the gentleness and dignity of the old-time life,

and do violence to its genius for leisure and its imaginative quality.

The other native force that frankly recognizes the arrested development of the people and is taking hold of the problem of their natural growth is the new impulse in public education. It is this that I wish to emphasize. This is native; this is instinctive; this is nothing different from Jefferson's creed and plan. It has been long in gathering force, but it is now so strong that its recent manifestation may fairly be called a new chapter in our national history. In the presence of this revolutionary force, doubt about the democratic "essence" of Southern civilization falls away. Beside this, all other influences except the forward push of industrial life count for nothing. The response that the people make to their own leaders proves their "democratic genius" and their instinctive recognition of institutions that fit their needs.

Formal education has been going on in the South these thirty years, with increasing efficiency in the cities and the large towns and at the colleges. There are communities in which the whole attitude toward contemporary problems has been changed by the influence of the schools. But it is not of town life, nor of higher education, that I now write. I write rather of that new impulse toward the right training of the neglected masses that is a larger matter than schoolroom work, or academic or professional training, — of the subject as it affects the direction of the whole people's development. From this point of view a dozen or two colleges count for little, however excellent they may be; and life in the cities is, in a sense, of secondary importance, because the cities are few and the wide stretches of rural life are almost immeasurable.

The situation is discouraging enough, Heaven knows. In the ten *cis-Mississippi* Southern states, the proportion of illiterate white voters is as large as it

was in 1850; and the public schools in these states now give "five cents' worth of education per child per day for only eighty-seven days a year." This is to say, the total expenditure on the public schools is five cents a school-day per pupil, and they are kept open an average of only eighty-seven days a year. But it is precisely because the situation is so bad that it is becoming so hopeful. Schools of this sort are little better than none. The people do not care for them. The stolidity of ignorance cannot be overcome by any such perfunctory attack. The leaders of the best Southern opinion have come to recognize this truth, and they have begun work in a new way. They have discovered that the schools must do something more than teach the three R's, for a people without diversified occupations and without training do not care for the three R's, nor do the three R's profit them greatly. An idle and unproductive man is no less useless because he can read and write.

It was this fundamental fact that General Armstrong saw when he worked out the system of training toward occupations at Hampton Institute for the Negroes; and it is this fundamental fact that the present leaders of popular education in the Southern states now understand. They are training hand and mind together. The experience in every rural community where a school of this kind has been established is that the people who cared nothing for what they once called "education" are so eager for this training that they will make any sacrifice to obtain it. Herein is the beginning of a complete change in the neglected wastes of Southern village and rural life. Here, too, is proof that the people are not "in the essence of their civilization" different from the people of the other parts of the country. The "way out" has been found. The problem that the South now presents has at last become so plain that thoughtful men no longer differ about it. It is no

longer obscured by race differences nor by political differences. It is simply the training of the untrained masses. As slavery and war and an isolated life arrested their development and held them in a fixed social condition, so the proper training of them to helpful occupations will release them to usefulness in a democracy.

The new movement is revolutionary for another reason. The old notion of education was that it meant the training of a few. It is now understood that a few cannot be profitably educated unless all are trained. The failure to educate the masses has sometimes brought tragic results to the educated. There was a man, for instance, in an old Southern town who became a famous scholar in the law, and I suppose that he was a man of very unusual learning. He became a judge, and he was regarded as the foremost jurist in his state. But his income hardly kept his library replenished. He lived in respectable want, and died without making provision for his family. His son also was trained to the law; and, since the family felt it a sort of sacred duty that he should remain where he was born, his practice, too, was so small that he became discouraged, and his career was a failure. The daughter sold the family mansion to pay the family debts. "But," as one of her neighbors said, "she is the first happy and independent member of that family." She teaches woodwork in the public school, and is training her nephews to scientific agriculture.

The men and the women of both races who are leading this great popular movement work with an inspiration that puts conventional teachers to shame. For example, a young agricultural chemist several years ago began with enthusiasm a campaign of education among the farmers. He put much faith in bulletins and leaflets, which were sent broadcast. "I soon found out," said he, "that sending out literature did little good so long as many farmers could not read and many

more would not." He left his laboratory and became an educational statesman (that is the right word), and there are few men in America whose influence in building up the people is now greater than his. Out of a comparatively small acquaintance, I know many similar experiences. A well-trained preacher, for instance, who has had much to do with the administration of the churches of his sect in rural regions, lately gave up his work and became a superintendent of schools. "Till the country people are educated," said he, "church work will not stick. It has to be done over every few years."

Any one who knows the work that such men are doing could fill these pages with a bare catalogue of heroic deeds — deeds like these for examples: The principal of a school for training white teachers proposed to his faculty that they give a part of their salaries, which were meagre to the edge of poverty, to erect a new building for the school. Not one demurred. The building was put up, but there is yet not room enough for the self-supporting students that apply for admission; and twelve teachers have only four recitation rooms. They are occupied almost every hour of the day. Yet no sooner had the winter vacation come than the principal himself hurried to Hampton Institute to study its method of teaching handicrafts, and half the faculty went to New York to hear lectures at the Teachers' College. A vacation does not suggest rest to them, but opportunity to equip themselves better. From the same institution a man went, as soon as his vacation began, to organize a model school in a village of two hundred people. They had collected \$1000. He secured \$500 from some other source. The building was opened, and every white parent in the neighborhood went to the dedication of it. The children are now taught in garden, in kitchen, and in workshop as well as in the school-room.

Educational work in these states is, therefore, something more than the teaching of youth: it is the building of a new social order. The far-reaching quality of the work that these energetic men are doing lifts them out of the ranks of mere schoolmasters and puts them on the level of constructive statesmen. They are the servants of democracy in a sense that no other public servants now are, for they are the rebuilders of old commonwealths.

I have purposely written nothing about the race relation; for, as fast as this kind of training takes hold of the people, race friction has a tendency to disappear. The Negro, himself at once the beneficiary and the victim of slavery, yet holds the rural white man, who was its victim and not its beneficiary, in economic bondage; and he is himself also in economic bondage, and in bondage likewise to the ignorant white man's race feeling. The white man has held the Negro back, the Negro has held the white man back, and dead men have ruled them both, only because they were both untrained or mistrained.

Any man who has the privilege to contribute even so small a thing as applause to this great movement feels the thrill of this state-building work so strongly that he is likely to care little for such tame exercise as historical speculation. Yet it would be interesting to speculate on the effects of Jefferson's plan for public education if it had been carried out. Would the public schools not have prevented the growth of slavery? True, public schools and slavery, as well as most other human institutions, are the results of economic forces; but, if the masses of the Southern population had been educated, or trained to work, a stronger economic impetus might have been given to diversified pursuits than cotton culture gave to slavery, and the whole course of our history might thus have been changed. But, whatever might

have been the results of Jefferson's educational policy if it had been worked out in Virginia, the development of Southern life in the next hundred years will be determined by the success with which it shall now be worked out. The nature of the problem is clear. The work will be slow, and the recovery from these last effects of slavery may require as long a time as it required to get rid of slavery itself; but of the ultimate result no man who can distinguish dominant forces from incidental forces can have a doubt.

The Southern people were deflected

from their natural development. They are the purest American stock we have. They are as capable as any part of our population. They are now slowly but surely working out their own destiny; and that destiny is a democratic order of society which will be a rich contribution to the republic that their ancestors took so large a part in establishing. Underdeveloped resources of American life lie in these great rural stretches of neglected humanity as yet almost unknown. The foremost patriotic duty of our time is to hasten its development.

Walter H. Page.

THREE CHANCES.

I.

PATIENCE JOY was hanging out the clothes in the side yard and singing, "Guide me, O, Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land." The scent of the lilacs by the fence came to her, fresh and sweet, and fallen cherry blossoms flecked the grass under her feet. Overhead masses of white clouds drifted by.

"I am weak, but Thou art mighty. Hold me with Thy powerful hand." She lifted a big sheet from the basket and tossed it across the line, straightening it on each side with swift, decisive touch. "Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven" — The song came thoughtfully. She was examining the hem of the sheet, rubbing it between her big hands to remove the suggestion of a shadow along the edge. "Feed me t-i-i-l-l I wa-a-n-t no more." She finished triumphantly, dropping the sheet and bending again to the basket.

The words floated in at the window of the little house across the yard. Old Mrs. Joy, sitting bolt upright against the pillows, looked out with a half smile on

her pinched-up, querulous face. Her sloping shoulders bent a little forward, and her thin fingers, knotted at the joints, rested impatiently on the patchwork quilt. She had been the village tailoress. It was ten years since she had given up tailoring and taken to her bed to die of consumption.

Patience did the village tailoring now. On Mondays she washed. Tuesdays she went out tailoring. Wednesdays she ironed. Thursdays and Fridays she went out tailoring again. And Saturdays she baked. To-day was Monday. "Open Thou the crystal fountain" —

A young man, passing along outside the fence, stopped and hesitated. "Whence the healing streams do flow — Good-morning, Ethan." The fresh, joyous face emerged from behind the clothes.

The young man smiled. He pushed his hat farther back on his head. "Morning, Patience."

"How's your mother?" She was coming toward the fence with long, easy steps.

"Tolabul. How's yourn?"

"Pretty good. She did n't rest very well last night."

They waited in silence.

"Getting your wash out?" He nodded affably toward the flapping lines.

"I'm 'most done." A shyness had settled on the big figure. "Can't you stop, Ethan?" She glanced toward the gate.

His glance followed indifferently. "Guess not. I'm goin' an erran' for mother. The old gray hen's a-settin'. I'm goin' down to Pride's for eggs."

"Oh!" The girl's face had shadowed a little.

The young man regarded the white clouds. He had clear, pink cheeks, and his hair curled closely. His big mouth had something of the look of conceit, touched with a kind of boyish sweetness.

"Say — Patience" —

She glanced at him slowly.

He had looked down from the clouds. "I've been thinking about something quite awhile."

Her face lighted. "Have you?"

He nodded. His eyes followed an oriole in its flaming, dipping flight across the yard to the elm tree over the front door. "I'm kind o' 'fraid mother won't like it," he said slowly.

She was looking at him thoughtfully. "Maybe not." She gave a little sigh. Her eyes rested on the oriole swinging on the long branch of the elm. Its half-built nest was close by.

"She'd ought to be willing," he said more stoutly. "I'm twenty-four."

"Yes." The word was scarcely breathed. She had raised her eyes to his face and was regarding him.

He returned the look absently, the smile on his full lips deepening. "I'm thinkin' about sayin' it to-day," he said tentatively.

She flushed and looked away. Her big face had a softened touch. It was not unlike that of a finely bred horse, with its long lines and the look of gentle intelligence. The gray eyes were clear wells of light. They turned toward him steadily. "I would," she said.

"I reckon I will," he responded. He half turned away. "Well, I must be goin'."

She stared at him. Her lips had parted, incredulous. "Can't you stop?" she faltered.

He smiled amiably. "Guess not. Esther'll be washin' too. I might lose my chance if I stopped." He spoke with boyish condescension. His hands grasped the top of two pickets and pulled at them in half embarrassment.

She was looking intently at the swaying clothes, a baffled question in her face.

"She's a nice girl," remarked Ethan, loath to drop the subject.

She nodded sharply. The color had left her face.

"If mother don't like Esther Pride, there ain't anybody she *will* like," he continued, with a swift pull at the pickets.

She was looking away.

"Don't you think so, Patience?"

"Yes — I — think — so." The words came slowly.

He smiled complacently. "I knew you would. You know mother's well as I do. She won't like anybody comin' in and upsettin' her so — and upsettin' her ways." He scowled at the pickets.

"No."

"An' Esther's got ways of her own." He lifted his face. It wore a proud, boyish smile. "Say, Patience, could n't you kind o' talk to mother?"

"About what?" She was not looking at him.

"'Bout Esther — you know" —

"Yes?"

"How handsome she is and" — He broke off sharply, looking at the half smile on her lips. "No, that won't do," he said hastily. He paused, a perplexed look in his face. It gave way to light. "Tell her something yourself, Patience. You always say good things to her." He spoke with relief.

"Very well," she said gently. She was turning back to the clothes.

"Good-by, Patience."

"Good-by, Ethan."

He walked down the road, his head erect, whistling with careless ease.

She lifted the empty basket and turned toward the house. In the soft gloom of the woodshed she paused, looking about her vaguely. The gray wells were filled to the brim. They stared at the side of the shed. The sob that rose to her lips was changed, with a shake of the big figure, to a quick, harsh breath. She bent over the tub, swirling the water swiftly under her hand and dipping it into the pail by the bench.

A querulous voice reached the shed: "Patience! Patience!"

She lifted her head, a fine light glowing in her eyes. "Yes, mother! Coming, mother!" she called cheerily.

She hastened across the sitting room to the big bedroom. The old face was turned impatiently to the door. "Wa'n't that Ethan?" she demanded sharply.

The girl came across and changed the pillows. "Yes, mother." The flushed face was hidden.

"I thought so." The shrunken chest breathed complacently. "What'd he hev to say?"

"Nothing."

Her mother peered at her sharply. "What'd he come for?"

"He was just going by." The voice was careless.

"Umph!" She drew the little three-cornered shawl more closely about her shoulders. "Ain't you 'most done?" she asked, with a tired look.

"I was just emptying the tubs when you called," replied the girl. "I'll finish 'em, and then I'll bring the potatoes in here to peel."

"It's turrible lonesome," said her mother rigidly. "'Taint 's if I could sew or do anything to take up my mind." She glanced down at the knotted fingers.

"No, mother. It's real hard. Everybody knows it's hard," responded Patience soothingly. "I'll be right back."

She went swiftly from the room. Pre-

sently her voice ascended from the cool cellar, as she bent over the potato barrel, "*Let the fiery, cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through.*"

The mother's sharp eyes softened. They looked up as Patience stood in the door, the pan of potatoes in her hand.

"Take your chair and set right there by the window where you can see what's going on and tell me 'bout it," she said.

II.

"That you, Patience?" The voice had a note of hopeful fretfulness.

The girl crossed the sitting room and hung her hat on the nail behind the door before she turned toward the bedroom. Her face had a tired look, but the eyes were serene. They smiled at the twisted old face turned toward her.

"How you feeling, mother?" she asked gently, coming to the bed.

The old eyes brushed the question aside. "What'd you talk about?" she demanded.

The girl stood, with an absent look, rearranging the things on the little stand at the head of the bed. "I don't know," she said slowly.

Her mother, who had sunk back on the pillows with an air of expectancy, bristled anew.

"You must 'a' talked about something!" she said sharply. "You could n't 'a' set dumb all day."

Patience smiled vaguely. "No," she admitted, "there was a good deal o' talk, — one kind and another. You lie still, mother, I'll think of it, — a little at a time."

The old lady was leaning forward, as if to extract some scrap of news by sheer intensity. She clicked in her throat, softly and inarticulately. "What'd you sew?" she asked suggestively.

"I begun a coat for Deacon Toll."

"New?" The question was flung in swiftly.

Patience nodded. "Kind of a mo-hair, for summer. Gray," she added.

Her mother waited and simmered.

"And I cut a pair of pants for Johnnie, out of an old pair of the deacon's."

"Black?"

"No-o, — sort of slate-blue."

The old face gleamed with recognition. "Ain't them pants wore out yet? He must 'a' had 'em ten — twelve — fifteen years" — She nodded triumphantly. "It 'll be fifteen, come next fall, he got that cloth. He got it down to Taunton, and I made 'em up along in the winter, — the winter you was five. You was wearing that red plaid of mine made over. You use' to go out with me some then. You went to Deacon Tolles' two-three days along that time. Don't you remember, Patience?"

"I don't seem to remember," replied Patience slowly. She had gathered up the cup and plates with the remnants of dinner on them, and stood ready to go. "I 'll get supper right off, mother. You must be hungry," she said.

The old eyes followed her from the room. They did not leave the doorway until she reappeared in it, bearing the old-fashioned tray, with its teapot and cups and plates for two, and a dish of steaming hash in the middle. She placed the tray on the stand and drew up her chair beside it, looking over the tray a little absently and anxiously, as if she might have forgotten something.

"It's all there, Patience," said the old lady. "Now you can tell 'bout things." She sipped swiftly at the hot tea.

Patience smiled. "The deacon's got a new horse," she said.

Her mother grasped the morsel and chewed it eagerly. When it was disposed of, down to the last shred of buying and selling and keep, Patience produced another bit of news, and the supper flowed placidly on. When it was finished, she carried away the tray and washed the dishes, and sprinkled the clothes for the

next day's ironing, moving deftly about the kitchen. But the old woman, listening from the bedroom, her mind browsing happily on the scraps of news, caught no snatches of song.

She looked up, a little curiously, when the quiet face reappeared. "You sure you told me all the news the' was, Patience?"

The girl crossed to the window and sat down in the low chair. Her face was turned away from the light. The scent of wet lilacs by the fence came to her. "I did n't tell you 'bout Esther Pride, did I?" she asked slowly, as if in doubt.

Her mother sat upright. "You did n't say a word," she said quickly.

"They say she's going to be married."

"Who to?" The words flew at her.

"To Ethan Judson."

The old lady sank back, with a little pant. "Well!" she said sharply.

Patience made no response.

"I don't believe it," said her mother. She was sitting upright again.

"I guess it's so," said Patience. She spoke wearily, but without interest. "Esther's mother told Mis' Stebbins yesterday, and her husband told the deacon when he was coming by last night, and he told Mis' Toll, and she told me." She dwelt slowly on each detail before she added the next one.

Her mother eyed her sharply. "His mother 'll cut up dretful," she said, with decision.

Patience shook her head, smiling. "She don't seem to mind it," she said.

"How do you know?"

"I stopped there a minute, coming by."

"You never told me!" ejaculated her mother.

"I had n't got to it," responded Patience. "I'd been telling you about the deacon's. She seemed to think she'd like her pretty well," added Patience tentatively.

"Well," sniffed her mother, "she won't. What'd she say about it?" she asked curiously.

Patience hesitated. "We talked about what a good housekeeper Esther is, and about her new bonnet, and about what a good hand she is in sickness. I guess she's going to like her first rate," she reiterated slowly.

Her mother looked at her. "Was Ethan there?" she asked.

A faint flush came into the girl's face; but it remained a serene blur against the twilight. "He was down to Esther's," she said.

Old Mrs. Joy sniffed again. "Well, I can tell 'em one thing. When Mis' Judson and Esther Pride pull together, they'll both be a good deal older than they be now, or one of 'em'll be dead." She drew the three-cornered shawl virtuously around her shoulders. "Git a light, Patience: we'll read a chapter and have prayers and go to bed," she said gently. "It's time you was restin'."

III.

"I do' know *what* to call him," said Ethan lugubriously. He sat on the lower step, chewing a bit of woodbine in his front teeth. "Mother wanted him called 'Lisha,' after father, and Esther was possessed to have him called 'John,' after *her* father, and I do' know *what* to call him." He spit out the bit of woodbine and straightened himself, looking appealingly at Patience.

She sat just inside the porch, rocking back and forth in her low chair. She was crocheting a piece of edging. She counted the stitches in a new scallop before she looked up.

Old Mrs. Joy had proved a true prophet. Esther Pride and Mis' Judson had not got on well together. When, after a year of futile bickering and jealousy, a son was born to the young people, old Mis' Judson had seized the

opportunity to clean the house from garret to cellar and rearrange things in their old places without let or hindrance. It was the middle of March. The wind wailed fiercely at open windows and doors. But she worked in feverish haste, and chuckled grimly as each carpet and chest of drawers and bedstead was reinstalled in its wonted spot. Not till every chair was in place did she succumb to the pain that griped at her chest and go to bed.

The attack was swift and sure. The fever ran high. In less than a week old Mis' Judson had passed where bureaus and chairs and bedquilts rack no more. The fever crept across the hall. The young mother, with the baby at her breast, fought defiantly and bravely till the last fluttering breath; and her spirit too slipped over the border into the unknown.

"I do' know *what* to call him," repeated Ethan helplessly. He leaned over and broke off a new bit of woodbine from the latticework above them.

Patience looked up from the scallop, smiling gently. "What do you want to call him?" she asked.

"I do' know," responded Ethan, without light. "I like 'Lisha' and I like 'John.' But I can't call him both on 'em." He sighed heavily.

"Why not?"

He paused, with open mouth, and pushed his hat farther back on a troubled brow. "They don' do it, ever," he said dubiously.

"You could."

"Ye-s-s." He chewed meditatively on the woodbine. "It's terrible hard to say, — John 'Lisha!" His thick tongue coiled laboriously at the word.

"'Lisha John," said Patience smoothly.

He stared at her admiringly. "'Lisha John, — 'Lisha John, — 'Lisha John," he repeated fondly and proudly. "I'll do it! It's a nice name. 'Lisha was father's name. You don't suppose

Esther 'd mind having her father second, do you?" he asked, with a sudden return of anxiety.

"She would n't mind," said Patience kindly. "It's just because it sounds better. She would want him to have a nice-sounding name."

"Yes. She always wanted things nice-sounding," admitted Ethan. He gave a sigh of relief. "'Lisha John," he said softly.

They sat silent.

"He's terrible cunning," said Ethan, with a proud smile.

She looked up with quick, responsive eyes. "He's getting to be a big boy."

He nodded. "Six months last Tuesday."

"He ought to be put into short dresses," said Patience thoughtfully.

He looked at her helplessly. "Mis' Fearing did n't say so."

"No. She's too busy. I don't suppose she's thought about it. She's old, too," she added gently. "They always used to keep 'em in long dresses through the first winter, but they don't do it any more." The gray eyes looking down at him were wells of wisdom and of light.

He gazed into them trustfully.

"She'll have to do it," she said decisively.

He sat chewing in silence. "I don't suppose he'll have pants for quite a spell," he said wistfully.

She smiled faintly over her work. "No, not for quite a spell," she responded. "Tell Mis' Fearing I've got some patterns I'll bring over in the morning." She began to roll the length of edging smoothly about the spool in her hand.

He stood up, one hand against the lattice, and looked down at her gratefully. "You're real good, Patience. I do' know how we'd get along without you," he said slowly. The full lips wore a softened look.

She glanced up swiftly and down again at the edging in her hand. "It's no

more 'n I'd do for any of the neighbors, Ethan," she answered gently.

IV.

Two weeks later Ethan appeared at the kitchen door with 'Lisha John balanced proudly on his arm. It was Saturday, and Patience was baking. She stood at the table rolling out pie crust. As the shadow fell in the doorway she looked up quickly. A light came into her eyes. She dropped the rolling-pin and came toward them, brushing the flour from her hands. "Ain't he sweet!" she said, holding out the hands swiftly.

'Lisha John responded by a fat gurgle and a jumping of tiny hands and feet toward her.

Patience took him on her arm, smoothing down the little dress from its pink gathers and looking at him fondly. "Come and show him to mother," she said swiftly.

Ethan nodded. "I thought you'd want to," he said complacently. He followed with heavier, lumbering tread across the sitting room.

Old Mrs. Joy looked up inquiringly. She reached out to the stand for her glasses, and put them on her thin nose. She barely nodded to Ethan, standing elated in the doorway. Her glance was on the crowing, pink child.

"Sakes alive!" she laughed tremulously. "Has he got to that?"

Patience had placed him on the foot of the bed, where he stood cooing and balancing, with swift, cautious lurches toward the footboard. Ethan, from the doorway, grinned proudly, and Patience, at the side of the bed, reached out a careful hand.

The old lady leaned forward, chirruping and smiling. She held out knotted, coaxing hands.

'Lisha John regarded them gravely. He began the perilous journey, tilting from side to side, and emitting ponder-

ous, gurgling coos as the fat legs swayed and wobbled beneath him. His blue eyes were fixed on the gleaming, nodding glasses that lured him on. With a final gurgle and rush, he grasped them in one flying hand and plumped on the pillow in blissful content.

Three admiring faces were bent upon him. Then old Mrs. Joy fell to coughing at his cleverness, and Ethan and 'Lisha John were banished from the room.

'Lisha John came the next day and the next.

Ethan fell into the habit of running in with him for a few minutes, and while 'Lisha John and old Mrs. Joy played in the adjoining room, Ethan and Patience, in the sitting room or kitchen, discussed the crops and the sermon and the neighbors and new dresses for 'Lisha John.

When spring came, 'Lisha John came alone. The fat, pink legs were often seen scurrying along the pickets by the garden fence, and the round face, in its little pink sunbonnet, appeared, triumphant, at a crack in the gate, left conveniently open. Ethan was busy, ploughing, sowing, and weeding, and 'Lisha John was in safe hands. The spring swelled and put forth and grew and burst into full summer.

It was a soft, fragrant June evening when Patience, with the sleepy child on her arm, started to carry him home. He had been with them all day, and at supper time had refused to be dismissed. She had given him his supper in the high chair, by her mother's bed; and now that supper was over and the dishes washed, she was carrying him home in the twilight.

Halfway down the road Ethan met them, coming for the child. His boyish face grinned reproachfully. "Been running away again, hev ye?" he said, trying to speak sternly.

'Lisha John smiled sleepily and nestled against Patience's neck.

"Give him to me," said Ethan, holding out his hands.

The child twittered fretfully and pushed him off.

"I'll carry him a little ways," said Patience.

"He's too heavy."

"I'm not tired," she responded softly.

They walked on in the fragrant darkness.

"He thinks a good deal of you folks." Ethan glanced at the sleeping child.

She nodded. "I don't know what mother'd do without him. He amuses her."

Ethan looked up swiftly. "Say — Patience — how'd you like to keep him all the time?"

"What?" she faltered.

He hesitated a moment. "I was thinking maybe you and your mother might keep him for me. I don't suppose you'd want to," he added hastily. "But I thought I'd just mention it."

The color had flamed up in the darkness. "What do you mean?" she asked. Her voice was very low.

He cleared his throat. "'Tishy don't want him," he said apologetically.

"'Tishy!" The white lips remained half open.

He nodded. "Letitia Day. She'd have me to-morrow if it wa'n't for 'Lisha John. She says she can't be bothered with him underfoot."

Patience made no reply. Her eyes were looking forward into the darkness. She stopped abruptly and held out the child to him. "You take him, Ethan," she said gently. "I must go back to mother."

He took the child on his arm, looking at her inquiringly. "You would n't want to, would you, Patience?" he asked humbly.

"I don't know" — The white lips moved slowly. "I'll ask mother."

He lingered a little. "I don't suppose 'Tishy'd take very good care of him, anyway?" he suggested.

"No." The voice was serene. "She's 'most too young and flighty to know about children." Her eyes rested on the nimbus of hair, on the sleeping face.

He stirred uneasily. "I know it, — 'Tishy 's terrible good company," he added helplessly, "and she don't have ways."

Her eyes softened. "I'll ask mother," she said. "If she agrees to it, we'll take him for you." She had turned away.

He reached out a swift hand toward her. "You're real good, Patience," he said gratefully.

"Good-night, Ethan." She was walking away from him in the darkness.

V.

'Lisha John was ten years old. He had a snub nose and freckles, and warts on his hands. His feet were several sizes too large, and his shoes were a size too large for his feet. His Sunday shoes were two sizes too large. They dangled from thin legs in the pew beside Patience, and knocked against the board behind when the legs wriggled. 'Lisha John held a hymn book in his hands, behind which he made faces at Willie Norton, in the opposite pew, when Patience was not looking. When she turned her gentle eyes toward him, he sat up straight and looked piously at the minister.

The only trouble with this arrangement was that Patience could see 'Lisha John when she was not looking at him as well as when she was, and that she saw the face for Willie as plainly as the minister's and her own besides. Patience was much troubled in her conscience because she was n't shocked enough at 'Lisha John's conduct. She knew that Deacon Meekins, across the aisle, fixed a severe eye on him, and that old Mr. and Mrs. Day, in the pew behind, were looking askance at her slackness in bringing up Ethan's boy. But her heart sang softly in spite of its conscience. She loved 'Lisha John. She had watched him live through a great deal of wickedness.

When he came to her, nine years ago, she had started out with the intention of breaking him of all his faults and making him a model child. 'Lisha John started out at the same time with the firm intention of having his own way. The paths converged. Their first contest had been waged over his thumb, which was round and plump and succulent. 'Lisha John doted on it. He would sit by the hour, lolling it in his mouth, gurgling and cooing and bubbling. Patience regarded the habit as unseemly in a big boy, two years old. 'Lisha John was sternly admonished. He listened gravely, looked at the half-dried thumb, at Patience, at the thumb again, and returned it placidly to his mouth. Spankings produced wails, but no manifest reform. Pepper applied to the small thumb, and aloes, and ipecac, only added to its delicacy. Through protest and chastisement and scorn 'Lisha John sucked calmly on. Patience, at last, worn out, gave up the contest. 'Lisha John sat before her, unrebuked, his thumb in mouth and bliss on his round face. He enjoyed his supremacy for two days. On the third he removed the thumb, looked at it deliberately, wiped it dry on the pink dress, and abandoned it forever.

Patience had pondered helplessly on this phenomenon. How much had the spankings to do with it, and how much, secret prayer? How much the aloes and ipecac, and how much 'Lisha John? She gradually arrived at the conviction that Providence and 'Lisha John, between them, were bringing him up. All that she could do was to love him; and she loved him very hard. 'Lisha John in return worshipped her. He told her whenever he did wrong — after it was done; and — on the sly — he did the things he thought she would like. There was a compact between them that he might sit on her lap until he was so big that his feet touched the floor. The feet grew so fast that the evil day drew very near;

but by holding them up cautiously he still claimed his right. Every night, before he went to bed, they had a conference, in which he initiated her into the wickedness of the neighborhood, and related, with gusto, his own share in it. There were many fathers and mothers in the congregation who knew less of the doings of their children than Patience Joy.

The wickedness of the neighborhood had not clouded her face. On the contrary, it had grown young and fresh. A little dimple played at the left corner of the serene mouth, and a swift pink flush came and went under the clear skin. The wisps of hair that escaped from prim braids curled in her neck, and two shining stars were reflected in the gray wells.

Patience Joy was getting good looks, the neighbors said.

No one thought of giving 'Lisha John the credit. The general opinion was that "Patience would be all wore out taking care of him."

It had been a matter for gossip that 'Lisha John had not been returned to his father when Letitia died. She had lived two years as Mrs. Ethan Judson, and had then quietly joined Esther and his mother in the churchyard. Whether Ethan had found her as good company as he had anticipated no one knew. There was a general sense in the neighborhood that she led him a life of it. But when she died this was ignored. People only remembered what good company she was, and drew down their mouths a little, and said that "Ethan Judson was drefful unfortunate with his wives." Then they forgot all about it, and fell to wondering why 'Lisha John was not sent back home, now that old Mis' Fearing was there.

They did not know that 'Lisha John was not sent back for the simple reason that he refused to be sent, — or, rather, that he refused to stay sent. Bolts and bars and ropes and spankings were of no

avail when opposed to 'Lisha John's determination to live with Patience.

No one would have guessed, to see him, this Sunday morning, sitting meekly in the pew beside her, swinging his feet, that he was a remarkable child. He looked like any other snub-nosed, freckled boy of ten. Only Patience knew how remarkable he was. Perhaps Ethan was vaguely aware of it, as he looked over from the singers' seat. But Ethan knew 'Lisha John only from the outside.

After a few futile attempts to govern him at a distance, he too had given over the care of the child to Providence. He had fallen into the habit of dropping in to Patience's every day or two to talk over the bringing up of his son. On these occasions 'Lisha John had other business, and Ethan visited with Patience alone.

The neighbors had predicted that "Ethan Judson would be married again in less'n a year," and at least three marriageable women had retrimmed their bonnets. But Ethan had shown no eye for ribbons. He had plodded along under old Mis' Fearing's cooking, eating tough pie crust and munching heavy doughnuts with apparent relish. The fare seemed to agree with him. The lines of his face had grown strong, and the full lips had settled firmly together. A little of the sweetness had been lost, perhaps, and some of the conceit. The big frame had filled out and the sinews had hardened. He was a big man. At the last town meeting he had been elected town clerk.

He looked over from the singers' seat to the place where Patience and 'Lisha John sat together. There was a thoughtful look on his face.

When the service was over and the benediction had been pronounced, he joined her in the porch, and they walked on together in silence. 'Lisha John and Willie Norton squeaked stiffly ahead of them, with side looks at the horse sheds.

Ethan stole a glance at her. She was

looking at 'Lisha John. There was a sweet smile on her lips. When he spoke, it was to ask her where she wanted the butter beans planted this year; and when he left her at her gate, he said that he was coming over in the morning to plant the garden. She nodded brightly and passed in, waiting a moment for 'Lisha John and Willie. They had loitered behind.

VI.

"I don't know, Ethan." Patience looked reflectively at the pan of seeds in her hand. "We might plant the peas along here, and set the beans a little further back by the fence there. Mother could see them better that way." She glanced toward the window.

Ethan's glance followed hers. "All right," he said cheerfully. He struck his hoe into the soft earth.

Patience bent over to place the pan on the ground. He straightened himself quickly. "Where you going?" he asked.

"I've got to get 'Lisha John ready for school."

He looked at her doubtfully; then across the black soil of the garden. "You better come back when you get him off. I don't believe I understand just exactly where you want the tomatoes and cucumbers."

"Yes, I'll come." She disappeared into the house, and Ethan resumed his hoe. Now and then he stopped and pushed back his hat and leaned on his hoe, staring at nothing.

When she returned, he had planted the two rows of beans by the fence.

She looked at them contentedly. "They'll grow real nice there," she said.

"Seems kind of a waste to plant 'em," said Ethan hesitatingly.

She stared at him.

"I've got enough planted up to my house for both of us."

"Ye-e-s-s. It's a good ways to go," she replied.

"I did n't mean you to go for 'em," he said hastily.

She looked at him in slow inquiry.

"I could bring 'em down to you. I'm down 'most every day."

"It's easier to have our own," she responded quietly.

His face clouded a little. He hoed in silence. "I did n't mean just that, either," he said at last, resting his hoe on the ground and looking at her.

"Did n't you?" She was smiling.

"'Lisha John's getting to be a big boy."

Her face lighted. "Is n't he!" she exclaimed delightedly.

"I do' know but I ought to have him to home." He glanced at her casually.

The color had left her face. "He won't go," she said laughingly. The color had come back.

He smiled. "That's so. He don't like Mis' Fearing's cooking," he added.

"I should n't think he would," said Patience.

"I don't like it, either," said Ethan.

She glanced at him swiftly.

"If 'Lisha John don't come home, I do' know but I'll have to come down here." His eyes twinkled. They were on her face.

"I don't b'lieve there's room enough," she responded softly. She was looking at the lilac bush by the fence.

"There's plenty of room up to my house." He had dropped his hoe and stepped close to her. "I've been a fool, Patience," he said humbly. He was trying to see her face.

An oriole flashed across to the elm tree. There had been a nest built in the elm tree every spring for twelve years.

"I don't know as you have, Ethan," she said slowly.

"Yes, I have. Always was a fool! Look at me, Patience."

She turned her eyes slowly toward him. They were full of tears.

"Will you come over to my house, Patience? I'll be real good to you."

She glanced toward the open window. "I could n't leave her."

"You don't need to. She'll like it better up to my house. There's more passing." He was watching her face.

"If you don't come, I shall take 'Lisha John anyway," he said sternly.

Her lips smiled. "I guess I'll have to," she said softly. "I could n't bear to give up 'Lisha John."

Jennette Lee.

A NIGHT WITH THE MOUSE'S BROTHER.

"And houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes, and behold the beauty of the night."

HANS KRISTOFFER had stacked the last piece of peat in the *grot-hus*. I had caught trout enough for breakfast, and we were resting from our labors, seated on the banks of Sorvags-vatn. It was eleven o'clock at night; but that matters little in sixty-three degrees north latitude. The sun disappears for a few hours behind the northern mountains, and there is a clear, silvery twilight, just the right light for fishing. Hans Kristoffer glanced at my string of trout. "They are good fish," he said, "but you could get larger ones at Fjalla-vatn, seven miles to the north. But it is a lonely place, there is no shelter, and you could not go and return the same day." And Hans Kristoffer shook his head doubtfully; for I was convalescing after a long illness in Italy, and so far a three-mile tramp had been the extent of my powers.

"But we can go two of the seven miles by boat on this lake," I pleaded, "and if the weather is good, we need not return the same day. I can curl up in a sheltered hollow, with plenty of wraps, and rest most of the night, and then it would not be too hard." I added craftily, "Heine too would enjoy the fishing." (Heine is our youngest, and a born fisherman.) So before we started homewards it was decided that we would go the first sure day.

"A sure day"! That was the diffi-

culty; for this group of mountain islands, the Faroes, moored in mid-ocean between Iceland and Norway, draw to their rugged summits the wandering mists, and there are influences, not yet well understood, which make them the land of sudden changes and fierce storms.

But only three mornings afterwards I was awakened by a voice saying in Faroese, "Kona-folka veður." (Real women-folk weather.) In a twinkling I was at the window. Hans Kristoffer and his brother Jegvan were examining sea, sky, and fjord with a critical eye, and the above phrase was their verdict. "Can we go, Herr Hans?" I called.

"Yes," answered Hans Kristoffer. "It is a clear day, dry and warm; the glass is high and rising. One seldom sees such a day in Faroes."

"I can be ready in an hour!" I exclaimed. "Please ask Heine to dig some worms."

"He's digging them now," replied Hans Kristoffer as he disappeared around the corner.

We made quite a procession as we started, two hours later, — Hans Kristoffer, Jegvan, Heine and his friend Sigmund, Fru Hans and Fru Jegvan, who, according to the Faroe custom, were to go "a piece of way" with us, knitting long gray stockings as they walked. Provisions and wraps were packed in two *loyper*, or oblong wooden crates, borne on the shoulders, and supported by a broad woolen band around

the brow. Heine carried all the fishing rods, and I was in light marching order with fjeld-staff in hand. So we filed out through the Bó and passed into the Hage.

The Bó and the Hage — the infield and the outfield — these are the two divisions of land in the Faroes, seen best when looking from the sea. The Bó shows as a patch of lively green surrounding a cluster of turf-covered cottages. Here grow hay grass, potatoes, and a little barley. All the rest is the Hage, a confusion of rocks, short grasses, peat bogs, and marshy pools up to the bare summits of basaltic rock. On the nearer slopes live the cows six months of the year. Beyond are the half-wild sheep, never watched, never fed, living or dying as the storms determine. Desolate as death in the winter, the Hage on a fine summer day is joy enough for sinful human nature.

Perhaps some weak souls amongst us know that peculiar lightness of spirit that comes when a rather bad-tempered loved one is pleased, for the hour, to be in jocund mood. So one feels on a fine day in the Faroes. One knows it will storm to-morrow, but now how good to feel the warm hand of the sun, to see the fog drawn back across the sea levels, and the fjelds clear-cut against the sky! Below my window a northern wren is pouring out his soul in thanksgiving. The "mouse's brother" the Faroe folk call him, and indeed, except as to tail, he is much like a mouse in size and color; the same bright eyes and darting motions; the same fashion, too, of whisking in and out between the slats of the *kjoeld*, or outside store, and stealing the dried meat. He is seen on the moors and fjelds and bird crags as well as near the houses, and more than any other Faroe bird is associated in my mind with the free outdoor life of the light summer nights.

When we reached Sorvags-vatn, a mile from the house, Fru Hans and Fru

Jegvan said *farvel*, and we started northward for the two-mile row.

"I am glad that Jegvan and I could go with you," remarked Hans Kristoffer, as he dipped his oar leisurely in the water, "for you ought to see where the *huldre-koner* (mountain witches) live, at Fjalla-vatn, and the young folks of to-day seem to have little interest in such things."

"Did you ever really believe in *huldre* folk, Herr Hans?" I asked.

Hans Kristoffer smiled as he thought of past years. "Never since I was a boy," he replied, "but there are many who do still. I've heard that across the lake there once lived a large family of *huldre* folk who made much trouble for the people, until the bishop came and rolled a stone in front of their cave, and marked it with the sign of the cross, and that they could not pass."

"I wonder if they are there now?" I mused.

"Of that," said Hans Kristoffer, "naturally no one dares to make sure. They say that all the other *huldre* folk have moved away to Fjalla-vatn."

On reaching the head of the lake, we left the boat, and began our four-mile tramp — not an easy one — over stones, marshes, matted grass, and little water-courses running deeply in the peaty soil. At last we came to a hill above the lake.

"It is an ancient custom to rest here awhile," said Jegvan, and most gladly I observed that ancient custom.

We could see the lake from end to end, stretching sombre and quiet for a mile between the fjelds, whose gray and purple cliffs rose in bold heights, six hundred to fifteen hundred feet. The water lapped on rocky shores and coarse black gravel. There was not the smallest bush or rush or water plant to rustle in the wind. One felt a hush, an emptiness in the air, though innumerable wild fowl wheeled and hovered with shrill clamor. At the north the fjelds sank lower, and there the sky gleamed cold and green.

"On the other side," said Jegvan, "are the cliffs where young Jegvan is bird-catching to-day."

He spoke softly, lest Heine hear; for Heine's soul was bitter within him because his big brother was allowed to go, and he was thought too young.

"Jegvan loves to go to the bird crags as much as I did at his age. The boys' uncle, their mother's brother, was killed at the same place, and she is unhappy when Jegvan goes. But it is part of his life-work, and he is eighteen, and one should not forbid it. They are difficult crags. When I was a little boy, I knew two men, a young and an elderly one, who went egg-hunting there. We often make the line fast above, go down by it to some good place, fasten the line to a stone, and creep along the edges, gathering eggs. This time, by some accident, the line got loose, and swung out so far that it could not be reached from the ledge on which they stood. There was no way of ascending without it. Five hundred feet below them the sea broke over jagged rocks. Their only chance was for one of them to jump out over the sea and catch the swinging rope.

"I will try it," said the older man. 'You have your life yet to live. My children are grown, and will not need me.'

"No," said the other, 'I have no wife at home to grieve for me, and I am young and strong, and my chance of success is greater than yours would be. If I miss it, you can still try. Now, with God's help, I go.' He sprang out from the ledge, caught the rope, and they were saved."

Half an hour later we stood on the shores of Fjalla-vatn. In three minutes Heine was fishing. Heine is sixteen, tall and slim, with strong and active legs. His nose turns up a little, and a lint-white lock curls upwards from the borders of his *hugva*, or long, drooping cap. He walks with head high in air, like a fine young colt, always wears wet moccasins,

and is indifferent to such trifles as cold, damp, and fatigue. A fat mitten full of worms hung from his neck, and reposed gracefully on his breast like a choice locket. It shows how fair-minded I am, for a woman, that I recognize and appreciate Heine's charms, even though he scorns me (and all women), and has never, of his own free will, spoken to me.

I noticed that Heine, after he had arranged a worm on his hook, spit upon it. Now I have fished with various small boys in eight countries, and every one did the same. This subject has never, to my knowledge, been discussed by the Folk-Lore Societies, but it surely is deserving of consideration.

"Do you always spit upon your worms, Heine?" I asked.

"*Naturligvis!*" (Of course) replied Heine, with crushing brevity.

Close to the lake was a *rat*, or open inclosure of short stones, where the sheep are driven at the wool-gathering, and on the lee side of the wall we made our camp. As the only woman of the party I had domestic duties to perform, and found that a *loyp* turned on its side serves admirably as a sheltered kitchen, and the top as a dining table.

After our late dinner, Hans Kristoffer and Jegvan strolled along the shore, smoking, and I rested, seated on a low mossy hillock, with my head propped up comfortably on a higher one. During dinner I had noticed a low twittering sound, and now it came again, and looking up I saw close by, on one of the stones of the rat, six fluffy baby mouse's brothers. All in a row they sat, eyeing me with shining eyes, in the friendliest fashion. Harmless sheep they knew; also their enemies, the hooded crows and ravens; but this queer animal? Perhaps it was a new kind of sheep, and they edged closer and closer with confiding peepings, while the parent birds cried and called piteously at a little distance. I rose cautiously and drew nearer. The father bird, seeing me move, flew away;

but the mother came and placed herself between me and the nearest baby. Brave little mother! Her form quivered and shrank, her dark eyes dilated, but she kept her post. I could have caught her in my hand, but it would have been too cruel, and I withdrew softly. And then the father, evidently feeling that he had cut but a poor figure in the affair, came bustling up, and proceeded to feed the babies with great show and demonstration, as though their present safety was due entirely to him.

I had come to Fjalla-vatn to catch a big fish, and was just getting out my tackle when Hans Kristoffer returned.

"Do you feel like walking a little way to see the huldre-koner's homes? The evening sun rests on them now, and you can see them well."

So along the lake shore we walked until we came in sight of two great clefts, one on each side of the lake, running deeply into the solid rock. Dark and grim, with water dripping from their depths, they seemed especially suitable as homes for huldre folk. Seated on the slope below, Hans Kristoffer told me a story of their inmates:—

"There was once a shepherd of Sandevaag (the next hamlet to ours) who was cleverer than any other in the Faroes. He knew every sheep in the Hage, and he had a fine red horse that was very swift. One beautiful morning the shepherd thought he would go north to Fjalla-vatn to look after the sheep. Now at that time there lived here two huldre-koner sisters, one in Husa-gjov, just above us, and the other in Tormens-gjov, across the water. Both these huldre-koner had dresses of scarlet cloth, and it happened that the very morning the shepherd left home the huldre-kona in Husa-gjov put out her dress to sun. A long way off the shepherd saw the bright dress with its trimming of golden buttons shining in the sun. He turned his horse to where the dress lay, took it up, and, placing it behind him on the saddle, rode

away. The huldre-kona sat by her fire, and it occurred to her to go out and turn her dress. But when she came out, she gnashed her teeth with rage, for it was gone. She looked around the hills, and there, near her sister's house, was the shepherd riding at full speed with her dress. 'Sister! Sister! Help me!' she cried. 'Make long strides after him!' But her sister called back, 'I cannot! Both my legs are lame!' And so the huldre-kona herself started in pursuit. When the shepherd came to a little stream, Vatn-soyrrar, which flows in Sorvags-vatn, his horse was exhausted and could hardly go. He stopped to drink at the stream, and by that time the huldre-kona was close at hand. But then the horse was so refreshed that he flew on again and up the hill. 'That stream was my salvation,' said the shepherd, and it is called the Stream of Salvation to this day. On they went, until the horse was trembling and the sweat poured down his sides. Nearer and nearer came the huldre-kona, and reached him just as he came to the church wall. He threw himself from the saddle and over the wall; but the dress caught on the stones, and the huldre-kona seized one end. 'Now I hold it!' she cried. 'Hold it as you will,' he answered, 'here is God and the Church!' They struggled for the dress, and then it tore, and all the shepherd got was one of the sleeves; but so large was it that it made a stole for the priest, and in the Sandevaag church it is to this day.

"And here I am," added Hans Kristoffer, "taking up your time with huldre-folk stories, and it's almost nine o'clock and you haven't caught a fish. Heine has a good string already."

"Herr Hans," I replied, "I am really too tired to fish now. That was a long walk here, you know. I think I'll light the spirit lamp, heat water for my hot-water bag, and sleep for a few hours. Two o'clock is the best time for fishing, anyhow, and I'll be rested by that time."

"Yes," approved Hans Kristoffer, "that's a good idea; for you will have all that way to go back again to-morrow."

A few steps above the rat I found a cosy little hollow, soft with moss; very damp, indeed (a Faroe fjeld side is generally like a soaked sponge), but first I put down a rubber camp-sheet, then rolled myself in a pair of Jaeger blankets, pulled a soft wool hood over my head, hugged tight my hot-water bottle, and surveyed my surroundings with much satisfaction. "This is much better than a stuffy house," I said to myself, "and I never did like a puffin-feather bed. It's cold, to be sure, but the air is so sweet and fresh, — and I wonder how many kinds of flowers there are right around me. Ragged robins, white bedstraw, tormentillas, wild geraniums, St. John's-wort, two kinds of heather, lady's-smock, and eye-brights close to my head; on that hillock to the right sibbaldia, lady's-mantle, butterwort, crowberry, meadow-rue, and a marsh violet; on the shore silver-weed, starry saxifrage, creeping buttercups, sea-thrift, and stonecrop — but all low-growing, as if they were afraid of blowing away if they grew tall. Then up on the rocky slopes I know there are nice little sub-alpines, at least a dozen, and possibly an Icelandic poppy. I'll climb up in the morning and see. But now it's almost ten o'clock, and I must sleep." A drowsy twittering among the stones of the rat told me that the baby mouse's brothers were settling for the night; but on the crags across the lake the black-backed gulls laughed and screamed, and Arctic terns flashed like swallows to and fro across the quiet water. The last thing I saw, as I closed my eyes, was Heine fishing.

I awoke with a start. A large drop had plashed down on my nose. Heine was still fishing, and Hans Kristoffer stood by me with a troubled face. "I am sorry to disturb you," he said, "but we must start for home. We shall have

bad weather, — cold wind, rain and fog. We are used to it, but it won't do for you to stay here in the wet. In walking it will not be so bad; you can go as slowly as you choose, — it is only eleven o'clock now, — and then by morning we shall have shelter and warm food."

I sat up, and looked about me in dismay. The fjelds opposite were half lost in dense clouds which sank lower every moment. It was bitterly chill. Alas for our "sure day"!

We packed up the loyper again and started. Hans Kristoffer and Jegvan had half a dozen good trout, and Heine all he could well carry. They ranged from one pound and a quarter to two pounds and a half. And I had not caught one.

The rain fell heavily as we left the lake, but ceased as we passed over the hills at the south. Though the dense clouds darkened the air, I could still see the golden tormentillas shining in the moss at my feet, and the heather bells heavy with rain. We were *in* the clouds. They swept around us, shutting out all landmarks from view. The men walked on ahead, talking in cheerful hushed tones and keeping a watchful eye on me, — holding out a helping hand at treacherous places, putting something under my head when I lay down to rest, and saying, "Now the worst is over," or "Now it will soon be day;" and once I heard a voice — was it Heine's? — saying, "We shall get to Sorvags-vatn at just the right time for fishing."

I was well knocked up by this time, and could go but a little way without stopping. Then I lay, stretched out at full length in the wet moss, while the mists drifted over my face, and scores of birds hovered and cried around me. They had shown little alarm as we passed in the morning, but they now thought that this nocturnal expedition boded no good for them. The curlews first gave the alarm; the oyster catchers and golden plover took up the cry; ravens and crows, gulls and terns, hurried from the cliffs;

wrens, stonechats, titlarks, and wheat-ears hopped nearer and nearer, and remonstrated with me for this intrusion. Then there was a strange sound, half a whirl, half a tremulous cry, like that of a lost lamb or a young child. It seemed to have a ventriloquistic quality, also: now it sounded close to my face, now at the side, now quavered downward through the air.

"Herr Jegvan," I called to him as he sat at a little distance, "I hear a cry like that of a little child. Perhaps it is a huldre-kona?"

"No," replied Jegvan gravely, "it is a *myra-snipa*" (marsh snipe).

"But I heard many *myra-snipas* when I was on Myggenoes, and they all said 'a-chik! a-chik! a-chik!'"

"That," said Jegvan, "is their good-weather cry. They always cry like this when it is stormy or foggy."

There were large dusky birds, — a dozen or more, — much bolder than any others, that swooped down at me so fiercely that instinctively I put up my hands to guard my eyes.

"Herr Jegvan," I called again, "what is this dark bird that is so bold?"

"That is a *kjogvi*; an Englishman, who was here once, called it an 'Arctic skua.' This is the smaller kind: the larger ones kill lambs, and can be dangerous to a man on the bird crags by beating his head with their strong wings. But they are rare now. I doubt if there are a dozen pairs in all the islands. The last ones here were killed a few years ago, by an Englishman, at Fjalla-vatn. (That was before the law protecting them was passed.) It was a fine pair, male and female, and the Englishman was very glad and proud; they were to be stuffed and sent to his home in England. Coming home he was tired and went slowly, and he told his guide to go on ahead with the skuas and take good care of them. The guide did n't understand English, but he was a faithful

man, and he hurried off home. The Englishman arrived about an hour and a half afterwards. His dinner was being put on the table: his two skuas, brown and shining, served with new potatoes, and cranberry sauce."

We reached the lake at two o'clock, and I fished from the boat, using a light coachman fly, and catching fifteen good trout as the men rowed slowly homeward. A dense silvery fog was milling up from the sea. Like hoarfrost it rested everywhere, making the men's rough clothes, their hair, beards, and eyebrows, white as snow. The ends of the long oars dipped in the drifting clouds; we glided on in a still whiteness, guided only by the hushed booming of the surf against the Sorvag sea cliffs.

At the landing I left the men to house the boat, and started on alone for the mile home stretch. The cows were sleeping by the trail. They woke, as I passed, and looked at me with wondering eyes, and a big calf arose, and followed me with blandishments, apparently thinking that the early hour might have softened my heart, and I would let him through the village gate to the longed-for infields, where he had spent the days of his infancy.

We had been gone only twenty hours, but so long seemed the time that, as the silent village came in sight around a sudden turn, it was with a vague surprise that I saw unchanged the familiar grassy roofs, the quaint weather-vane on the church, the same old white whale moored out in the bay and awaiting the coming of the whaler. I stole into the house softly (we seldom lock the doors in Faroes), lest I awake Fru Hans and Fru Jegvan. My own particular mouse's brother was on my window sill. "Oh, mouse's brother," I exclaimed, as I gave him his morning crumbs, "this little room is better than a wet fjeld side, and how good, how very good, looks that bed of puffin feathers!"

Elizabeth Taylor.

HIGHER COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

IN the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society in 1798, Sir George Shuckburgh-Evelyn, in a scientific discussion of weights and standards, ventured to introduce a table of prices. He felt obliged to apologize for this fall to a lower level, by saying, "However I may appear to descend below the dignity of philosophy in such commercial researches, I trust I shall find favor with the historian, at least, and the antiquary." This is but a hint as to the way in which the study of the practical affairs of life, even down to our own generation, has been regarded by the managers of the old-fashioned and stereotyped education; nor can it be said that we have fully escaped from this attitude of mind, even at the present day.

The traditional college education of the past was intended only for certain of the learned professions, particularly the ministry. It is unnecessary to recall how universally, until our own generation, the backbone of a college training was made up of the non-resilient Latin, Greek, philosophy, and mathematics. These subjects remained the vertebræ of college education during the whole period down to the introduction of the elective system. When liberty of choice and an extension of the courses of study were introduced, they were regarded somewhat in the nature of a veritable surgical operation, of so serious a kind that the doctors wagged their heads and wondered whether the patient would survive. Even Mr. Lowell, after his return from the Court of St. James, was skeptical of the new banquet spread for unappreciative guests. I heard him telling, jocosely, in an after-dinner speech in Cambridge, how he met an acquaintance (of dubious standing), whose cheerful face and happy demeanor led him to ask the cause of such exuberant felicity. "Why," said

the genial smiler, "I've discovered a way to make my fortune. We all know that the reason for the fine flavor of the wild duck is the wild celery on which it feeds. Now I propose to feed it to the domestic duck, and supply the market." Some weeks later, on meeting his acquaintance again, Mr. Lowell found him quite depressed and inconsolable. "Why are you looking so unhappy? I thought, the last time I saw you, that you were on the point of making your fortune with ducks. Would n't it work?" "No," was the reply, "the d——d things won't eat it."

But the elective system, which is now generally adopted by every institution having means to supply the expensive menu, was, after all, but the beginning of a recognition granted to what one might call the new learning. There had come into existence a growing body of new knowledge, especially in the fields of science and, in addition, new problems were projecting themselves on the economic and political horizons. Insensibly, during the last twenty-five years, one new subject after another has crept into the university curriculum; and, with general acquiescence, each has demonstrated by trial its right to live as an accepted means of academic discipline. Indeed, the time has long gone by when any one would be inclined to question the value of modern science, economics, political science, and the like, as effective instruments for training the mind and creating the intellectual grip called for in efficient public service. They have been in the past placed on an equal footing with the subjects of the old curriculum, and have proved themselves in no respect inferior. Admittedly, economics would not give the same training, for example, as the classics; but it slowly dawned on the academic consciousness

that the classics alone, even when added to philosophy and mathematics, were not a complete nor the only means of education. There are many sides to the mind, there are many persons with very different mental preferences and characteristics, and these variations bid for various studies to suit their several needs. Candid observers felt it to be but reasonable to admit that the old learning had been narrow and quite too limited to fit all sorts of students.

Naturally, the conservative elements intrenched in our institutions of learning saw through a glass darkly, and regarded the influx of the Picts and Scots of commercial life as a menace to culture; it was felt that the new learning had only revenue as its immediate purpose, instead of culture; that, as the old learning had been the means of bringing to successful fruition the great scholars of the past, to give up the old scheme of studies was to give up the accepted standards of scholarship. The other side contended that as no scholar had ever had any but the old form of training, it was illogical to argue that it was the one safe system; no comparisons could be made with any other process of development. Moreover, appeal was made to the fact that, if the aim of education was to cultivate intellectual grip and power, the subjects of the new learning had proved to be as good instruments of education as the old. In struggles with difficulties encountered in the new studies, the student could be taught — in fact, is being taught — the judicial spirit, the love of truth, the passion for learning, accuracy, and a sense of form, quite as effectively in the pursuit of any other studies. It was practically a question of applying the same good teaching to the new as to the old to obtain much the same admirable results. Hence, if the old and the new learning stood on an equal basis as regards cultural and disciplinary efficiency, it might with reason and justice be claimed that the new learning had in addition the great

and preponderant advantage for the student of preparing him directly for the real problems in the practical life which he must live after leaving the university.

Yet the natural development of these new forces in our educational system have been impeded by a state of things in our institutions which is little short of startling. The discrepancy between the amount of force exerted and the limited amount of achievement may well give us pause. What is this situation which is of a nature so surprising? Why is the outcome so far short of what it ought to be?

By way of taking our bearings, let us try to get an objective view of our general educational attitude and of the direction in which we are moving. Much has been said, and justly said, of the splendid advances made in graduate study, and of the accompanying higher standards of scholarship, which have been shown within the last few decades in our American universities. But what of this movement as touching upon the relations of the university to the public, especially as regards the professional work of the community? Great as is the improvement in scholarship, great as are the new foundations and endowments, it would be false to the facts not to be willing to admit that this enlarged machinery of the academic departments has, in its relation to the professions, practically been confined to the preparation of men and women for the single profession of teaching; that is, much the larger part of the enormous foundations, of the extensive and splendid educational plants in the departments of liberal arts, in this country, are mainly given over to the formation of an advanced normal school for teachers in schools and colleges. Do not understand me as decrying the admirable results of general culture obtained (by such as find it) from these studies that have no professional object. Not all bachelors of arts teach, we admit; but for those who do not, and who enter a busi-

ness life, it is by no means clear that the curriculum, beyond its cultural quality, gives them the training needed for their future careers. As a *pis aller*, any new graduate of moderate scholarship can enter teaching as a profession; but how many would have an equal efficiency in banking, or railway management, or trade and industry? Perhaps I may be thought to have confused non-professional with professional study; that I am really concerned with the work of professional schools. But the advanced work of the graduate schools, in the general field of literature, arts, and science, has become without question practically a training course for professional teachers; and the undergraduate work has been very largely influenced thereby. Almost never does a man go on to the degree of Master of Arts or of Doctor of Philosophy who has any other aim than teaching. This is, undoubtedly, the situation of today. Consequently, the obvious question is raised whether, apart from training investigators, the present endowments of our universities are not applied, out of all proportion, to one traditional profession to the neglect of others as much or more important to the life of the nation.

Why not ask ourselves frankly this question: Cannot even the undergraduate work of the university be so ordered and taught that the youth of this land (who now pass from the high school to the counting house) may obtain from the new courses, which they can be persuaded to take primarily as a means to fit themselves for active business life, the same general cultural gains as have been secured from the old courses? No one believes that the courses in law and medicine (that is, the scientific and biological subjects), simply because they have a professional aim, have no cultural effects. Indeed, if we could introduce the earnestness of the professional student into the undergraduate work, it would be a signal gain. Moreover, as previously shown, the subjects of the new learning have

proved to be equal to those of the old in their disciplinary and cultural efficiency. Certainly the work done for the arts degree ought not to be monopolized for one special and limited constituency; since, without derogation of the needs and value of that constituency, the college course should be assumed to have aims touching many more constituencies.

But when we pass from the college curriculum to that of the professional schools, the limitations of our educational system are even more apparent. Considering the actual work of the world, the means of preparation for it are sadly out of joint. It will be found, on a little reflection, that certain professions have in the past obtained recognition and munificent endowments quite as a matter of tradition and precedence, and not after a careful weighing of their importance relatively to other constituencies. The country now has well-supported schools for the training of men in war, medicine, law, and technology; but it is quite within the truth to maintain that no one of these interests has as much influence upon the actual work and welfare of the people as those connected with railways alone, to say nothing of the wider field of trade and industry. More than three quarters of all the persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States are occupied in agriculture, fisheries, mining, manufacturing, mechanics, trade, and transportation. The problems involved in the management, adjustment, development, and well-being of this preponderant mass of the active population of this country present altogether the greatest and most important tasks to be dealt with in the new century. Leaders and the public must be given instruction until they can think clearly on these subjects of every-day concern.

It goes without saying that, as the world moves on, new constituencies and new demands arise; but it is not the less our duty to readjust our educational forces to the new needs. Indeed, the

relationship of the university to the new learning is at once the most obvious and the most pressing educational question of the day. On general grounds it is self-evident that the university must be regarded as a trustee, holding its vast educational funds not for one part, but for the whole of the great public. This ceases to be a glittering generality, and assumes a new phase, when we recall that the greater institutions of the country have, in nearly every case, obtained their munificent foundations from those who have been successful in the walks of trade and industry; and yet, strange to say, these very institutions have, in the past, done little or nothing to prepare men for the very occupations from which they have obtained the actual means of existence. It is startling to think how little influence the universities of to-day have had in training the great men in the constituencies of banking, railways, insurance, trade and industry, diplomacy, journalism, and politics.

The nature of the new education which this wide-awake century demands of us might be illustrated, without going too much into detail, by referring again to only one of the constituencies above mentioned. It should be possible to distinguish between that which is purely technical and that which is mainly managerial. While a school of mechanical engineering is required to fit a man for the practical parts of railroading, there exists in that profession a far more important career for the man who is competent to direct the traffic, classify goods, fix rates, watch the coming financial depression, know the signs of coming prosperity, have insight into as well as experience with the questions of labor and the relations of employers to employees, understand the duties as well as the privileges of corporations, and who has the masterly mind to devise and carry out great financial operations involved in the management of securities on a scale hitherto unprecedented. It

may be said that such men are made, not educated; but, similarly, we admit that even a born lawyer must study the principles and precepts of jurisprudence in order to do his work. The duties of a railway manager could not be met by a man of purely technical or engineering training; he must be schooled mainly in the courses of legal, political, and economic science. In these departments there is as distinct a body of disciplinary material for the railway manager as there is in the courses of the law school for the lawyer. And just as in the best law schools the primary object is, not to give technical skill in drawing up papers or to furnish the detailed pleadings of the courts, but to train men to think, to apply precedents to particular cases, — in short, to get legal grasp and power, — so, also, in the preparation for these practical professions, emphasis is to be put not upon the technical details of subordinate and auxiliary processes, but upon the capacity to bring a seasoned and practical intellect to the management and conduct of great practical problems.

To take another illustration, a preparation for banking should not be a drill in technical bookkeeping, or teaching a messenger how to carry a bag of gold in safety from one institution to another. The essential purpose of education leading up to such a profession would be a training in the principles affecting the problems which necessarily arise in local, national, and international banking. There are principles of money and credit underlying these phenomena often not understood even by many bank officials. The man who has been taught how to approach such problems, to work out solutions, to apply power and grasp of large and important subjects, must, in the end, prove an infinitely better head of a bank than he who has come slowly forward from the window of an accountant or teller, and whose professional education has consisted of the chance events brought to his attention in the round of daily

business. Men of this latter description will become accurate, steady, and useful to the institution in minor positions; but if promoted to high posts they will be found to know really nothing beyond the dry husks of their professional experience or a personal acquaintance with their constituency. The recruiting of high officials in this fashion accounts for the prevalence of so much lagging conservatism and ignorant timidity in regard to burning monetary questions of the day.

If these great divisions of our practical life have been slightly regarded by the universities, it must be charged up to the account of inertia and a failure to keep in touch with the intellectual demands of a changing world. Such a situation, once it has been called to the attention of a people who pride themselves on being shrewd and enterprising, must certainly appear amazing. But has this situation anything to do with our other question? Why has there not been more product from our educational tilling?

Doubtless many instructors in all the higher institutions of learning would be able to bear regretful testimony to a falling off in the high level of ability of those students who present themselves for graduate work. The explanation is not far to seek. If the fact be granted, the rut in which our university education has been traveling goes far to explain it. To the virile and enterprising spirits who are tempted by the great rewards of banking, railways, insurance, trade and industry, the universities have—at least not until very recently—offered no inducements. If their purpose, apart from general culture, be not to enter law, divinity, or medicine, where can they go for training except to schools of technology? And yet the engineering, chemical, mining, electrical, and similar courses are solely and properly

technical. They cannot attempt to provide the managerial education demanded; nor has it been provided as yet. Therefore the result was to have been expected. If the college and graduate departments have used their advanced courses mainly to create professional teachers; if the endowed professional schools are only for clergymen, lawyers, doctors, or technologists, it follows as a matter of course that the powerful and ambitious youth of the land, who are drawn to the exploitation of our new resources, have little inducement to come to the university. It is a matter of common remark that never before in our history have the undeveloped resources of the United States bidden higher for power, skill, and intelligence than now. Never in our history have the industries of our country yielded more enormous returns from the introduction of new methods, better organization, and high executive ability than now. To the men who can officer these enterprises large material rewards are offered, and they are not likely to be less tempting in the future.

If, then, apart from affording general means of culture, the college and graduate work continue to be confined largely to preparing advanced teachers, it is evident that our universities will become more and more detached from the real world around them. Teaching,¹ and even the so-called learned professions, do not begin to hold out the inducements to capable young men which are offered by the new fields of active life. That this class of persons do not come up to the university for college work, because that work *per se* will not train them for their future careers, is a trite statement. But why should not the colleges and the graduate school offer them courses as useful to their purposes as are now offered to the professional teacher? This is the

¹ Professor Münsterberg, in his remarkable article on Productive Scholarship in America, in the Atlantic for May, 1901, has already shown why better men are not drawn toward

teaching in the United States; but he has not gone into the reasons why the American universities do not attract the ablest youth as students.

true way to bridge the chasm between gown and desk. It is to be hoped that in the end this process will help to remove from the minds of business men the old distrust of academic training, as well as from the minds of the academic class the condescending attitude toward men of affairs.

Provided it be convinced of its shortcomings, can the penitent university turn over a new leaf? Can it undertake to furnish the practical means of training men for the neglected professions? There is no question that it is worth doing; but is it practicable? Or should we fall back on the assumption that a course of so-called "cultural," non-commercial work is all in all the best foundation for active business life?

As to its practicability no new demonstrations are necessary. To the leaders of university policy — supposedly educational experts — is given the duty of deciding in detail upon the subjects, the methods of instruction, and the fitness of instructors. The task is partly a new one; but it is certainly no more difficult of execution than that which has already been met in working out the most efficient training for law or medicine. Many of the needed subjects have already found a place in the university classroom. Time and experience will bring changes and improvements in any original scheme of study.

Doubtless there is, or may be, a suspicion attached to the curricula of such a system, on the ground that "commercial" studies will lower the standard of scholarship, and bring in an era of courses "for revenue only;" or that the classical and scholarly activities of the university will be submerged by an avalanche of students having only a material point of view. All these objections are more imaginary than real. As has been mentioned before, such subjects of the new learning, as economic and political science, have been for a quarter of a century gladly welcomed alongside

the traditional classics, philosophy and mathematics; nor in all these years has it ever been suggested that these new subjects were not equally effective with those of the old learning in giving discipline and mental grip. They have established their right to live, not merely because they bear on the problems of the neglected professions above mentioned, but because they are admirable instruments of culture; because they force men to think on the subjects with which they must deal in their professions; because (under good instructors) they cultivate accuracy of statement, precision, logic, the judicial spirit, the love of truth, and a sense of form. What more can be said of any other part of the accepted university work? Certainly these new courses will not have changed their disciplinary quality because they may be grouped and arranged as parts of an orderly system leading up to the industrial professions of our country.

Nor is there any ground, in my judgment, for supposing that the university would be submerged by a swarm of men having, not cultural, but commercial aims. If the class who do not now come up to the university should be offered the advantages of the new education, of course, the cultural gains for them must come out of the work which they must take primarily as a preparation for business. This new constituency will come to the university — if it comes at all — only because they can there get a genuine advantage over the untrained throughout their subsequent careers in trade and industry. Here in itself is a principle of selection which will act as a safeguard. Furthermore, if there is a present tendency for the most powerful elements of the community to go into business, then it stands to reason that, if such men are induced to come to the university for their training, the university will be the gainer rather than the loser. Any one who has ever been in business knows that the mental force and power shown by men in that

walk of life is in general superior to that in academic life. In all justice, this class has as much — if not more — right to be considered as that engaged in teaching or any similar profession. This is the body of persons who would introduce new and vitalizing blood into the student community, much to the advantage of all. If there is any health in the old studies, they will hold their own in contact with the new; if the new constituencies are mainly recruited from origins characterized by force, while the old come from those of culture, students who come primarily for professional gains will carry away cultural results as well. The university will draw to itself new constituencies without losing the old ones; it will fit for all instead of for a few professions; it will bring force to the cultural elements, and culture to the forceful elements. In a true sense, then, will an institution become a university, not merely because it teaches many things, but because it successfully fits its students to solve their respective problems in all parts of the life which they must live after leaving the university.

It may not be amiss at this point to give some typical courses of study already adopted in some of our universities.¹ Once admitted to the School of Commerce of the University of Wisconsin, the student is required to study, together with some general elementary courses, the Industrial History of England, History of Commerce, Business Forms and Accounts, Transportation, Banking and the Mechanism of Exchange, Business Organization and Management, Commercial Law, Economics, German, French, Spanish, and English, and the Generation and Transmission of Force. Then he may choose between the two fields of Banking and the Consular Service. For the former, he elects Money and

Banking, History of Currencies in Modern Nations, Corporation Finance and Securities, and Crises; for the latter, he elects International Law, Commercial Geography of Europe, Diplomacy, the Consular Service of the United States and Foreign Countries. At the end of the course the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science is given.

Passing the two years' course in Business Practice and Banking, at the University of Pennsylvania, to the four years' course in Commerce and Industry, it appears to be a scheme of work having a general object, rather than a separation into groups leading to special professions. The required subjects of the first two years include: English, French, German, Accounting, Economic Geography, Constitutional Law, Practical Finance, Business Law, Political Economy, Geography of Commerce, and Legislative Procedure. In the last two years twelve of the necessary sixteen hours a week may be elected from the following: Economics, American Commerce, Banking, Commercial Treaties, Corporation Law, Commercial Products, Industrial History, Economic Resources of Europe and the United States, Recent Changes in Industry, Legislative Problems, Finance, European Commerce, Colonial Government, Economic Resources of Tropical Countries, Causes of Industrial Supremacy, English Civilization, International Law, Race Traits, International Trade, Transportation, and Credits. The degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics is given.

At the University of Chicago, the entrance requirements to the regular college work, including Latin, are demanded of the candidates for the College of Commerce and Administration. The work of the first two years is mainly that pursued in the general work of the college, including English, modern lan-

¹ In addition to the three institutions here mentioned courses similar to those above described have been introduced at the universities of Michigan and California. At Harvard

"courses for business" are offered. In Germany, the University of Leipsic has gone in the same direction, although the more technical courses are given in the *Handelslehranstalt*.

guages, mathematics, and science, with introductory courses in Civil Government, History, Sociology, Economics, and Commercial Geography. In the last two years the direct preparation for business begins, based on the general training of the past years in college and in the schools. Of the necessary eighteen units exacted in these last two years, seven are required, and eleven are elective. The requirements include Principles of Political Economy, Jurisprudence, Constitutional Law, Europe in the Nineteenth Century, Recent American History, Psychology. The remaining eleven are chosen, under advice, as leading directly to Banking, Railways, General Industries, Foreign Commerce, Consular Service, and Journalism; and they are taken from the following list: (a) Theory of Value, Unsettled Problems of Distribution, History of Political Economy, Scope and Method of Political Economy, Statistics, Economic Factors in Civilization, American Agriculture, Tariffs, Industrial Development of Europe, Modern Industries, Economics of Workingmen, Socialism, Technique of Trade and Commerce, Colonial Economics, History of Commerce, Trusts, Transportation, Comparative Railway Legislation, Accounting, Money, Banking, Financial History of the United States, and Finance; (b) History of Political Theory, Comparative Government, Federal Government, Government of Great Britain, France, and Germany, Government of Colonies, Federal and State Constitutional Law of the United States, Law of Municipal Corporations, Municipal Government, International Law, Diplomatic History of Europe and the United States, Roman Law, Law of Property, and Law of Persons; (c) American History (1789-1860), American Political Parties, the Renaissance, Europe in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, the French Revolution and Era of Napoleon, and the Rise of Prussia; (d) Contemporary Society in the United States, American Cities, Develop-

ment and Organization of the Press, the Family, Rural Communities, Contemporary Charities, Social Treatment of Crime, Structure of English Society, Philanthropy, Elements and Structure of Society, Municipal Sociology, the Sociological Conception of the State, and of the Problems of Modern Democracy; and (e) eleven courses of science, including Electricity, Physiography, Economic Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry of Ore Deposits, Geographic Botany, etc. The degree of Bachelor of Philosophy is given.

The criticism raised in academic circles by the word "commercial" seems to imply a suspicion of unworthiness in the work of a school which is intended to prepare men for business. That all depends upon the kind and purposes of the new education. The essential aim of a college of commerce and administration should be not technical, but disciplinary; it is not intended, according to an obsolete theory of education, only to give useful information, but to give the knowledge of underlying principles and that mental grip which will provide the possessor with the capacity to meet comprehendingly a new problem, however suddenly it may arise; its function is not merely to impart technique, or a rule of thumb, which may at any time become obsolete, but to teach men to think in the affairs of their profession.

This educational attitude may be illustrated by reference to the profession of journalism. Much well-deserved sarcasm has been directed against the plan of establishing schools of practical journalism. If the plan meant solely teaching a student how to condense paragraphs, how to expand a sentence into a lurid column of description, how to interview an obdurate public character, or how to paint the page with the most striking headlines, then there is no better means of teaching journalists than the actual routine of the newspaper office. But this method is a receipt only for making

hacks, not journalists. On the other hand, what is the right way? It is seen at once that the policy and influence of a newspaper depend upon whether or not it shows a masterly grasp of the political, economic, legal, and literary subjects which the public are thinking about. How can a man be prepared to deal adequately and powerfully with these matters? Certainly not by mistaking the shadow for the substance; not by caring for the envelope at the expense of the content. Good English form is essential, — we assume that; but to be a journalist, and not a hack, a man must be trained to think logically and clearly on all the subjects treated by the press. Otherwise he is as much out of place in an important position on a newspaper as a paralytic in an athletic contest.

The purpose of commercial education will not be met simply by knowing much about commerce; its success can be obtained only by realizing that piled-up knowledge is an unsteady monument unless braced and held true by an informing body of logical principles which have been understood and used by the builder. The distinction is an important one. Permit me to illustrate it. There may be two ways of teaching a mechanic how to build a steam engine: In one way, he might be given the measurements and plans for a specified engine, and by memory and imitation this one body of facts might be imprinted on his mind. The workman could build this engine, but no other kind. In another way, one might teach him thoroughly the laws of thermodynamics, the strength of materials, the principles of applying forces, etc., and the workman, understanding the theory of the particular engine when expressed in one form for a given purpose, could readily adapt the same principles to another adjustment of materials, and make a different engine for a different purpose. The former system is the repetition of parrot-teaching; the latter is education.

If, then, one finds a system of com-

mmercial education which leaves out the fundamental requirements of training common to all proper schemes of developing the human mind; if it proposes to throw away the training instruments of admitted quality, and to carry commercial courses of a merely informational character down into the high school, then we have reason for criticism.

Commercial high schools carry the professional purpose down into the period usually given to the general disciplinary work of the secondary schools. So far as the courses for such schools are informational, and not disciplinary, they defeat the true aims of education. If the man of affairs should never get literary and cultural training even in the high schools, he would be worse off than he is now; and there would tend to arise more and more a class of narrow business men who would have little or no understanding of any other life than the pursuit of wealth. The establishment of such high schools, therefore, seems to be a response to the commercial ideals of the age, — a means for the better technical equipment of our youth at the expense of that general knowledge which should be regarded as the necessary foundation for subsequent professional work. Money-getting should be accepted as a means to an end, not the end itself; training for money-getting should be thought of as secondary to the creation of superior tastes, qualities, and intelligence by which the higher things of life — things not to be bought by money — could be discovered and enjoyed.

In Germany, the overproduction of scholars has revealed the same existing tendencies as in our universities to emphasize the function of the university as a training school for teachers, even though many pass into the public service as well as into the learned professions. Means for the preparation of men for what I have called the neglected professions has not been provided by the universities (with the recent exception of Leipsic),

but only by the technical schools. When the educated German gets over his dread of the dehumanizing effects of subjects which are *praktische*, and his tendency to exalt that which has no commercial end (wholly apart from his splendid reverence for scholarship and research which has given imperishable renown to German learning, and which nothing should touch), we may expect to see the German university accepting the duty of preparing men for all the professions instead of for a few, — and this without derogation of the highest standards of academic achievement.

When Bismarck attributed the success of his soldiers in the Franco-Prussian War to the fact that "each musket thought," he was merely expressing in one form the general principle which holds in the more peaceful contests of domestic and international competition of industry with industry. If we are ever to succeed in taking a commanding position in international commerce, it will be because our industrial and commercial education is based on the correct principle of educating men to *think*, and to work out and understand the principles which underlie all the active work of their professions. The ability to undersell foreigners in the international market is not a question of the bravery of our soldiers and sailors; it is not a ques-

tion of the size of our army or the number of our battleships; it is not a question of physical force or blind Chauvinism: but it is a question whether the practical managers of our mills and workshops are capable of devising better methods than foreigners for hoisting our raw materials in a less expensive way from the mines; for transporting them with greater dispatch and cheapness; and for transforming them into finished products with better machinery, with greater adaptability, and with greater skill than our competitors. Stereotyped methods will not avail; it will not do to tell a man how to perform a task to-day without at the same time teaching him, by a training in fundamental principles, how to think out a new and better method if a new adjustment shall be needed to-morrow. No rule of thumb can do the work. The object of education is to develop power and grip, not to give dogmatic precepts. The best training for practical life, therefore, is not to be found in that which is technical, but in that which is disciplinary. In industry, as in manners, we Americans have lived too much under the reign of "slouch;" in the future, under the stern demands of large industrial movements, the exact, the powerful, well-trained, and far-seeing man will inevitably displace the man of routine, narrowness, and mediocrity.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

HAMLET.

"Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered." — COLERIDGE.

"No one of mortal mould (save Him 'whose blessed feet were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross,') ever trod this earth commanding such absorbing interest as this Hamlet, this mere creation of a poet's brain."

FURNESS.

To account for an interest so absorbing and a fascination so unique as Cole-

ridge and Dr. Furness unite in claiming for Hamlet, it is fair to assume the existence of some reason stronger than mere wit and wisdom, truth and beauty of thought, witchery of style, or than all of these combined. It is the aim of this paper to show that there is such a reason, and to indicate its nature.

We believe that in the Prince of Denmark Shakespeare has uncovered

the spiritual process which lifted our race out of savagery into civilization; has described a conflict, perhaps the only one, in which every human being must take part; has described it so accurately that in the struggles of Hamlet every reader discerns a reflection of his own experience; and that this is the adequate cause of the universal interest excited by the play.

For the tragedy of Hamlet is the inner history of the conflict still in progress between the spirit of paganism and the spirit of Christianity. We do not mean to claim that Shakespeare deliberately intended it to be that. He may not have been aware of all that he was doing for, as Emerson has said, he may have written "his Hamlet as birds weave their nests." But he wrought in perfect if unconscious harmony with the ethical forces of the universe; and therefore, when the soil and the seed had been chosen, only one result could follow. He may have understood the full significance of his work as little as the sun comprehends its mission when the Creator uses it to make the earth bring forth trees bearing fruit each after its kind; yet none the less, whether consciously or not, the poet has described in Hamlet the experience of every man who struggles out of darkness toward the light, and the drama is a tragedy only because death hides from view the final issue of the conflict.

Gibbon and Uhland have told us what things men did during that period when the pagan was slowly changing into the Christian conscience. Shakespeare has shown us why they did them. Hamlet is a microcosm. In him the process is apparent by which humility and forgiveness, despised as vices by the old world, came to be counted coronal virtues by the new. Gibbon shows the puppets on the stage; Shakespeare the springs that move them. The sufferings of Hamlet are the birth pangs by which so much of faith in the Sermon on the Mount as exists on earth was born into

the world. At Elsinore Shakespeare compels Thor with his hammer to face Christ with his cross; describes the duel between the flesh and the spirit so far as it had proceeded in his day, — it has gone but little farther in our own, — and then, refusing to predict the changes by which the tragedy shall in due time become a comedy, closes with the pregnant words, "The rest is silence."

With entire disregard of chronology, the seer takes his hero out of a Norse saga, lifts him over a chasm of twelve centuries, places him in the centre of Christian influences, and shows us the iceberg melting in the tropics, but freezing many a creature as it melts.

The hero has inherited the conscience of Odin. He has been trained in the ways of Christ. He is placed in circumstances which excite to intense activity both the pagan and the Christian within him, and compel them to fight each other. At times the Norse blood triumphs, and he becomes a splendid savage: witness the slaughter of Polonius, and the Modoc indifference to the crime. At times the Christian conquers: witness the humble prayer: —

"Nymph, in thy orisons

Be all my sins remember'd."

At times he is tortured — as the best men often are — by doubt whether to clutch the hammer or cling to the cross. When he hears of his father's murder, the Norse blood boils: —

"Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as
swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge."

A moment's reflection puts out that fire, or, as he himself afterward, when his mood has changed, describes the mental process, sicklies "o'er the native hue of" that "resolution, with the pale cast of thought;" and, standing on the ashes of his fury, he says calmly to his friends: —

"I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part;
You as your business and desire shall point you;

.

... and for my own poor part
Look you, I'll go pray."

Those last words, which seem to me the most pathetic in the play, appear to be the key to its interpretation. The Norseman drops the hammer because he sees the cross of Him who said, "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." All of Hamlet's indecision is caused by the conflict between these two forces. The door of temptation to pagan vengeance continually opens before him. He never enters in, but always pauses at the threshold to "watch and pray," until at last duty seems clear, and he does the deed he has long debated, in the spirit not of a pagan but of a Christian.

Hamlet first appears as a mature man. He is a Dane. What that meant to Shakespeare is not doubtful. The fierce customs of the warrior race color all that is shown us of the court at Elsinore. They are customs which Hamlet thinks more honored in "the breach than the observance." For he has been educated at Wittenberg. There he feels most at home, and thither he desires to return.

Why did Shakespeare send Hamlet to Wittenberg? Two replies have been given: First, it was necessary to send him to a northern university. Second, of northern universities Wittenberg was the most important and the best known.

Of these two statements, the first is questionable, and the second is untrue.

1. Why was it necessary for a king's son to go to a university in the north when there were better ones in the south? And why was not the road which Laertes took for one purpose open to Hamlet for another?

2. But of northern universities Wittenberg was neither the most important nor the most conspicuous. It was the youngest, and but for a single reason the least important of them all. In Shakespeare's day its influence had greatly waned. To him as to his contemporaries it signified one thing only:

Luther with the Bible. It stood for that new light which from the time of Henry VIII. had dawned so fast, especially in England.

Our play contains not less than fifty utterances drawn from the Scriptures. Forty-three of them are spoken by Hamlet; two by Horatio, who also had been at Wittenberg; three by the Ghost, who presumably had learned to see many things as the Scriptures represent them. This can scarcely be an accident. Against that explanation the chances are more than forty to two.

Hamlet is shown to be by nature noble and profoundly religious. Had he never left Elsinore he would have been a pagan of the grandest sort. But he returns to the court filled with Christian sentiment. There the conditions are April to both the weeds and the flowers within him. Affection for his father, his mother, and Ophelia strengthens his conviction that God is love. Unspeakable humiliation combines with the discovery of outrageous treachery to rouse in him a Berserker rage. The temptation to turn from Christ to Thor approaches him in garments of light. Loving his mother with a devotion that is almost a religion, he finds her married to his father's brother. That he considers incest. Where he learned to regard it so is immaterial. It was his belief, and the belief was fire in his bones. The Norse blood unchecked would have forced him to slay at sight the author of this shame. But the Christian in him is regnant; he does not even think of revenge.

When the interview with his degraded mother and the partner of her degradation has driven the iron still deeper into his heart, his spirit is shown as through an opened window, in the first soliloquy. The figure with which that soliloquy begins is perplexing until the unspoken thoughts which inspired it are perceived:—

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!"

How can flesh melt? It can burn, shrivel, change into gases; but melt it cannot. Commentators have wrestled vainly with this figure. "How beautiful," they say, "is this conception of a human body softly fading, as a mist rolls upward on the mountain, revealing an apocalypse of foliage!"

That is pretty, but it is not Shakespeare's figure. When a mist melts, it does not roll up: it drops down; it becomes rain and makes mud. But "too too solid flesh" is far from resembling a mist. The only way in which it can even seem to melt is by excessive perspiration, and no jugglery of words can make Falstaff in a Turkish bath, sweating to the point of deliquescence, appear a poetic figure. Yet that is the only process known to the human mind by which "too too solid flesh" can be conceived as melting.

To distract attention as far as possible from the grossness of the figure he had to employ Shakespeare introduced the word "dew." But the figure he was compelled to use. He repeated it three times, to show that it, and no other, was in Hamlet's mind: "melt," "thaw," "resolve itself into a dew." Whence came that figure? What unspoken thought does it reveal?

If we remember that Hamlet had been educated at Wittenberg; that there he had fed upon the Scriptures, since Wittenberg was celebrated for its study of the Scriptures, and was celebrated for nothing else; also that Hamlet was in precisely the condition described by St. Paul in the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, we shall see that chapter shining through the first two lines of this soliloquy (and through the whole of the more famous one, later on) as light shines through latticed shutters. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan . . . being burdened."

In Elizabethan English the words

"resolve" and "dissolve" were interchangeable. To express St. Paul's figure of striking a tent, both Wycliff, with whose translation Shakespeare may have been acquainted, and the Vulgate, with which he was familiar, use, as our authorized version does, the word "dissolve," the exact equivalent of "resolve."

Hamlet is in like case with St. Paul. His suffering seems greater than he can bear. He "groans, being burdened." He remembers how the apostle found comfort. He seeks help from the apostle's utterance. He is pondering that fifth chapter. At the word "dissolved" he breaks into speech:—

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!¹
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

But to Paul, as that chapter shows, the uses of "this world" seemed restful, fresh, pointed, and profitable.

"Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not
two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't,"—

The Norse blood begins to boil, but cools at thought of Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee," and he continues

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

Tender, Christlike words. Thinking of the sin, he will brand it as worse than beastly. Thinking of the sinner, he will use no harsher term than "frailty."

¹ Paul's figure misunderstood.

"A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's
 body,
 Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she, —
 O God! A beast, that wants discourse of
 reason,
 Would have mourned longer, — married with
 my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my
 father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month? —
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing of her galled eyes, —
 She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my
 tongue!"

Here the Christian triumphs. Outrageous though his provocations are, he will not bring even "a railing accusation."

In this soliloquy Hamlet fancies he has sounded the depths of anguish. In fact he has only touched its marge. A sterner trial is at hand. A noble nature can turn the other cheek when it is his own that has been smitten. Thus far Hamlet's thoughts have been fixed on wrongs done to himself. He has yet to learn that the author of his shame is also the assassin of his father. The discovery of that fact spurs him to revenge not his own but his father's wrongs.

Ink makes the paper appear whiter. For that reason, the noble interview between the majestic spirit and his son is preceded by the conversation of Polonius, the false and shifty courtier, with his two children: Ophelia, a trivial creature, whom Hamlet loves, and Laertes, who is a Polonius in the tadpole state.

As Polonius is foil to the august Ghost, and Ophelia to the usurping Claudius, Laertes is the antipodal contrast to Hamlet. For Laertes does, and by doing shows the wickedness and folly, of precisely those deeds which the Norse blood urges Hamlet to do, but which conscience prevents him from doing.

The pith of the interview between Polonius and his children is that the

advice of Laertes to his sister (to care for no one but herself; to distrust her noble lover, and take for her pole-star suspicion in place of faith) is essentially the same as the counsel he receives from his father.

It is interesting to compare the instructions of Polonius to his son with those given by Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell when the experience of a life ruined by following the maxims of Polonius had taught the cardinal their futility, and to note how at every point the two contradict each other. It is still more interesting to contrast the precepts of Polonius with the Sermon on the Mount, and then to observe the fall of the house built upon the sand.

This is the substance of the courtier's charge: —

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act."

That is, Never say what you think, and do nothing till you are sure it will prove expedient.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
 judgment."

Worm their opinions from others, but conceal your own.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."
 The outward appearance is the thing worth minding; the inward substance is not even thought of.

"To thine ownself be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man."

A statement which, like Franklin's "Honesty is the best policy," is true, but which no one ever made the rudder of his conduct without becoming false to those with whom he had to do. That fact is delicately hinted in the phrasing, "It must follow as the *night* the *day*," which suggests to every intelligence higher than the garrulous chatterer who utters it that, however bright the dawn of a life fed on such precepts, it must end in darkness. And so Polonius who preaches and Laertes who adopts them, both prove in due time

false to the king, false to the queen, false to Ophelia, false to Hamlet, and, more conspicuously still, each false to himself; while Ophelia, who hears without understanding, and tries to obey, loses her wits in the attempt.

In relief against this black background is placed the interview between Hamlet and his father's spirit. It takes us out of the reek of selfishness into the clean air of self-sacrifice. The moment Hamlet learns the ghastly secret, he decides that his business is to be true, not to himself, but to the parent who, he thinks, needs to be avenged, to the mother who needs to be redeemed, to the uncle who needs to be punished. His only perplexity is how best to perform these fidelities. In their presence self vanishes. His ardent love for Ophelia he resigns, but not until he has convinced himself that he can do so without wounding her heart. To the end he remains true to her. Believing that she has played with *his* affections, that she has deceived and betrayed them, he still strives, by means which wring his own heart, to make her what he thinks she is not, a good woman. Ambition does not touch him, for he believes that doing his duty will give him, not a throne, but a grave.

His father charges him to avenge the murder. The Norse blood surges. He vows revenge. But how to accomplish it is not clear. Whatever may prove wisest in the future, secrecy seems needful for the present. Therefore he swears his friends to silence. While they hesitate to duplicate their oath, the voice of his father's spirit urging them to do so is heard from beneath.¹

In Hamlet's high-wrought state the voice produces a moment of hysteria. He laughs; he jokes about the mystery

that is crushing him; he calls the awe-filling spirit "old mole." The effect of such strange conduct on his companions gives him the hint, and with lightning swiftness he determines to feign madness for a cloak of concealment. But soon he begins to question whether revenge is right. The spirit of Wittenberg has cooled the Norse blood when he murmurs: —

"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to
you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; — O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together."²

The second act shows Hamlet living a double life. While observed he feigns insanity, and, as George MacDonald has said, feigns well enough to deceive not only the whole court except King Claudius, but most of the commentators ever since. His object is to throw his uncle off guard. But feigning and all methods of indirection are repugnant to his nature. To his mother in the first act he described his character as the play reveals it: —

"Seems, madam? Nay, it is; I know not
'seems.'"

His singleness of heart is emphasized by contrast with Polonius, who naïvely uncovers his own soul and shows that falsehood is its home, in the speech to Reynaldo, in which, after telling his hearer how to lie dexterously for the benefit of Laertes, he concludes with,
"See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth,"
and bids him
"By indirections find directions out."

¹ Observe the subtle implication. The voice is heard from *beneath*. The Ghost had not appeared to go in that direction. Were not Hamlet's doubts here inaugurated by some echo of the words heard at Wittenberg from *above*, "Swear not at all"?

² Whether he fears to trust himself alone with his vengeful thoughts, or to trust his friends with their temptation to break silence, is uncertain. Perhaps both fears distract him.

The episode of the players inspires the second soliloquy and makes it intelligible. Hamlet's reflections upon the interview with his father's spirit have excited doubts whether he ought to fulfill his vow of vengeance, or leave retribution to the unseen powers. "Vengeance is mine. I will repay," says Wittenberg. Meditation brings distracting thoughts.

1. My father has sworn me to revenge. He was my ideal of manhood:

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

He appeared as I knew him in life, a warrior impelled by pagan passion, as

"when in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice."

Such a man the Norse blood in Prince Hamlet tells him he ought to be. Because he is not such he reviles himself, calls himself "coward," and says all manner of evil against himself.

2. But this vengeance-seeking spirit has confessed that he is

"confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature¹
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,²
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine."

If that is what comes of doing as my father did, and as I have sworn to do in his behalf, perhaps the things taught at Wittenberg are true.

"... the spirit that I have seen
May be the devil."

It has tempted to what Wittenberg counts devil's work. It may have slandered Claudius. Obedience to it may mean damnation.

¹ Note the technical distinction, pointing directly to Wittenberg, between "nature" and "grace."

² 1 Peter iii. 15.

This, and no other, is the question we shall hear Hamlet trying to decide in his most famous soliloquy. Reflection compels a pause, for though Thor cries, "Revenge!" Christ whispers, "Take heed."

Forced by these conflicting thoughts to wait, when the Norse blood boils, he despises himself for waiting; calls his caution cowardice, and in the third soliloquy condemns himself in language extreme as that in which St. Paul declares himself the chief of sinners.

The players have been wrought into energetic action by a sham crime, while he is torpid before a real one.

"O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for
nothing!

For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would
he do

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have?"

By this we are prepared to understand the fourth soliloquy, "To be or not to be." This soliloquy has been generally considered a disquisition on suicide. In it Hamlet is supposed to explain why he does not end his troubles by taking his life.

It was suggested to George MacDonald that this conception might be erroneous. He accepted the suggestion. That fact gives it great weight. The following considerations are added to his words as reasons for believing that the idea of suicide was not in Hamlet's mind:—

1. It seems unnatural that a man absorbed in the effort to decide whether he should kill Claudius should suddenly pause to explain why he does not kill himself, especially when there is no hint in any other part of the play that he ever contemplated doing so. As if

to guard us from the common interpretation, we are shown in the first act that the idea of suicide, when it occurred, was once and forever banished from Hamlet's mind by his knowledge of the canon fixed by the Eternal "gainst self-slaughter." The same fact is again made prominent when, though he tells Polonius there is nothing he would part with more willingly than his life, he does not even think of suicide.

2. He begins by saying that the thought in his mind is "the question;" that is, the question he deems most important, the question to which he has given most consideration, the question that is pressing him. There can be no doubt what that question is. For only one question occupies his mind during the entire play. From it he never escapes, and beside it every other question seems to him trivial. We know what it is, and that it has nothing to do with suicide.

3. The conclusion Hamlet arrives at in the soliloquy is that he is a coward. He often at other times brings this charge against himself, and always for the same reason. That reason never is that he is afraid to kill himself, but always that he shrinks from killing Claudius.

4. If Hamlet were thinking of suicide, he used the word "be" as a synonym for "exist," and "To be or not to be" is synonymous with "To continue or to cease existing." Could a man whose mind was controlled by the conviction that one who had died existed still and had visited him speak of suicide or of any kind of death as "ceasing to exist"? Imagine Paul speaking of death as the beginning of non-existence! Every line of the soliloquy indicates that the speaker sees in death the continuance of life. His recognition of his father's spirit; his refusal to kill Claudius while praying, because that might send the criminal to heaven, whither he ought not to go, rather than to hell, where he belongs,

imply that Hamlet never thought of death as annihilation. The alternative, therefore, between "To be" and "not to be" is not between "existence" and "non-existence." "To be or not to be" cannot mean "To live or to die."

5. "To be or not to be," that is "the question." What question? Obviously the question in his mind when "his silent sea of thought broke into surf of speech;" the question he is trying to decide, has been trying to decide, will die without being able to decide. That question certainly had nothing to do with suicide, for suicide had not occurred to him as a "question;" but when it did occur, it came as a matter settled beyond question by the canon of the Eternal. The only question which has perplexed him is whether to act as a pagan or a Christian; whether to kill his uncle, as in a moment of Berserker rage he has sworn to do.

To make this evident the thought of the first line is repeated immediately in different language. "To be or not to be," or in other words:—

"Whether 't is nobler in the mind to *suffer*
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to *take arms* against a sea of troubles,
And by *opposing* end them?"

Suicide is not taking arms against troubles. It is accurately the reverse of opposing them. It is dropping arms and flying from them.

6. The "question," whatever it may be, "puzzles" the will. We have seen that suicide did not puzzle Hamlet's will; no, not for an instant.

7. It is "conscience" (if the word means "consciousness," the argument is not modified in the least) which makes "the question" hard to decide, because conscience makes cowards of us all, and sicklies o'er the native hue of resolution with the pale cast of thought. The reference is to the self-accusations to which he has so often given voice. Thinking upon "the question" has sapped the blood of the strong resolve formed in the presence of his father's

spirit, and made him seem to himself, when the Norse nerves were strung, a coward. Thus an enterprise of great pith and moment has turned its current awry, and lost the name of action.

But surely no stretch of imagination can count suicide an enterprise of "great pith and moment." Here as elsewhere Hamlet calls himself a coward because he has allowed the native hue of his resolution to kill Claudius to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. These facts show clearly what "the question" is. It is the question at issue between Christ and Thor, love and hate, forgiveness and revenge.

If the first line of the soliloquy stood alone, there might be room for doubt about its meaning; but restated as it is immediately in different words, it seems sufficiently plain. "To be," — that is, to be a man; or "not to be," — that is, to remain a cipher. So the Norse blood puts it. If he acts as he has sworn to do, if on his own responsibility he wreaks vengeance upon his uncle, that may serve for the present world. But how about that other world, in which, St. Paul declares, he must give an account of the deeds done in the body? Yet is it not better to be a man than to remain a cipher? "That is the question!" In other words: "Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer" (that is, to endure) "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" (as did He who bade us turn the other cheek), "or to take arms" "and by opposing (that is, with the sword) end them." Which obviously would mean for Hamlet death, though not by suicide. For if he succeeds in killing the king, it will be against forces sufficient to make his own death certain.

¹ "A mixed metaphor," the critics say. But it is not a metaphor. It is a figure so exact and so apt that it has been generally adopted. Hamlet sees his troubles, each like an armed and white-plumed soldier, advancing so swiftly and in ranks so close and countless that they resemble lines of foam-flakes on the surf. Shall he take arms against these congregated warriors and fight till they kill him?

But when, after taking the sword, as Wittenberg tells him not to do, he shall have perished, as Wittenberg tells him he will, what then?

Yet if he does not kill he will remain what to the Norse blood seems a cipher, a coward, a man of broken oath, a niding.

"To be or not to be — that is the question,
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles¹
And by opposing end them."

He knows that if he strikes it will insure his own death, and that *then* he will have to give an account. Therefore: —

"To die, — to sleep, —
No more; [Foolish fancy! since after death the judgment] and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. [If only it were true!]
To die; to sleep; —
To sleep! Perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
[these earthly perplexities]
Must give us pause [he is justifying his hesitancy]: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,"

(here follows an exhaustive catalogue of his own burdens)

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?"

This last expression has cradled the belief that Hamlet contemplated sui-

We use the same figure when we say, "The mob *surg'd* around him before he drew his pistol;" that is, "The mob came upon him as the ocean comes, and then he took arms against the sea of troubles." Scott, by expanding, weakens the figure: —

"Like wave with crest of sparkling foam
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come."

cide. Readers have been misled by what Max Müller named "the Mythology of language." They have been influenced by the sound of unfamiliar words without considering their meaning. "Quietus" sounds as if it signified "made quiet," and "bodkin" has sounded to Englishmen since 1750, when Shakespeare began to be seriously studied, as if it meant a large needle. If such were the meanings of the words, they might signify, "When one could give himself peace by thrusting a needle into his heart." But "quietus" is a law term, and means the settling of one's accounts *with other people*. "Bodkin" was the name of a weapon for defense of one's life, a stiletto. The natural meaning of the sentence therefore is, "Why do I patiently endure, when I might settle accounts with my uncle by a thrust of my dagger into his heart?"

That is precisely the kind of settlement which he started to make, and was by "the pale cast of thought" restrained from making, when he found Claudius praying:—

"Who would fardels bear

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death"—

(We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad, says that fifth chapter of Corinthians upon which he appeared in the first act to be brooding.)

"The undiscover'd [not yet uncovered] country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

He has in mind the flight, not of a suicide's, but of a warrior's spirit.

"Thus conscience [or consciousness, if it means that] does make cowards of us all [Norse blood again];

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
[his own experience],

And enterprises of great pith and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action [as his resolve has]."

Through the fourth act Hamlet remains spellbound by conscience between the two alternative answers to "the question." Whenever he has been sure a thing is right, he has done it instantly and thoroughly, with lightning speed. Whenever he is completely mastered by either the Norse blood or the New Light, his decision is prompt and his action swift. But he continues to suffer agonies of self-accusation; counts himself a beast because he does not execute his vow, yet cannot execute it for fear that if he does he shall have to count himself a devil.

When he learns that Fortinbras has promptly taken arms, he sees in that another condemnation of himself:—

"How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast: no more."

The fifth act shows Laertes in Hamlet's circumstances. His father has been murdered, and he has a suspicion that Claudius is the murderer. Laertes yields instantly to the savage impulse which Hamlet has continuously resisted. Without proof of Claudius' guilt, without a thread of principle to restrain his impulse, he rushes like a beast to glut his passion; falls instantly into the snare of the king, who has tried long and vainly to entrap Hamlet, and dies by his own treason to truth and manhood, though not until he has been forced to see that he has been the fool, and Hamlet the wise man.

Then, not to revenge an injury, but to prevent more crimes; not to wreak vengeance, but to protect his country; not in the spirit of Thor, but in the spirit of the Christ who said, "Woe unto him who causes one of these little ones to offend," Hamlet slays his uncle. Was it right or wrong? Even yet he cannot answer "the question," for "the rest is silence."

William Burnet Wright.

FOUR SONNETS.

LIGHT AND WIND.

WHERE, through the leaves of myriad forest trees,
 The daylight falls, beryl and chrysoprase,
 The glamour and the glimmer of its rays
 Seem visible music, tangible melodies :
 Light that is music ; music that one sees, —
 Wagnerian music, — where forever sways
 The spirit of romance, and gods and fays
 Take form, clad on with dreams and mysteries.
 And now the wind's transmuting necromance
 Touches the light and makes it fall and rise,
 Vocal, a harp of multitudinous waves,
 That speaks as ocean speaks, — an utterance
 Of far-off whispers, mermaid-murmuring sighs, —
 Pelagian, vast, deep down in coral caves.

Madison Cawein.

EVENING.

PALE cameo-colored fires across the west ;
 Dun pastures, hushed ; a rim of darkling trees ;
 One star that flickering hangs, as if the breeze
 Swung it, a white-lit censer ; and deep rest
 Muffled across Day's struggling, teeming breast.
 The very brook that sang its bubbly glees
 Now draws its sleek length, quiet, and like black seas
 The twilight floods sweep down with star-foamed crest.

Hark ! I have heard the brown owl softly hoot :
 Whom calls he through the dimness ? — and again ! —
 Surely I hear a crystal-dripping flute
 Answer his cry, as from dark dale and plain
 Mist shapes unloose. Beat low, my heart, beat low,
 Lest thy red drummings bid the wood gods go !

Julie Closson Kenly.

TO POVERTY.

PALE priestess of a fane discredited,
 Whose votaries to-day are few or none;
 Goddess austere, whose touch the vulgar shun,
 As they would shrink from a Procrustes bed,
 Hieing to temples where the feast is spread,
 And life laughs loudly, and the smooth wines run;
 Wise mother!—least desired 'neath the sun,
 At thy chill breasts the noblest have been fed.
 Great are thy counsels for the brave and strong;
 Yet do we fear thy brooding mystery,
 The griefs, the hardships, which about thee throng,
 The scanty garners where thy harvests be;
 But seeing what unto the rich belong,
 We know our debt, O Poverty, to thee!

Florence Earle Coates.

THE GODS.

ARE these the glad young deities we knew
 Long, long ago in the world's dawning day,—
 These pallid shapes that wander here astray
 In the gray vapors and the glimmering dew?
 Where are the forms of satyr, nymph, and fay,
 The flash of wings in the descending blue,
 The wild enchantments that about us grew
 When first we heard the pipes of Pan aplay?
 Sullied with time, its mildew and its moil,
 O gods immortal, crouching here so cold,
 Age hath around you drawn her tightening coil,
 But we are young; the far quest finds us bold
 For fresh endeavor and more glorious spoil.
 Alas! alas! how grew the gods so old?

Ada Foster Murray.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

It is my purpose to say a word of Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the English historian, who died February 23, 1902, and who in his research and manner of statement represents fitly the scientific school of historical writers. He was thorough in his investigation, sparing neither labor nor pains to get at the truth. It may well enough be true that the designedly untruthful historian, like the undevout astronomer, is an anomaly, for inaccuracy comes not from purpose but from neglect. Now Gardiner went to the bottom of things, and was not satisfied until he had compassed all the material within his reach. As a matter of course he read many languages. Whether his facts were in Spanish, Italian, French, German, Dutch, Swedish, or English, made apparently no difference. Nor did he stop at what was in plain language. He read a diary written chiefly in symbols, and many letters in cipher. A large part of his material was in manuscript, which entailed greater labor than if it had been in print. As one reads the prefaces to his various volumes and his footnotes, amazement is the word to express the feeling that a man could have accomplished so much in forty-seven years. One feels that there is no one-sided use of any material. The Spanish, the Venetian, the French, the Dutch, nowhere displaces the English. In Froude's Elizabeth one gets the impression that the Simancas manuscripts furnish a disproportionate basis of the narrative; in Ranke's England that the story is made up too much from the Venetian archives. Gardiner himself copied many Simancas manuscripts in Spain, and he studied the archives in Venice, Paris, Brussels, and Rome, but these, and all the other great mass of foreign material, are kept adjunctive to that

found in his own land. My impression from a study of his volumes is that more than half of his material is in manuscript, but because he has matter which no one else had ever used, he does not neglect the printed pages open to every one. To form "a judgment on the character and aims of Cromwell," he writes, "it is absolutely necessary to take Carlyle's monumental work as a starting point;"¹ yet distrusting Carlyle's printed transcripts he goes back to the original speeches and letters themselves. Carlyle, he says, "amends the text without warning" in many places; these emendations Gardiner corrects, and out of the abundance of his learning he stops a moment to show how Carlyle has misled the learned Dr. Murray in attributing to Cromwell the use of the word "communicative" in its modern meaning, when it was on the contrary employed in what is now an obsolete sense.²

Gardiner's great work is the History of England from 1603 to 1656. In the revised editions there are ten volumes called the History of England, from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Great Civil War, and four volumes on the Great Civil War. Since this revision he has published three volumes on the History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. He was also the author of a number of smaller volumes, a contributor to the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography, and for ten years editor-in-chief of the English Historical Review.

I know not which is the more remarkable, the learning, accuracy, and diligence of the man, or withal his modesty. With his great store of knowledge, the very truthfulness of his soul impels him to be forward in admitting his own mis-

¹ History of the Great Civil War, vol. i. page viii.

² History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, vol. iii. page 27.

takes. Lowell said in 1878 that Darwin was "almost the only perfectly disinterested lover of truth" he had ever encountered. Had Lowell known the historian as we know him, he would have placed Gardiner upon the same elevation. In the preface to the revised ten-volume edition he alludes to the "defects" of his work. "Much material," he wrote, "has accumulated since the early volumes were published, and my own point of view is not quite the same as it was when I started with the first years of James I."¹ The most important contribution to this portion of his period had been Spedding's edition of Bacon's *Letters and Life*. In a note to page 208 of his second volume he tells how Spedding's arguments have caused him to modify some of his statements, although the two regard the history of the seventeenth century differently. Writing this soon after the death of Spedding, to which he refers as "the loss of one whose mind was so acute and whose nature was so patient and kindly," he adds, "It was a true pleasure to have one's statements and arguments exposed to the testing fire of his hostile criticism." Having pointed out later some inaccuracies in the work of Professor Masson he accuses himself. "I have little doubt," he writes, "that if my work were subjected to as careful a revision, it would yield a far greater crop of errors."²

Gardiner was born in 1829. Soon after he was twenty-six years old he conceived the idea of writing the history of England from the accession of James I. to the restoration of Charles II. It was a noble conception, but his means were small. Having married, as his first wife, the youngest daughter of Edward Irving, the enthusiastic founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church, he became an Irvingite. Because he was an Irvingite his university, — he was a son of Oxford, — so it is commonly said, would give him no position whereby he might

gain his living. Nevertheless, Gardiner studied and toiled, and in 1863 published two volumes entitled *A History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke*. Of this work only one hundred and forty copies were sold. Still he struggled on. In 1869 two volumes called *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage* were published and sold five hundred copies. Six years later appeared two volumes entitled *A History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I*. This installment paid expenses, but no profit. One is reminded of what Carlyle said about the pecuniary rewards of literary men in England: "Homer's *Iliad* would have brought the author, had he offered it to Mr. Murray on the half-profit system, say five-and-twenty guineas. The *Prophecies of Isaiah* would have made a small article in a review which . . . could cheerfully enough have remunerated him with a five-pound note." The first book from which Gardiner received any money was a little volume for the *Epochs of Modern History Series* on the *Thirty Years' War*, published in 1874. Two more installments of the history appearing in 1877 and 1881 made up the first edition of what is now our ten-volume history, but in the meantime some of the volumes went out of print. It was not until 1883, the year of the publication of the revised edition, that the value of his labors was generally recognized. During this twenty-eight years, from the age of twenty-six to fifty-four, Gardiner had his living to earn. He might have recalled the remark made, I think, by either Goldsmith or Lamb, that the books which will live are not those by which we ourselves can live. Therefore Gardiner got his bread by teaching. He became a professor in King's College, London, and he lectured on history for the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, having large audiences all over London, and

¹ *History*, vol. i. page v.

² *Ibid.* vol. ix. page viii.

being well appreciated in the East End. He wrote schoolbooks on history. Finally success came twenty-eight years after his glorious conception, twenty years after the publication of his first volume. He had had a hard struggle for a living with money coming in by dribblets. Bread won in such a way is come by hard, yet he remained true to his ideal. His potboilers were good and honest books; his brief history on the Thirty Years' War has received the praise of scholars. Recognition brought him money rewards. In 1882 Mr. Gladstone bestowed upon him a civil list pension of £150 a year. Two years later All Souls College, Oxford, elected him to a research fellowship; when this expired Merton made him a fellow. Academic honors came late. Not until 1884, when he was fifty-five, did he take his degree of M. A. Edinburgh conferred upon him an LL. D., and Göttingen a Ph. D., but he was sixty-six when he received the coveted D. C. L. from his own university. The year previous Lord Rosebery offered him the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford, but he declined it because the prosecution of his great work required him to be near the British Museum. It is worthy of mention that in 1874, nine years before he was generally appreciated in England, the Massachusetts Historical Society elected him a corresponding member.

During the latter part of his life Gardiner resided in the country near London, whence it took him about an hour to reach the British Museum, where he did his work. He labored on his history from eleven o'clock to half past four, with an intermission of half an hour for luncheon. He did not dictate to a stenographer, but wrote everything out. Totally unaccustomed to collaboration, he never employed a secretary or assistant of any kind. In his evenings he did no serious labor; he spent them with his family, attended to his correspondence,

or read a novel. Thus he wrought five hours daily. What a brain, and what a splendid training he had given himself to accomplish such results in so short a working day!

In the preface to his first volume of the History of the Commonwealth, published in 1894, Gardiner said that he was "entering upon the third and last stage of a task the accomplishment of which seemed to me many years ago to be within the bounds of possibility." One more volume bringing the history down to the death of Cromwell would have completed the work, and then Mr. Charles H. Firth, a fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, was to take up the story. Firth now purposes to begin his narrative with the year 1656. Gardiner's mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders.

Where historical scholars congregate in England and America, Gardiner is highly esteemed. But the critics must have their day. They cannot attack him for lack of diligence and accuracy, which according to Gibbon, the master of us all, are the prime requisites of a historian, so they assert that he was deficient in literary style, he had no dramatic power, his work is not interesting and will not live. Gardiner is the product solely of the university and the library. You may visualize him at Oxford, in the British Museum, or at work in the archives on the Continent, but of affairs and of society by personal contact he knew nothing. In short, he was not a man of the world, and the histories must be written, so these critics aver, by those who have an actual knowledge by experience of their fellow men. It is profitable to examine these dicta by the light of concrete examples. Froude saw much of society, and was a man of the world. He wrote six volumes on the reign of Elizabeth, from which we get the distinct impression that the dominant characteristics of Elizabeth were meanness, vacillation, selfishness, and cruelty. Gardiner in an introductory chapter of forty-three pages

restores to us the great queen of Shakespeare, who brought upon her land "a thousand, thousand blessings." She loved her people well, he writes, and ruled them wisely. She "cleared the way for liberty, though she understood it not."¹ Elsewhere he speaks of "her high spirit and enlightened judgment."² The writer who has spent his life in the library among dusty archives estimates the great ruler more correctly than the man of the world. We all know Macaulay, — a member of Parliament, a member of the Supreme Council of India, a cabinet minister, a historian of great merit, a brilliant man of letters. In such an one, according to the principles laid down by these critics, we should expect to find a supreme judge of men. Macaulay in his essays and the first chapter of the History painted Wentworth and Laud in the very blackest of colors, which "had burned themselves into the heart of the people of England." Gardiner came. Wentworth and Laud, he wrote, were controlled by a "noble ambition," which was "not stained with personal selfishness or greed."³ "England may well be proud of possessing in Wentworth a nobler if a less practical statesman than Richelieu, of the type to which the great cardinal belonged."⁴ Again Wentworth was "the high-minded, masterful statesman, erring gravely through defects of temper and knowledge."⁵ From Ma-

caulay we carry away the impression that Wentworth was very wicked and that Cromwell was very good. Gardiner loved Cromwell not less than did Macaulay, but thus he speaks of his government: "Step by step the government of the Commonwealth was compelled . . . to rule by means which every one of its members would have condemned if they had been employed by Charles or Wentworth." Is it not a triumph for the bookish man that in his estimate of Wentworth and Laud he has with him the consensus of the historical scholars of England!

What a change there has been in English opinion of Cromwell in the last half century! Unquestionably that is due to Carlyle more than to any other one man, but there might have been a reaction from the conception of the hero worshiper had it not been supported and somewhat modified by so careful and impartial a student as Gardiner.

The alteration of sentiment toward Wentworth and Laud is principally due to Gardiner, that toward Cromwell is due to him in part. These are two of the striking results, but they are only two of many things we see differently because of the single-minded devotion of this great historian. We know the history of England from 1603 to 1656 better than we do that of any other period of the world; and for this we are indebted mainly to Samuel Rawson Gardiner.

James Ford Rhodes.

¹ History, vol. i. page 43.

² Ibid. vol. viii. page 36.

³ Ibid. page 67.

⁴ Ibid. page 215.

⁵ Ibid. vol. ix. page 229.

THE DISARMAMENT TRUST.

It all grew out of a chance remark of Mr. Morgan's to Baron de Staal at Homburg, in July, 1903. That was the year in which all the European watering places had been consolidated, and the American had run over to see how economy of management was working in the Badenkartell und Syndicat des Eaux, which he had so successfully financed and promoted. It was, accordingly, between sips in the Kursaal that he said to the Russian ambassador, "It was a pity that you did not have at the Hague Congress a modern man of business."

"Why so?"

"He could have done what all your diplomats and military experts made a botch of."

"I do not understand you."

"Why, he could have brought about disarmament on correct business principles. You were too much under the influence of a vague philanthropy; you talked of the horrors of war; you dwelt upon national jealousies and ambition — and you got nowhere. At best, you emitted only a pious aspiration for peace. Now an up-to-date financier would have put the matter in its true light. He would have shown you that war is waste, — the most baleful form of competition. He would have driven home the community-of-interest idea in international relations, and could have worked out such a plan for division of territory and of profits, for allotment of influence and of stock, that European armies would have been resolved into productive laborers like magic, and swords would have been beaten into shares without the plough."

This little joke of Mr. Morgan's was too much for the Russian nobleman. The study of the English Bible is deplorably neglected in the Court of St. Petersburg. But the baron knew an idea

when he saw it. This was the very thing to report to his royal master. The Czar Disarmer would jump at it. And so it was that from this casual conversation at Homburg there resulted the second appeal to the civilized world, by Nicholas II., to grapple with the problem of swollen and burdensome national armaments. This time, however, he frankly put himself in Mr. Morgan's hands, and went straight to the heart of the matter by giving notice that what the nations were to do was to consider the formation of a great International Disarmament Trust. That at once made the solid men of the world perceive that he meant business.

Nor was there a second dawdling Congress at the Hague. Mr. Morgan could not waste time in that way. He bought the Deutschland (which, to avoid wounding national susceptibilities, he rechristened the Allgemeinesland, and then promptly applied for an American register and a subsidy), steamed after the necessary monarchs and plenipotentiaries and generals and admirals, sped with them to the neutral and quiet waters of the Sargasso Sea, dined them handsomely, and then collected them about the big table in the main saloon, just as if they were so many heads of corporations prepared to abandon cut-throat competition for merged interests, and commissions and profits not too deeply submerged. He himself, of course, took the chair, jauntily remarking that wherever a Morgan sat was the head of the table.

"Now, in order to get right down to business, Majesties and Excellencies and Honorables," he said, "I will ask you to state briefly the objections to my plan which may have occurred to you, as we have been discussing it on the way hither. I have always found it wisest, in arranging gentlemen's agreements of

this kind, to invite the frankest criticism. I then refute it, either by more arguments or more stock. So speak your minds without embarrassment."

"The financial difficulty most deters me," said M. de Witte, "such vast sums are involved. I fairly told my royal master, before leaving St. Petersburg, that if it involved another of my miraculous budgets, in which borrowed money was to appear again as ordinary revenue, I really could not undertake it. There are limits even to my skill in financial legerdemain."

"Ja wohl," broke in the German Emperor, "I was saying the same thing to Von Bülow. In the absence of Herr Bleichröder, with his expert advice, I should like to know who is going to finance this enterprise."

"I think I may say without *Majestätsbeleidigung*," observed Mr. Morgan gracefully, "that the various governments may safely leave all these mere details about money to me."

"Ah, if we only could in all cases!" sighed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. "Still I feel bound to ask, in order to be able to make a proper reply as chancellor of the exchequer, when questioned in the Commons, — I feel it my duty to inquire just what resources may be counted upon."

The chairman's brow grew black. This was flat *lèse-Morgan*. But Mr. Balfour intervened, with his customary urbanity.

"I am only a child in these matters," he remarked, in his gentle and detached way, "but if we could be assured that the other great American lover of peace with money, Mr. Carnegie" —

"He and his purse are at one with me," broke in Mr. Morgan emphatically. "I think I need say no more?"

"Not a word, as far as I am concerned," said M. de Witte. "I know something about mere government revenues, but if you propose to join two such private fortunes, why, of course we poor public finance ministers are not

in it, as our Cossacks who were with your American troops in China learned to say."

"Then we may consider the financial obstacle already surmounted!" cried Mr. Morgan gayly. "What is the next?"

"There is, Monsieur le Président," said M. Delcassé solemnly, "the French passion for *gloire* to be reckoned with. How shall we satisfy that, if our army is disbanded?"

"Precisely," added General André, scowling horribly at the Germans across the table; "and our national thirst for *revanche*, — what of that?"

"Gloire?" said Mr. Morgan musingly. "I suppose it would be vain to quote to a Frenchman the noble words of our English poet, —

'Oh, take the cash, and let the glory go!'

As for *revanche*, I only know that, like sons-in-law, it is very costly. But I presume that what you want is not simply to kill somebody, but to get your lost provinces back?"

"France," asserted M. Delcassé, "will never be satisfied short of that."

"Then," broke in the Kaiser, "we may as well stop talking. That can be under no circumstances. Rather than give up the Reichsland, I will smash everything to pieces (*Ich will alles kurz und klein machen*)."

"It is evident," observed Mr. Morgan judicially, "that we have simply a case of two railroads competing for the same territory. We must adjust the controversy by a pooling arrangement. Your Majesty admits that the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine have strong French sympathies?"

"Unluckily, yes. The phrase oftenest in their mouths is, '*Nous sommes plus Français que les Français.*'"

"And you, Mr. Minister, concede that thirty years of occupation entitle Germany to some consideration, some equivalent, some balancing concession?"

"Indubitably," replied M. Delcassé.

"Then we have all the basis we need for a businesslike adjustment. The details will be mere matter of give-and-take, — give stock and take profits. But," went on Mr. Morgan, "there are other difficulties of the same kind. It will be best to cover them by one comprehensive plan. You, for example," he said, suddenly turning to General Dragomiroff, "have what you call *espérances ultérieures* in Persia and China and India?"

"A Russian cannot tell a lie," replied the general, with charming archness, winking at Secretary Hay. "We admit it."

"Exactly, and Great Britain and Germany compete with you for that territory. Africa is nearly all sliced up, and on sound business principles. There the various countries have adopted my precise theory of an equitable division of traffic — that is, territory. Of course, the mere native, like the consumer, is a negligible quality. There remains, therefore, only South America as a continent likely to give us trouble."

"Beg pardon," interrupted Secretary Hay, "but you do not seem to have read my speech explaining how all that would fall beautifully and peacefully under the Monroe Doctrine, hand in hand with the golden rule."

"Which version?" asked Mr. Morgan, with a merry air. "Do others as they wish to do you? Let us not, in any case, forget that this is a business meeting. We are not drawing up a political platform, or making a speech, or writing an editorial, or even addressing the Chamber of Commerce; therefore we may safely leave out these little hypocrisies. The thing to do is to arrive at a fair *pro rata* division of territory which is unoccupied, or which is occupied by those who do not make as good use of it as we think we could. That once done, costly armies and navies would be as easily dispensed with as are soliciting agents after two competing

railroads have combined. I'll just have my chief clerk draw up a memorandum for an equitable and binding redistribution of islands and provinces and protectorates and hinterlands and spheres of influence, and then the greatest single obstacle to disarmament will have been overcome."

"But," asked Emperor William, "what is to become of the fixed property of war, — for example, the forts at Strassburg and Belfort?"

"They will be preserved as historical curiosities, — a sort of public museum of archaeology. The entrance fee will be applied toward paying interest on war debts."

"And the guns of the fortresses?"

"Well, many of those mounted are wooden. Oh, do not start up! General André told me confidentially, on the way here, that such is the case on the French side, and I have my own reasons for believing that the Germans have their share of the same sort of Quaker artillery. Well, the wooden guns may remain. They will do perfectly to set the gullible agape. The rifles of real metal will of course be melted and used for ship's plates."

"But there are the barracks," objected M. Delcassé. "We have erected them at great expense; what shall we do with them when there are no soldiers to occupy them?"

"They would make splendid factories and storehouses. The Steel Trust would be glad to take most of them off your hands."

"You surely forget, however," interposed General Wood, "the moral side of war. I am here at the especial request and as the personal representative of President Roosevelt, and you can imagine what he will say if the discipline and manly development of the fighter are overlooked or thrown away. How are we going to prevent the fibre of our youth from growing flabby, how are we" —

"I have taken all that into consider-

ation," said Mr. Morgan, with an impatient gesture. "We shall let the children have military toys. They can lay about them valiantly with wooden swords in the nursery. The kindergarten will be just the place for drum and trumpet. In the schools there will be military organizations, each vying with the other in plumes and feathers and padded coats and precision of drill and terrible front. I am not so foolish as to think at once to exorcise the spirit of martial vanity from boys. In them it will doubtless persist for a long time. But we are looking at the subject as full-grown men, who have put away those childish things, who know what life is and what the modern world really demands, and who want to capitalize the wicked waste of war."

There was a pause. Then Admiral von Tirpitz and Captain Mahan spoke up as one man: "You say nothing about sea power."

"But I have thought of it. Knock off the turrets and military masts, and your battleships would make admirable grain carriers. I have for some time had my eye on the cruisers as a coal fleet. In fact, all this matter of the navy you may safely leave to me. When certain plans of mine are matured, I shall be in a position to take over all the war fleets in the world, for the Shipping Trust, at a handsome profit to the various nations."

"I have still an objection," remarked Secretary Hay. "How are you going to bring over public opinion?"

"Ah," replied Mr. Morgan, "I count upon the power of the press. You know something about that, Mr. Hay?"

"Yes, as an ex-journalist I suppose I am entitled to say, *et ego militavi*."

"Very good. Then you are aware of the moral influence of a full-page advertisement. I shall arrange to place the prospectus of our proposed Disarmament Trust in all the leading newspapers of all the countries concerned, and I assure you that there will follow

most able and eloquent advocacy of our plan. I do not say that it will be *propter hoc*, — to cap your Latin, Mr. Hay, — but it will surely be *post hoc*. That prospectus, in fact, seems to me the only detail now left to arrange. But I shall have it ready by the time we reach New York."

Here it is, in a reduced facsimile of the full-page advertisement which appeared in all the New York papers simultaneously: —

FINANCIAL.

INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT TRUST.

OFFICE OF J. P. MORGAN & Co.,
23 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

TO THE CITIZENS OF
GREAT BRITAIN,
FRANCE,
GERMANY,
RUSSIA,
SPAIN,
ITALY, AND
THE UNITED STATES.

THE INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT Trust has been organized under the laws of the state of New Jersey, with power, among other things, to acquire the armies and navies of the countries above named.

A SYNDICATE, comprising leading financial interests throughout the world, of which the undersigned are managers, has been formed by subscribers to the amount of \$2,000,000,000 to carry out the arrangement.

For every \$100 of its military budget each of the several countries will be entitled to \$125, Preferred Stock, and \$107.50, Common Stock of the Trust. On this basis may be exchanged the annual military expenditures of Great Britain, placed by our expert accountants at \$460,000,000, France at \$213,000,000, Germany \$126,000,000, Russia \$203,000,000, Spain \$35,000,000, Italy \$76,000,000, and the United States \$204,000,000. This would

leave the Trust a balance of working capital of nearly \$700,000,000.

In addition to the immediate extinction of over \$1,000,000,000 in yearly taxation for the purposes of national defense, — all to be cared for by the Trust, — there would be the return to productive industry of at least 2,500,000 men. The Trust will arrange for the allotment of additional preferred shares for each 100,000 men disbanded. Useless flags will be taken over at the rate fixed by the management for

such "commercial assets." With all these obvious advantages, and others that will appear as the work of disarming goes on, we have no hesitation in recommending the stock of the Trust at par and accrued interest. It is proper to state that J. P. Morgan & Co. are to receive no compensation for their services beyond a share in any sum which ultimately may be realized by the Syndicate.

J. P. MORGAN & Co.,
SYNDICATE MANAGERS.
Rollo Ogden.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

LITERATURE AND FICTION.

THE present commercial prominence of fiction cannot help affecting the ungentle reader's judgment of its value; and even the gentle reader needs to guard pretty carefully against the elaborate machinery of approbation which is now brought to bear upon him. Even when he has declined the predigested capsule of opinion offered by the preliminary announcement, and has weathered the brief enthusiasm of the press on the story's first appearance, he must still live down the subsequent bulletins summing its praises received and copies sold. Yet, though everything is now to be praised, it remains his duty at least to distinguish between different sorts of praiseworthiness. Making the best of the fact that fiction now leads the market, he must still consider that only in exceptional hands is it a high literary form, and that the difference between good and bad is often a subtle and difficult matter to determine. The novel-reading public (if it can be spoken of as a whole) does not care for subtle distinctions. At the same time it has a general intention of doing the right thing,

and likes to feel that its amusement is a literary amusement. When it is given to understand that Richard Carvel is the successful rival of *The Virginians*, or that *D'ri* and *I* is the greatest literary achievement of the year, it is delighted to feel that it is getting a peep into the mysterious heaven of literature without the least craning of the neck.

The marvelous record recently established by the advance sale of Miss Johnston's *Audrey*¹ is not, in itself, a proof of the book's literary merit. But it happens, fortunately, to be literature as well as an absorbing story. Its merit is, to be sure, capable of reduction to pretty simple terms. The narrative is adorned with carefully studied local color, and is conscientiously dated as to language and personage. But it is not to be approached as historical fiction: it is pure romance. Considering it from this point of view, we shall be content to find no striking departure from romantic tradition in its plot or in the general conception of its char-

¹ *Audrey*. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

acters. Many of the happenings are, viewed in the light of experience, improbable; but Experience is a creature of unamiable limitations, and in the nature of things hardly sib to the Muse of romance. Of the characters, Darden and MacLean, rather than Haward and Audrey, are differentiated from the accepted romantic types. We are familiar with this figure of the man of the world whose experience of fashionable follies and vices assumes, when tinged with an elegant regret, the air of a philosophy: "To the eye, at least, the figure was not shrunk. It was that of a man still young, and of a handsome face and much distinction of bearing. The dress was perfect in its quiet elegance; the air of the man composed, — a trifle sad, a trifle mocking. Haward snapped his fingers at the reflection. 'The portrait of a gentleman,' he said, and passed on."

Long ago, too, we met certain near relatives of the engaging wood-nymph Audrey. They also could be converted into fine ladies at a moment's notice; they also could win first the inclination and finally the worship of weary, mocking, chivalrous gentlemen like Mr. Marmaduke Haward. But it is altogether unlikely that Miss Johnston would claim novelty in these particulars, or even attach great importance to it. In much less conventionalized fields of art than romance mere inventiveness counts for little; a real proof of creative power is to do supremely well what everybody else is doing fairly well. However surfeited one may fancy himself with the property, persons, and situations of romance, he will hardly gainsay that in Audrey they have once more been given the breath of life. Plenty of people are turning out romances just now because there is a market for them. Miss Johnston is plainly under her own spell, and speaking in her natural voice. The only world of which

she has to tell us is all a glamour and a dream, an enchanting world, and, for the moment at least, a true one.

It should be said that the volume is unusually attractive to the eye and to the hand. Mr. Yohn's illustrations in color are strong, delicate, and consistent. Familiar as the frontispiece figure of Audrey has become, it is not yet cloying. The paper is extremely good, and the cloth used in binding was especially manufactured for the book.

In the meantime the breath of life is not essential to one sort of success in the field of romance. Here, for example, is *The Colonials*,¹ advertised to have "gone into the fourth printing after the fourth week of publication." The persons could not imaginably present certificates of birth either in the world of fact or in the world of dreams, and the action is of the flimsiest. But the pseudo-historical microbe is present, against which no form of inoculation has yet been discovered; and, a less sentimental but really more drawing consideration, more things happen to the square chapter than in any other story now going, unless indeed in that miracle of ingenuity and commonplace, *D'ri and I*. Inventiveness, whatever it may not be, is certainly a marketable article.

Simple-minded persons who take refuge from the fancied clash of realism and romanticism in the truth, obvious to their experience, that the world of dream and the world of fact are altogether inseparable except in fiction, will take pleasure in *The Second Generation*.² Its element of purpose will not disturb them. Whatever part the thesis involved, "the sins of the fathers," may play in the mind of the author, they will hardly think it a paramount reason for the existence of the story. The scene is laid mainly in Chicago. The central figure is a young Hoosier who has come

¹ *The Colonials*. By ALLEN FRENCH. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

² *The Second Generation*. By JAMES WEBER LINN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

to Chicago with two objects, — to make his way into literature by way of journalism, and to bring about the downfall of an ex-demagogue, now a corrupt financier. This second object has been enjoined upon him by his dying father, whose desire for personal revenge has been unfortunately mingled with the desire to disarm an enemy of society. The son feels the dubiousness of his mission, but is unable to shirk it. The complications which follow are painful enough, but in spite of one serious slip, the hero remains a hero, and his problem is worked out to a wholesome end.

One of the characters is a cheerful young reporter, who has some interesting things to say about his work: "I remember that Professor Edwards, at the University, used to laugh when the men under him abused the newspapers. All the young fellows who teach English think the tip is to abuse the papers. They hunt out all those icy constructions that the best of us will slip on now and then, and say, 'Look at the horrible writing!' Of course lots of it is horrible. But Edwards was square. One day, when I was talking with him, I told him I was going into the newspaper business, and he laughed. 'How about that *style* we've been nursing along?' he said. 'Are n't you afraid the shock will kill it?' I told him I thought I'd have to stand it, anyway. 'Well,' he said, 'maybe the heroic treatment will do it good. You remember how the Spartans used to leave their babies out over-night on the mountain sides naked? Some of them died, but the best lived, and so the Spartans were a sturdy set, on the whole. Perhaps,' he said, 'the newspapers are the mountains of literature.'"

It is pretty evident that the author himself has profited by this heroic treatment. The story is compact and simple, not a doctored morsel to roll under the tongue, but a frank-flavored bit of the life which, it happens, this writer best knows and relishes.

Mr. Norris's latest story¹ is a more pretentious sort of work. It boasts a good deal of preliminary apparatus, — a note explaining that this is the first of a trilogy, duly billed as *The Epic of the Wheat*, a list of personæ, and a map of the region in which the action takes place. Photographs of a California wheat-field and a patent reaper and a tintype or two of the leading persons would have left still less for the imagination to do. But the author is a confessed realist, and his style, as well as his method, bears the Gallic hall-mark: "His smooth-shaven jowl stood out big and tremulous on either side of his face; the roll of fat on the nape of his neck, sprinkled with sparse, stiff hairs, bulged out with greater prominence. His great stomach, covered with a light brown linen vest, stamped with innumerable interlocked horseshoes, protruded far in advance, enormous, aggressive." This Mr. S. Behrman is eventually, in accordance with that poetic justice which even the realist cannot always resist, smothered to death in the hold of a wheat steamer. By that time the reader has learned so much about S. Behrman's person that (and this time the poetic justice reacts, perhaps, against the story-teller) he is more pleased to be personally rid of an obnoxious animal than to have that story-world rid of the villain whose machinations have caused most of its troubles.

Hilma Tree we first know as a physically attractive animal, subtly colored after the manner of D'Annunzio's creatures: "Under her chin and under her ears the flesh was as white and smooth as floss satin, shading delicately to a faint delicate brown on her nape at the roots of her hair. Her throat rounded to meet her chin and cheek, with a soft swell of the skin, tinted pale amber in the shadows, but blending by barely perceptible gradations to the sweet warm flush of her cheek. The color on her

¹ *The Octopus*. By FRANK NORRIS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

temples was just touched with a certain blueness where the flesh was thin over the fine veining underneath. Her eyes were light brown . . . the lids — just a fraction of a shade darker than the hue of her face — were edged with lashes that were almost black.” So much for the lust of the eye; presently we find the mystic Vanamee, many years after the death of his betrothed, recalling her in terms of another sense. He dwells habitually upon that “faint mingling of many odors, the smell of the roses that lingered in her hair, of the lilies that exhaled from her neck, of the heliotrope that disengaged itself from her hands and arms, and of the hyacinths of which her little feet were redolent.” This is the sort of romantic vulgarity of which only the realist of the French school is capable. The world has pretty much stopped demanding that the Great American Novel shall be cast in an altogether new mould, but may still require it to be free from the method and manner of distinctly alien literatures. There are certain racial prescriptions of taste and style which cannot safely be ignored. Whatever is true of his manner, Mr. Norris’s persons are certainly indigenous, and give the book its power. Presley and Vanamee one might have met elsewhere, but the Derricks, Annixter, and, above all, Hilma Tree, — what is the value to creative fiction of world-movements and commercial problems compared with such breathing human nature as this?

The House with the Green Shutters¹ has been very widely read and praised. It is frankly of the earth earthy, a rude awakening from the agreeable trance of sentiment which Scotch life seemed to be in A Doctor of the Old School and in Auld Licht Idyls. There are four persons connected with The House: the son becomes a drunkard, murders the father (who would have deserved to be put out

of the way if he had not been clearly insane), and poisons himself; the mother and the daughter, who are afflicted respectively with cancer and phthisis, presently make use of the poison which the son has left — “and then there were none.”

“Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder?”

It is amazing, but they can. We read of them often in the newspapers, and without particular emotion; not, probably, because we have become hardened, but because some reliable instinct assures us that these events are, after all, not tragically real. They have, brutal as the fact seems, no determinable meaning; they are to truth as we know it what nightmares are to waking experience. One of these ugly common nightmares Mr. Douglas has made the theme of his first story. Three of the inmates of the House with the Green Shutters are hopelessly weak, and the fourth is a monomaniac. This is not the material of art. It will be useful to the reporter rather than to the story-teller who hopes to have his work last; Mr. Douglas has done a clever and ruthless bit of reporting. It should be said that he has been promptly hailed as the Scottish Thomas Hardy, and even (not to give too much leeway to posterity) as the Scottish Balzac.

If moral insignificance disqualifies, how far may physical disability be regarded as a tragic motive? In The House with the Green Shutters, disease is simply a modifying detail. In Sir Richard Calmady² an abnormal physical condition is established at the outset as the basis of the psychological action. Congenital cripples do not ordinarily brood over their misfortune, it is said. Lord Byron’s case is to the contrary; and Sir Richard, with an infinitely greater de-

¹ *The House with the Green Shutters*. By GEORGE DOUGLAS. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

² *Sir Richard Calmady*. By LUCAS MALET. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901.

formity, has a similarly sensitive organization. The legitimate doubt would perhaps be not as to the possibility of the case, but as to whether its exceptionalness does not prejudice its value for the purposes of fiction. The situation is developed with irresistible power and consistency. After the opening chapters, which are comparatively lacking in directness and simplicity, attention has no choice up to the last of the seven hundred pages. In spite of its insistence the theme does not become tiresome, and in spite of his self-absorption, the impression of Sir Richard's character is increasingly one of power. Even in that supreme and terrible moment when he determines to wrest what pleasure he may out of the world in which a man's happiness is denied him, one feels that he is, according to his lights, escaping and not courting futility. It is a deliberate Satanic turning against injustice, mistaken but sincere, and so, though pitiful, not quite pitiable.

There are many interesting minor characters: kind old Lord Fallowfield, the airy Ludovic Quayle, the sympathetic and uncompromising Dr. Knott, and the rest. Apart from these, and very near the level of Sir Richard himself, are the three remarkable women of the story. To present that unveiled figure of a wanton, Helen de Vallorbes, without appearing to incur responsibility for the spectacle, was a somewhat appalling *tour de force*. Perhaps it could have been achieved only by a woman; one cannot help feeling how much more dubious the attempt would have been, for example, in Mr. Hardy's hands. But then, Lucas Malet, with all her realism of detail and prophetic decrying of the vanities, perceives the glory as well as the sombreness of life. Matters are permitted to turn out pretty well for the unfortunate hero, after all, so that one does not feel that the sound and fury of his earlier manhood has signified nothing. Moreover, it is a comforting if unessential circum-

stance that in the end he is not only victorious over himself, but humanly happy. Even without that satisfactory outcome for him, we should have had the atonement of Lady Calmady's magnificent presence, herself a vindication of life: a very noble woman, and an incurable idealist.

Sir Richard Calmady is the latest novel of a practiced novel-writer, while Mrs. Wharton's *The Valley of Decision*¹ is the first novel of a writer of matured power, whose product, remarkable in quality, has hitherto been small and entirely in the field of the short story. Yet the greater ease, as well as the greater unevenness of Lucas Malet's style, may be set down, not so much to the fact that she has written much, as to a radical difference in temperament and in aim. She is, one feels, comparatively unconscious of her manner of speech, so passionately absorbed is she in the problem which is to be solved, or, at least, to be presented in every possible light. Mrs. Wharton, on the other hand, is plainly concerned with her vehicle, and it is not at all probable that she will outgrow her concern; for her art is, for better or worse, a matter of greater moment to her than her audience is. Moreover, she is intellectually, rather than passionately, sympathetic with life, and the plane of action which most interests her is correspondingly remote from problems of temperament or pathology. The crises and the catastrophe of Odo Valsecca's life are upon the plane of the intellect and of the major morals.

Nothing better attests the consistency with which the author has held to this plane than her treatment of the sex relation, so all-important to a book like Sir Richard Calmady. What that relation was in eighteenth-century Italy might be gathered from this story alone. But the question is not up for discussion. It

¹ *The Valley of Decision*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

is therefore given no emphasis whatever ; there were other conditions of the day, conditions of mind and of spirit, from which we are not to be distracted. The institution of the *cicisbeo* is mentioned without horror, and Odo's affairs of galantry, according to the code of the time social rather than moral peccadillos, are recorded with the merest lifting of the brows. A Tito Melema would be not perhaps beyond Mrs. Wharton's powers, but contrary to her sense of fitness, since a pure art shrinks from the error of measuring one age by the foot rule of another.

The book has much to do with that twofold struggle between the spirit of scientific inquiry and the dogmatism of the church, and between the spirit of political freethinking and the conservatism of the people. But it is by no means a historical thesis in the garb of fiction. Pure and restrained as it is in method, free as it is from picturesqueness of phrase or obviously dramatic effect, its interest is a directly human interest. The new spirit of inquiry is made concrete in the person of Odo Valsecca, and the struggle is focused in the little duchy of Pianura, to which he falls heir. He is defeated on all sides ; the woman he loves becomes the victim of the popular fury against himself ; and he is driven into exile. So much might have happened, simply in the name of the cause for which he stands, to any simple, noble nature reared like his, swept into the whirlpool of contemporary speculation, and, like so many of the doomed followers of Voltaire and Rousseau, unable to see that special conditions, not abstract theory, determine the forms of thought and of government. But Odo Valsecca is not a mere type. Many of the lesser personages are of interest, but it is the personality of the young Duke himself which dominates the story. Though the writer's total theme is of extreme complexity, her narrative never ceases to concern itself with this central figure, and

when we part with him the story is done. The perfection of that parting scene is unmarred by mere pathos, and to one who has followed and grown attached to the man, it is very real and moving.

"Before dawn the Duke left the palace. The high emotions of the night had ebbed. He saw himself now, in the ironic light of morning, as a fugitive too harmless to be worth pursuing. His enemies had let him keep his sword because they had no cause to fear it. Alone he passed through the gardens of the palace, and out into the desert darkness of the streets. Skirting the wall of the Benedictine convent where Fulvia had lodged, he gained a street leading to the market-place. In the pallor of the waning night the ancient monuments of his race stood up mournful and deserted as a line of tombs. The city seemed a graveyard and he the ineffectual ghost of its dead past. . . . He reached the gates and gave the watchword. The gates were guarded, as he had been advised ; but the captain of the watch let him pass without show of hesitation or curiosity. Though he had made no effort at disguise he went forth unrecognized, and the city closed her doors on him as carelessly as on any passing wanderer. . . . He tethered his horse to a gate-post, and walked across the rough cobble-stones to the chapel. . . . The place laid its tranquillizing hush on him, and he knelt on the step beneath the altar. Something stirred in him as he knelt there, — a prayer, yet not a prayer, — a reaching out, obscure and inarticulate, toward all that had survived of his early hopes and faiths, a loosening of old founts of pity, a longing to be somehow, somewhere reunited to his old belief in life.

"How long he knelt he knew not ; but when he looked up the chapel was full of a pale light, and in the first shaft of the sunrise the face of St. Francis shone out on him. . . . He went forth into the day-break and rode away toward Piedmont."

H. W. Boynton.

PROFESSOR EVERETT'S ESSAYS.

THE literary decadence of New England is such a fascinating theme that all sorts of reasons have been given for it. The subject is so fruitful in suggestion that the New Englander may find comfort in the reflection that if he is no longer literary himself, he is the cause of literature in others.

Now and then, however, a doubt comes as to the facts of the case. The wealth of a great city is best illustrated by the number of modest millionaires whose names never get into the newspapers. The publication of a volume of essays¹ by the late Charles Carroll Everett leads one to ask whether New England in its palmy days produced a mind with a finer combination of wit and wisdom. Yet Dr. Everett had no popular reputation as a man of letters. He was recognized during his lifetime, by those interested in the subject, as one of the wisest of American theologians. As Dean of the Harvard Divinity School he was loved and honored. But if in a miscellaneous company it had been asked if there were any minds left like that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, it is not likely that any one would have thought of the quiet professor in Cambridge. Yet it is doubtful whether the humor of Dr. Holmes had a finer flavor than that of Dr. Everett. As for the ability to give to great thoughts a worthy literary expression, when Emerson is excepted, it would be difficult to find his equal among the men of the transcendental period.

Of Dr. Everett it could be said, as of Lessing, that "his mind was always in solution." Elements the most refractory were readily combined. A number of years ago he published a little book called Poetry, Comedy and Duty. The

title was characteristic.* Comedy had for him a moral value. Even on the countenance of The Stern Daughter of the Voice of God he could detect an elusive smile.

The title of the present volume, *Essays Theological and Literary*, is not likely to attract the general reader, who fears the theologian bearing literary gifts. These fears would be allayed by a knowledge of the author and his point of view. "Religion," said Dr. Everett, "is poetry believed in." One must not, then, expect a sharp line of demarcation between the theological and literary essays. The charm of personality is felt even in the discussion of Kant's Influence in Theology. One gets the impression that Kant was a human being, an idea that does not occur to the ordinary student of philosophy, but which the general reader must regard as important if true. Dr. Everett had the rare faculty of seizing upon the points of real human interest.

On almost every page there is some illuminating sentence, with a flash of insight which has the effect of wit. Even a metaphysical idea is more apt to be described as one might describe the peculiarities of an interesting person, than defined as if it were a word. Here is a description of a logical process, which reminds us of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

"In an *argumentum ad hominem* we sound a man's mind just as we try a wall when we mean to drive a staple. We tap it till we reach a spot where it sounds solid, and we think that our staple will stick. The mind of another might be different."

Sometimes a whole argument is summed up in a swift descriptive phrase, as when he speaks of the effect of compulsory attendance on college prayers

¹ *Essays Theological and Literary*. By CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

where "the service is adapted to the slender patience of the attendants."

In the essay on Instinct and Reason he says: "It is possible that at first what is called generalization is simply a failure accurately to notice differences. If in a farmer's yard you were introduced to a sheep named Bo-Peep, the next sheep you saw in the yard you would probably speak of as Bo-Peep. This would not be because you had great power of generalization, but because of a lack of the power of discrimination."

There is a thought here that the adepts in the grandiose philosophies which are now in vogue might ponder to their own profit — though of course they will do nothing of the kind.

As for Dr. Everett, his peculiar charm lay in his keen discriminations. This gave value to his essays in literary criticism.

The four critical essays in this volume give estimates of Emerson, Goethe, Tennyson, and Browning. It is difficult here to say anything that has not been said many times before. Dr. Everett's judgments, however, are always the result of personal insight.

In regard to Emerson we find our complacent generalizations quietly set aside. There is nothing that we are more likely to take for granted than that Emerson was primarily a moralist. Was not his great theme the Conduct of Life? Was he not always preaching courage, self-reliance, and all that belongs to well-developed character. His subject matter was the same as that of "moral Seneca." Dr. Everett tells us that "primarily Emerson was a lover of the beautiful. This is not to imply that he would sacrifice morality to beauty, but that morality with him was a means rather than an end."

This is criticism that goes beneath literary form, and beneath all acquired characteristics, and has to do with temperament and motive. It is only after we get the point of view that we recognize the validity of the judgment.

We have only to compare Emerson with Ruskin to see how the deeper currents differ from the superficial. Ruskin's chosen field was art, therefore we jump at the conclusion that he was moved primarily by the love of beauty. But was he? Before his life was finished men saw his true place. His real function was that of a preacher of righteousness. His inspiration was ethical. Beauty was to him a means to an end. He took a picture or a cathedral as a text for a moving sermon.

With Emerson the process was reversed. He began as a sermonizer, but he had no genius for exhortation. He had no desire to convert any one to his opinion. Manly virtue was beautiful, therefore he praised it and loved it; but, as Dr. Everett reminds us, he seemed "to feel that our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of our will."

"A new commandment, said the smiling Muse,
I give my darling son; Thou shalt not preach."

Equally provocative of thought is the explanation of the obscurity of some of Emerson's poems. It is because they are abstract, we say. Not at all, says Dr. Everett; it is because they are so unusually concrete, and so vividly imaginative. And then he compares Emerson's Ode to Beauty with Tennyson's Flower in the Crannied Wall, which expresses a similar thought. "If the lines of Emerson are obscure to some to whom those of Tennyson are clear, the reason is that they appeal directly to the imagination. It is not merely that Emerson uses a metaphor, which the lines of Tennyson lack. Behind and in the metaphor is felt the presence of the thing itself, while the other poem deals merely with the knowing about the thing."

Such remarks, which are opposed to all our preconceptions, are not to be accepted without question, nor were they so intended. They do something better for us; they send us back to search the

Emersonian scriptures to find whether these things are so.

The essay on Faust contains a characteristic utterance in regard to Mephistopheles. After describing him as "an embodied negation," the essayist says that "instead of being harsh and fierce he is almost genial." Genial is not the first epithet that would occur to us in speaking of one of the diabolical hosts, but, as Dr. Everett says in his essay on *The Devil*, "In speaking of the class of beings under consideration, all our terms and thoughts must be inverted. The worse the personality may be, the better is the demon as such." Such charity is not common among professors of systematic theology. As for Mephistopheles: "What gives him a personality, and a personality that fascinates, is his wit. The wit of Mephistopheles is absolute. It is free from any other element. It is never humor. It is never in the strict sense of the word bitter. Humor on the one side and bitterness on the other imply a certain real or possible substance to the world. They imply on the one side a certain kindliness, or on the other a certain disappointment. The wit of Mephistopheles is a simple play as of a lambent flame."

The essay on Tennyson and Browning brings us to this unexpected conclusion: "In comparing Tennyson and Browning we have found that Tennyson represents the realistic and human aspects of ethics and religion, while Browning represents rather their ideal aspects."

To one who has not read the essay the first thought is likely to be that, through a printer's error, the names of the poets have been transposed. Do we not all think of Browning as sturdily realistic, while Tennyson represents all that is idealistic?

It is because we are thinking of liter-

ary form and the choice of subjects. Dr. Everett calls our attention to substance of thought. He finds Browning, with all his interest in the varied aspects of life and character, to be the man of simpler and more unsophisticated faith. He dwells amid undisturbed ideals, and can afford to look tolerantly and curiously at the conflicts of the outward world.

Tennyson's doubts go deeper. He is fighting for his very life. His art is more serene, but his soul is more troubled. "The confidence of Tennyson was burdened by the sense of human suffering, that of Browning resembled the clear insight of his religious faith."

Very illuminating is the remark in regard to the difference between the doubt expressed by Tennyson and that which finds place in Browning's soul: "Here, as elsewhere, the doubt which with Tennyson speaks from within speaks from without."

The argument of the last essay, on the Philosophy of Browning, is relieved by a delicious humor. Speaking of some too strenuous students of the poet, he says: "It cannot be denied that students of Browning have sometimes drawn from his works meanings that they have put into them." He cautiously adds, "Some readers can go through all this without harm." Under favorable circumstances they "may take their author all to pieces, and then can put him together again, or rather can see him stand forth in his original freshness and beauty, as Pelias was expected to arise in renewed youth after having been cut to pieces and boiled. The daughters of Pelias were disappointed, however."

One cannot close this stimulating book without an expression of regret that Dr. Everett in his full and useful life had not more time for contributions to "mere literature."

S. M. Crothers.

THE VARIORUM TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE appearance of each new volume of Dr. Furness's great Variorum Shakespeare has come to be a matter of periodic congratulation among all serious students of the dramatist. The mass of criticism, illustration, and interpretation, wise and unwise, which three centuries have accumulated, makes the task of mastering the material on even one play almost terrifying. Thus it is no wonder that, when a scholar of sufficient learning and judgment undertakes to sift and condense this mass, his successful and continued activity should become the grateful concern of all.

In the edition of *Twelfth Night*¹ which has just been issued, Dr. Furness supplies the generous equipment which we have become accustomed to expect. The play is printed from the First Folio, and the results of textual criticism are fully yet concisely given. A summary of explanatory comment follows; and here one notices the greater frequency and fullness of remarks by the editor himself in contrast with the severe self-repression of the earlier volumes. It would be ungracious to grudge the veteran scholar the opportunity to express the personal opinions to which a lifelong devotion has given a kind of authority as well as a high value. Yet one is constrained to remark that, in an edition which has justly come to be regarded as an impartial compendium of dicta from which the student draws his inferences for himself, it now becomes necessary to guard against the adventitious official weight which the summing up sentences from the editor's own pen are apt to claim.

It is no fault of Dr. Furness's that much of the material which he has been obliged to present is of such a nature as to give the enemies of scholarship occa-

sion to blaspheme. Two solid pages devoted to arguing that the Lady of the Strachy who married the yeoman of the wardrobe was really the Lady of the Starchy and a fashionable laundress may seem an excessive amount, even if taken as a joke. Yet, except as food for a cynical humor, it is hard to defend the perpetuation of this and many another such instance of ingenuity and enthusiasm gone ludicrously wrong. But fullness is surely the safer side to err on in such an edition, and one does not cease to wonder at Dr. Furness's catholicity and tolerance.

The Appendix deals with the date of composition and the source of the plot, and contains the usual selection of criticisms, notes on actors, costume, scenery, and time-analysis, with "sundry translations of *Come away, come away, death.*"

The Preface, in which is summed up the result of investigation on date and sources, is the part of the volume most calculated to provoke discussion. Once more the editor has his fling at those who find the chronology of an author's works a valuable aid in the study of his genius. "We must distinguish, so it is urged, his earliest plays from his latest; we shall then be enabled, so we are told, to perceive the growth of his mind; though how this is to help the growth of our minds is not evident; possibly, it is assumed that our minds, being fully grown, can watch with genial smile his early struggles; under such circumstances, who can resist the charm of suggesting that the young poet does very well now, but he will do better when he grows older and wiser?" Respect for the writer forbids the natural exclamation on such a passage. It is surely too late in the day for it to be worth while

¹ A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. xiii.

Twelfth Night, or, What you Will. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1901.

arguing against it. In any case, it is satisfactory that Dr. Furness none the less faithfully presents all the data available for the discussion of the question which he regards so contemptuously.

The criticism evoked by his treatment of the sources is more serious. Considerable confusion has prevailed in this matter in the more recent authorities, and it was to be hoped that an exhaustive presentation in the *Variorum* of the ascertained facts and the actual documents would clear things up. But we regret to find that this hope is imperfectly fulfilled.

The problem of the exact source of the main plot of *Twelfth Night* involves at least three plays and three novels. Of these the two Italian plays with the same title, *Gl' Inganni*, written by Nicolo Secchi and Curtio Gonzaga, may be set aside at once, since neither contains the central situation represented in *Twelfth Night* by Olivia's love for Viola. The only evidence pointing to Shakespeare's having seen either of them lies in the fact that in Gonzaga's play the girl, in assuming male costume, takes the name Cesare, which may have suggested Cesario.

In 1531 the society of *Gl' Intronati* of Siena produced the comedy of *Gl' Ingannati*. Its plot presents important similarities to that of *Twelfth Night*. There are a brother and a sister of a marvelous resemblance who are separated; the girl dons a page's costume and enters the service of the man she loves; she is sent as messenger to woo another lady on her master's behalf; this lady falls in love with her, and later with her brother whom she supposes to be the same person; and in the end the disguised girl marries her master, while her brother marries the other lady. The beginning and the end, however, the underplot, and many of the complications, in no way correspond to

Twelfth Night. In 1590 and in 1598 a Latin translation of this play was acted at Queens' College, Cambridge; and this unprinted Latin version is, in Dr. Furness's opinion, the source of the main plot of Shakespeare's comedy.

Among the novelle of Bandello, published in 1554, there is a story based on *Gl' Ingannati*, and preserving essentially the same main plot. Dr. Furness, in pointing out the true relation of the play and the novel, corrects Sidney Lee, who reverses the relation. This story of Bandello's was in turn translated into French by Belleforest, whose version is here shown to have been the probable source of the English tale of Apolonius and Silla, the second of the novels contained in Barnabe Riche, his *Farewell to Militarie Profession*.¹ Since the announcement by J. Payne Collier in 1820 that Apolonius and Silla was "the indisputable source of *Twelfth Night*," there has been a general acquiescence in his opinion. It seems advisable, then, to examine the reasons which induce Dr. Furness to reverse this judgment in favor of the manuscript Latin version of *Gl' Ingannati*. These reasons seem hardly scientific. He dissents, he says, "not on the score that there are no incidents common to both story and comedy, because there are such, but I cannot believe that Shakespeare was ever in the smallest degree influenced by Riche's coarse, repulsive novel. I doubt that Shakespeare ever read it, — at least, I hope he never did; his hours were more precious to us all than those of any poet who ever lived; it would be grievous to think that he wasted even half a one over Apolonius and Silla." He goes on to note the discrepancies between *Twelfth Night* and Apolonius and Silla. These consist in a different introduction, a greater refinement in Shakespeare's ver-

¹ Dowden states that Riche followed a story in Cinthio's *Hecatombithi*, but this latter turns out on examination to be no more closely related to the present group than *Gl' Inganni*. Sidney

Lee is inconsistent, on one occasion repeating the claim for Cinthio, at another saying that Riche followed Bandello or Belleforest.

sion, especially in the treatment of the relations of Olivia and Sebastian as compared with the corresponding characters in Riche, a difference in the occasion that brings Sebastian to Orsino's city, and the fact that in Riche the brother and sister, though extraordinarily alike, are not twins.

In reply to all this it is to be noted that the discrepancies between *Twelfth Night* and *Gl' Ingannati* in all these points are equally great, and in the Introduction still greater. The coarseness of tone in the prose tale counts for nothing, as Shakespeare constantly refined his material, and does not seem to have been so easily shocked as Dr. Furness, who surely strains his editorial rights when he tells us that in his reprint of Riche's story the "coarsenesses have all been omitted, where possible," and that he has "sedulously avoided all intimation of the omission." If this argument is to have weight it is surely unwise to withhold its chief basis. As for the matter of the twins, it does not appear that the brother and sister are twins either in the Italian play or in Riche, though they are in *Bandello* and Shakespeare. But when the identity of members of the same family is confused it was a convention to make them twins, and Shakespeare had already done so in the *Comedy of Errors*, so that the source of this detail is hardly of importance.

On the other hand, there are several resemblances between Riche and Shakespeare not found in either of the Italian forms of the story. For example: a shipwreck lands the heroine near the city of the Duke in both English versions, the sack of Rome separates her from her family in the Italian; the gentleman loved by the heroine is a reigning Duke in both English versions, he is untitled and without authority in the Italian; the first mistaking of the brother for the sister is made by Olivia herself in both English versions, by a servant in both Italian; the dénouement in Shakespeare

is much closer to Riche than to either *Gl' Ingannati* or *Bandello*.

A final proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of Riche's volume, and one which does not seem to have been observed hitherto, helps to clinch the argument. The Farewell to Militarie Profession contains eight stories, of which Apolonius and Silla is the second. The fifth is the history Of two Brethren and their Wives. In it the younger brother married a rich woman who turned out an inveterate scold. After enduring much he adopted heroic measures. With the assistance of a neighbor he dressed her in rags, tied her in a dark house, with a great chain about her leg, and then "callyng his neibours about her, he would seeme with greate sorrowe to lament his wives distresse, telling them that she was sodainly become lunatique; whereas, by his geasture, he tooke so greate greefe, as though he would likewise have runne madde for companie. But his wife (as he had attired her) seemed in deede not to be well in her wittes; but, seeyng her housebandes maners, shewed her self in her conditions to bee a right Bedlem: she used no other wourdes but cursynges and banninges, cryyng for the plague and the pestilence, and that the devill would teare her housbande in peeces. The companie that were about her, thei would exhorte her, Good neighbour, forget these idle speeches, which doeth so much distemper you, and call upon God, and he will surely helpe you. — Call upon God for help? (quoth the other) wherein should he helpe me, unlesse he would consume this wretche with fire and brimstone? other help I have no need of. Her housebande, he desired his neighbours, for God's love, that thei would helpe him to prairie for her; and thus, altogether kneeling doune in her presence, he beganne to saie, Miserere, whiche all theie saied after him; but this did so spight and vexe her, that she never gave over her railyng and ragyng againste them all."

It seems more than probable that we

have here the suggestion of the episode in Twelfth Night where the charge of madness is put upon Malvolio and he is shut up in a dark house and baited, — an episode which has hitherto been regarded as of Shakespeare's own invention. If this inference is correct, there is one more reason for restoring Apolonius and Silla to its place as the source of the main plot of Twelfth Night, as it shows that Riche's volume must have been in Shakespeare's hands. But, indeed, the case is clear enough already. Of all the candidates for the honor of having supplied Shakespeare with his plot, Riche is the only one whose version is in English;

its date suits admirably; it has more in common with Shakespeare's comedy than any other; and no feature common to *Gl' Ingannati* and *Twelfth Night* has been pointed out which is not also contained in *Apolonius and Silla*.

The criticism of Dr. Furness's results implied in this difference of view relates, of course, only to his introductory statement. The main value of the edition is unaffected by this, and depends, as was said at the outset, upon the skill, the judgment, the learning, and the industry, for which all who care for Shakespeare must remain the grateful debtors of its compiler.

William Allan Neilson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"YES, your play is a little master-piece," said the publisher to the author. "It has bitten into my bone and made me think, just as a flinty winter night makes me feel. It is grim and relentless and powerful; but somehow, too, it is captive to art."

"Yet they won't act it," said the author.

"Of course not; it's too big for our syndicated stage."

"And you won't print it."

"How can we, when the dealers tell us that the dramatic form is anathema to the trade? I wanted so much to make a book of this that I asked questions of the booksellers, myself. It's no use, they tell me; the great public — bless it! — simply won't touch anything in dialogue. And as for dialogue in verse, you may as well write in Choctaw and expect readers."

"But what about Stephen Phillips?"

"Oh, he's English, you know; he's found that pearl of great price, a London reputation, and that buys anything over here. And then he goes back to the dark ages and builds up a kind of

erotic Presbyterianism on Dante and a Drury Lane passion on the Bible, — two old books which people rather like when they can take them in homœopathic doses. Whereas you, you're giving us Chicago; and who cares about Chicago?"

"They will some day."

"Oh yes, and some day, perhaps, they'll take it from you. You've got it, — the very thing; precisely what I've felt in dumb sensations out there, but did n't know how to reduce to words. Go on, my boy, and bless your stars that you write for the few. You ought to when you see what goes down with the many."

The author looked ruefully at his good clothes, and longed for a return of the day when poor young poets were properly clad in rags. "But how do you advise me to live?"

"Oh, that does n't matter! Hug your soul, — it's a great satisfaction to have one. And if you write anything for the *canaille*, send it to us."

"But this play, this 'little master-piece,' as you call it, — how is it to find even its few? Browning was imprac-

ticable, — I have never heard that he had many readers at first ; but somehow or other he got into print. Ibsen was the most modern of the moderns, yet little provincial Norwegian theatres staged his plays, and little handfuls of critics heard and stormed at them. In Paris, any dramatic experiment, no matter how bizarre, can get its hearing ; in some hole of a hall, perhaps, but its 'few' are there. If I put my masterpiece in my trunk, how shall I learn to write better ones ? ”

“ I don't know, my boy ; that's *your* problem,” said the publisher, knitting his brows.

“ And while I am trying to solve it, one of two things will happen : either my body will starve, and my great works die unborn ; or my soul will starve, and I shall be sending you things ‘for the canaille.’ ”

“ Put up a stiff fight, and it won't be so bad as that,” said the publisher, offering a glittering generality.

But the poet shrugged his shoulders. “ My country kills its prophets if it can ; and if it can't, it keeps them under as long as possible.”

The publisher smiled and frowned. “ Youth may be melodramatic, but it sometimes hits the nail on the head. The republic prefers to import its art, and likes it of the good old patterns.”

“ But we are so out of date ! ” cried the poet. “ Everywhere else the play's the thing, and the novel stays in the nineteenth century, where it belongs. America lags at the tail of the procession, and pretty soon we shall see her running to catch up. Look at Germany : there's no such thing as a novel in Germany. Scores of young men, besides Sudermann and Hauptmann, are writing plays and getting them acted, and selling them by the thousand at railway bookstalls. And France : see how she welcomes Rostand and Brieux and Courtaline and the rest, — all men who have something to say, not mere syndi-

cate puppets. She takes them to her heart, and hears them, and reads them, and laughs and cries over them ; and so they are spurred on, and do their best. And even in slow England, Bernard Shaw ” —

“ You can't say much for England's welcome of him,” threw in the publisher.

“ Well, he gets published, if not played, and then we take him up, and ” —

“ People gulp down his plays for the sake of his prefaces,” the man of books explained.

“ When we join the procession, we'll swallow them for their own sake,” the poet retorted.

“ When we get into the twentieth century, we shall know a play from a saw-mill,” agreed the publisher.

“ When we get into the twentieth century, we shall know that a novel is to a play as a diamond in the rough to the cut and polished brilliant. We shall return to the glorious old dramatic form, which people have neglected of late because they have been living in houses instead of out of doors. How can the art of the closet be anything but paltry, books that are written and read in a stuffy room, alone, by lamplight ? We must return to first principles, get out in the open, in the crowd, live and sing again, and act out our tales before the people. Then we shall have poetry again, and comedies and tragedies ” —

“ Well, try it on with those Chicago things of yours.”

“ Ah, with too much closet literature the people are corrupted. The twentieth century is still at the dawn ; you show me that I was born too soon. Beware lest the ‘wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind.’ ”

Nor the metaphorical desert island of
Desert
Islands.
doubt or despair, but the genuine Robinson Crusoe kind, with cave, and solitary footprint, and beetling crag where we watch for the sail so long delayed.

It is between dark and daylight that these isles uncharted, afloat on amethystine seas, drift into one's mental vision : remote, palm-crowned, girt about with silent coves and golden beaches, and nightly silvered by the gleaming Southern Cross.

And here, upon these lonely shores are we pleased to pine.

To set up his private desert island one need by no means be a misanthrope, nor is solitude an indispensable feature. One may choose from one's circle of friends whom one will as companion in adventure, or, like the Swiss Family Robinson, be wrecked sociably *en famille* and with all the comforts of home. Still, to taste the real elusive flavor of desert-island residence, a short period of one's own unrelieved society is highly to be commended.

The first and all-absorbing interest is, of course, to hurry down to the storm-beaten strand to see what wreckage, besides one's dripping self, the waves have washed ashore. In my case, it is invariably one and the same article, — a mammoth box, four by six, of writing paper.

I have been cast away in a dozen varying fashions : sometimes alone ; sometimes with a bosom friend ; sometimes with a beautiful, dark-eyed boy of lofty lineage, whom I tenderly rear and instruct in all I remember of my past schooling ; but always the foremost treasure I pull, panting, from the hungry surges is my precious trove of paper. Then I draw breath, and nonchalantly set about collecting the carpenter's chests, sailcloth, hard-tack, firearms, cases of strong waters, and other accessories of life on a desert island. At times, on a foaming crest, a smaller box of lead pencils, or penholders and inkstands, rides to my feet ; but oftener I am forced to concoct my own writing fluid from the juice of a superb purple berry indigenous to these parts, and my quill is dropped from the snowy pinion of a gull.

It was not for many years that I

dared confide to any one my Ulysses-like wanderings, but one day I half sheepishly opened the subject to a friend, and he, to my infinite relief, unhesitatingly confessed to a desert island of his own. His, it appeared, was picked up and laid down with his after-dinner pipe, and was inhabited only so long as he sat toasting his feet before the open fire.

Thus, being himself to the manner born, he listened with respectful and intelligently appreciative interest to my detailed accounts of how I barricaded my cave, roasted my shellfish, and manufactured a comb out of a paper of pins. He strongly objected, however, to my four-by-six case of writing paper.

"If you are scribbling all the time, what is — is the other person to do?"

"At present there is n't any other person. I am engaged on a three-volume novel, and I need all the time I can get."

"Oh, I was merely wondering how it would be in case you ever happened to be cast away on *my* desert island."

Then he told me, with great earnestness and elaborate detail, all about his island. One singular feature in regard to his wreckage was, that it drifted ashore, so to speak, alphabetically. That is, one was allowed to find on a given day only such articles as began with a certain letter : on one day, adzes, albums, arrack ; on another day, bolsters, biscuit, beer, or bricabrac. In fact, of late, he had been narrowed down rigidly to one letter, which chanced to be *e*.

"Why do you do it in that way?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"But is n't it very inconvenient?"

"Horribly. The other day I was in the greatest straits for a hairpin."

"A hairpin? What for?"

"Why — for — the person who was wrecked with me. But, you see, I was not allowed to leave *e*. Finally I was obliged to carve some hairpins out of a block of ebony that was washed ashore."

I considered for a moment, and suggested that an evasion of that adamantine law might be found by seeking refuge in another tongue. If he could not escape the rule of *e*, might not his English hairpin float ashore as a French *épingle*? He hailed this idea as an inspiration from Heaven.

But to return to my own desert island. After my dress wears out I invariably find, cast up by the waves, bales of that vague "soft, white, clinging stuff," so popular in fiction, and construct myself Miranda-like garments in the convenient Greek style, which needs few stitches and no fitting.

If it is with the orphan boy one is cast away, then it becomes absorbingly interesting to see, when deprived of schoolbooks, how much one is able to impart in any given branch of learning. You flatter yourself that you are a tolerably well-educated person, but when, for instance, you set to work to draw maps for the lad, what amazing and distorted Europes, Africas, and Americas emerge! And yet in your head how clearly you see those familiar outlines! In despair you turn to one of the modern languages. You will write a German grammar. Yes, the *der*, *die*, *das*, and the first declension go swimmingly; but how hazy appear those rules about the prepositions that govern the dative, and how suddenly and hopelessly entangled the inseparable verbs have become! At this juncture you find it advisable to take a stroll down to the shore and discover an Otto or Ollendorff in the cranny of a wave-beaten rock. Or it may occur to you that the boy is the scion of a noble Austrian house, and knows more of the German tongue than do you.

But in regard to all these difficulties I could get scant sympathy from my friend. Once upon his desert island, he casts the strenuous life to the winds, and simply hunts, fishes, cooks, constructs tree huts and dugouts, and makes himself,

when he has a companion, coats and trousers of goatskin, or, when alone, luxuriates in a primitive necklace of shells.

"Yet why," I asked, returning to the alphabetical scheme, "do you do it that way?"

"It's the law of my island. Have n't you things you would like to alter and can't?"

I thought a moment, and was obliged to admit that I had. I wanted my island to have a cliff toward the east, where I could watch for ships at sunrise; but in spite of my desires, there stood an impassable jungle on that side, and I could not remove it. In vain I tried to chop it down or bodily transplant it. Something stronger than my own will or imaginative power would have its way.

"That's simply the law of your island," said my friend definitively. "There's no use trying to work against the law of your island."

"But you did change your alphabetical law," I suggested.

"No, it did itself."

"It's lucky it did n't narrow itself down to *z*."

"*E* is certainly preferable," replied my friend. Then he added reflectively, "*E* happens to be the initial letter of — the person who is usually wrecked with me."

SHE had been one of the handsomest women of her day, and although the mists of life's evening had saddened her hues and straightened somewhat the lines of her symmetry, there were still abundant traces of a beauty which in the dawn of the last century owned almost a national renown. A lovely color in her cheeks, too reserved to be artificial, beautiful teeth, and a joyous curling in her white hair at the temples, seemed to justify the somewhat stately consciousness of her bearing. For she came of a family which had contributed generals to the Revolution and whose name was among the signers

A Morning
with Fitz-
Greene Hal-
leck.

of the Declaration, while the hereditary acres that still remained were the gift of royalty.

As this truly *grande dame* swept into the reception room of a noted specialist, whose youthful usher I was, there were ejaculations of admiration and whispered comment in the corridor. Indeed, among the rococo curiosities of art was a picture painted by Robert Fulton when his brain was still throbbing with the scheme that became perpetual motion to thousands, — a picture representing the three lovely daughters of the famous chancellor, grouped as the Three Graces. The group in the corridor comprised, among others, Professor Greene, — still busied with the biography of his ancestor, General Nathanael Greene, — a blond, eager man, with his pockets stuffed with books, for he read incessantly; and Professor Youmans, pallid, handsome, and impatient.

These conversed in an undertone pending the arrival of the *genius loci*. Presently there came a newcomer less familiar with the premises, who, on being asked to wait, began to look uneasily about, as though he knew not where to ensconce himself. He was a man of medium stature, neither short nor tall, stout nor lean, with handsome gray hair inclined to curl, and worn rather long, as was the fashion in those days. He stood so erect, with head slightly thrown back, that he looked taller than he really was. I noticed that, like most men of his generation, he turned his toes out (like a French dancing master), so that his gait had something pedantic, as of a former time. His dress bespoke a serious interest in the subject, as became an earlier day, before carelessness of attire grew from an affectation to a fad. He seemed, notwithstanding his defiant erectness, to be about seventy years of age. He approached me wearily. "Where can I find a quiet place to sit?" said he, looking with well-bred dismay at the group of gentlemen present; adding, as I led the way to the darkened reception

room, "At my time of life I find it so fatiguing to try to be civil."

I opened the door, and the old gentleman was walking gallantly in, when he perceived the lady I have mentioned. Instantly all his weary languor disappeared. He stood more erect. Holding the handle of the door in his left hand, he made an apologetic gesture with his right, and, bowing, said, "Madam, your most obedient;" then, after a pause, "Have I your permission?" In response to some assenting gesture, invisible to me, he passed into the centre of the room and was about to seat himself, when he started with delighted surprise. "Pardon me, madam, if I am wrong, but is not this my friend, Mrs. Coventry?"

The lady peered, perplexed, through the penumbra, and slightly shook her head.

"Surely, madam, you remember your old friend and playmate, Fitz-Greene Halleck?"

"What! the celebrated poet!" exclaimed she, with kindling interest.

His head drooped; his weariness all seemed to return. "People used to say so; but fashions in verse change as quickly as do other fashions," looking down at his quaint but spruce attire, as if pleading consistency.

"Surely, the author of *Marco Bozzaris* can hardly consider himself neglected or forgotten! Every schoolboy would bear witness to the contrary."

"True, madam, I ought to be grateful for any shelter when my hour is numbered; but do you know that to find myself an inmate of some poetic almshouse, like those collections for reciting, reminds me of the artist who found his own picture in the Louvre, where the works of none living are admitted."

Here the speakers became confidential, — dropped their voices so as no longer to include the other occupants of the room, who in their turn appeared unconsciously to fall back, leaving to the speakers what would be called in the

theatre the "centre of the stage." To watch the progress of this most discreet flirtation in what was practically dumb show was most interesting. There was something almost of fear in the politely restrained gestures and deferential manner of this lady and gentleman of the old school. They spoke, evidently, of that former time when both were young; and although the lady's face flushed with pleasure at some delicately hinted compliment of the poet, yet at no time did he approach near enough to touch the uttermost hem of her garment or the chair in which she sat. No need to mouth or rant in this comedy; the most delicate byplay sufficed, so keen were their perceptions. The courtly grace, the reverential homage of the man, the delighted interest, the consciousness of pleasing, the ladylike coquetry of the woman, were long to be remembered. And when they came to part, with noble dignity in every movement, we, the unintentional lookers-on, felt that an hour had been cut from the past for our instruction in ethics.

THE two most important members of a certain family during the last few weeks have been a learned gentleman, known as "the Doctor," and a beautiful, highly bred bull-terrier pup. The owner of the pup, a young college man of twenty, feels keenly the responsibility of the little beast, and cherishes exalted ideals regarding its future. The youth has been attending a series of lectures which the Doctor has been delivering, and by a grotesque combination of the views thus obtained, with his own original ones, has arrived at conclusions which are new and somewhat startling.

The pup, which is called Tasso, has already developed a high degree of intelligence, though he is only five months old. He can when bidden say "please," with a gentle bark; can beg for food, shake hands, "play dead," and do several other easy tricks, while his young

master is planning to teach him many more.

"You see," the youth remarked thoughtfully one day, "it gives the pup so much joy to know a trick, that I feel as though I ought to be teaching him a lot while he is still in the dew of his youth and can learn."

"But you have to whip him a good deal in order to teach him, don't you?" inquired the Doctor.

"Oh, not so very much. Of course, I have to whip him more or less. The rod speaks the only language that the little brute really understands, — but probably he does n't begin to suffer as much, take it all in all, as any one of us suffered in school in order to learn a proportionate amount. Besides, every trick he learns makes him more valuable, you know."

"Oh yes, I see. It is in the nature of a commercial investment."

A fine scorn overspread the features of the college boy upon hearing these words, but he spoke with admirable restraint, — easily accounted for by the time he finished his remark.

"The commercial part of it is not so important, possibly, as the making of the dog more valuable to himself and to society." (The austerity of the youth's tone was partially neutralized by a mysterious twinkle which the Doctor began to discern in one corner of his left eye.) "Oh yes, indeed," he pursued; "what is this that we have been hearing so much about lately? Let me see. Is n't it something like this? 'The development of each individual into the most intelligent being that can be made out of the stuff should be the object of mankind.' Does n't that sound rather familiar?"

The Doctor laughed and colored a little, but he met his humorous assailant valiantly.

"Oh, come now, I was n't talking about dogs, was I?"

"Perhaps not; but why not? Is n't the promotion of the happiness of the dog

a humane and worthy object? — to say nothing of the increased service to mankind of which, through training, he becomes capable. Just think how many more lives might be saved, fires reported, errands done, if only every dog were taught all that he could be! It undoubtedly does make highly trained dogs — yes, and horses and pigs and elephants, and all the rest — very happy to do their tricks, as a general thing. Then think of how much it increases the amount of knowledge in the world. I am sure that in that same lecture occurred something like this: ‘To make each day the amount of information greater, to daily increase the power of everybody for usefulness, is a noble ambition, to which the finite powers of humanity may well be fervently devoted.’”

The oratorical swing with which the youth delivered these somewhat worn sentiments was a trifle annoying. He flung forth his challenge with a certain facetiousness, and still with the air of one who presents an incontrovertible proposition. The Doctor fenced a little.

“You wouldn’t soberly advance the theory that it is the duty of every owner of livestock to teach each and all of his cattle and horses all the tricks of which they may be capable?”

“I! Oh, I did n’t originate any such theory,” laughed the youth, ignominiously retreating. “I am only quoting what distinguished and profound lecturers say, and applying it. In order to be consistent, carpers and critics might insist that there ought to be public institutions established for teaching all sorts of animals as much as they could hold, as it were, — and I hope you are n’t going to crawl.”

The youth’s tone was interrogative, but the Doctor escaped the necessity of an answer, as Tasso at that moment mounted the veranda, carrying in his

mouth, with an air of triumph, the whole of a fine fuchsia plant, in full flower, which he had just uprooted in the garden.

“The moral culture of your dog is going to require more attention than the development of his alleged mind, I fear,” said the Doctor sarcastically. The mistress of the garden began a violent reinforcement of this view.

The youth admitted the cogency of the remark, and went forth to find his little dog-whip, but he paused a moment to murmur, in a solemn and declamatory tone, with a merry eye upon the Doctor, “The fact remains that the White Man’s Burden is not only to enlighten the dusky denizens of distant continents and islands, but the dumb and four-footed also, — thus vastly increasing the sum of the world’s intelligence and happiness.”

The Doctor had by this time naturally become somewhat impatient with the childish arguments with which he had been confronted, and allowed himself to utter the innocent but expressive exclamation, “Oh, shucks!”

“But you can’t get around it,” persisted the boy. “I don’t see why you should n’t have schools for dogs and their like. I don’t see why it is n’t a sacred duty, and all that” —

The sympathy of the mistress of the manse was now thoroughly enlisted in behalf of the hard-beset Doctor, and she would wait for nothing more, but summarily banished the bull terrier, the fuchsia, and the youth, with his White Man’s Burden, into the garden, where the loud yelping of the poor little brute soon bore testimony that his moral regeneration was on the way.

But possibly there was something in the youth’s contention. It is left with the thoughtful and humane for further consideration.